

+ALL NEW!

+72
EVIL LEVELS!

#1
CHAOS
PLAYER!



+16 MEGA
WEAPONS!



+68000
HELLBYTEZ



+4 DEMO
DISCZ

PEGGO DEVILS

ONLY
£6.66!

001016 106 35



EXEGESIS UMBRAE~SCRIPTUM SUBVERSUM~ PROJECT ANGELBOOK — VOLUME XIII — PART 16 —



EZEKIEL REDIK YARBROUGH

Exegesis Umbrae – Scriptum
Subversum – Project AngelBook
– Volume XIII – Part 16
By Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough
(DBM ECLIPZE)

Liminal Archivist's Note

On the Preservation of Distorted Gnosis and the Dying Digital Veil

There is a strange ache that comes from spending all day in the ruins of spiritual memory.

Fifty books made in one day—an inhuman output—should feel like a triumph. But when the source material is splintered, hostile, and drenched in egoic inversion, what remains is not pride... but hollowness.

This volume, like many in this phase, is not composed of my own words.

It is an act of preservation, not expression.

It is a documentation of liminal knowledge, scraped from a dying web—the final breath of spiritual forums, parapsychology ephemera, early occultist blogs, and yes, even the darker corridors of modern satanic movements.

And herein lies the tension:

Much of what is presented under the name Satanism is a distorted half-truth.

It correctly identifies that Yahweh is not the Most High, and in this way, it mirrors certain Gnostic insights—

but then it derails into ego exaltation, materialism, and psychic hostility. It gets halfway to freedom... and then builds a new prison out of flame and shadow.

And yet—

amidst the mockery, venom, and inversions,

there are real spiritual technologies embedded in the code.

Meditation techniques, psychic development maps, astral awareness, breath control, and ritual frameworks.

Not all of it is corrupted.

Some of it is usable tech.

Some of it may be ancient... wearing a new mask.

So I do not endorse what is preserved here.

But I also refuse to let it vanish into untraceable digital decay.

This is an act of containment as much as curation.

I name this phase liminal, because I know it will not last.

There is only so much of the old internet left to preserve.

Only so much unindexed gnosis hiding behind broken blog links and .org forums that haven't been cached since 2012.

When this phase ends, and I return to creation, I will draw from this tomb of fragments with clarity and discernment.

But for now, I am the one who stands in the gateway—

Archiving the bones, sealing the jars, lighting one gold-lettered candle above a chamber of shadows.

To the reader: proceed with awareness.

This is not scripture.

This is sediment.

It is archived because it is dangerous.

And dangerous knowledge, when preserved with respect, often becomes a mirror for deeper truth.

—Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Liminal Phase – Discretio Luminis

King Arthur: A Casebook. Ed. Edward Donald Kennedy. New York: Garland, 1996.

Korrel, Peter. *An Arthurian Triangle: A Study of the Origin, Development and Characterization of Arthur, Guinevere and Modred*. Leiden: E. J. Brill, 1984.

Morris, Rosemary. *The Character of King Arthur in Medieval Literature*. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer, 1982.

Padel, O.J. "The Nature of Arthur." *Cambrian Medieval Celtic Studies* 27 (Summer 1994): 1-31

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/balmenu.htm>

14 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 22 Jul 2004

Feb JUN Aug

05

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

BALIN AND BALAN

The story of Balin is recounted in the Old French *Suite du Merlin* and in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Balin and Balan are the tragic brothers who, despite their nobility, wind up killing each other. Balin in particular seems cursed by fate. For example, when he offers protection to a knight, he is unable to foresee--or even see--the danger that kills that knight, the treacherous Garlon who rides invisible. When he attempts to avenge the death, he does so in the castle of King Garlon and winds up defending himself and wounding the lord of the castle, King Pellam, with the sacred spear that pierced the side of Christ. Though the action was performed blindly and in self-defense, the blow is the Dolorous Stroke, which lays the land waste and produces a wound that can only be healed when the Grail is achieved. Balin's misfortune lasts to his final act, combat with his brother, whom he doesn't recognize. In the battle, both are fatally wounded. Ironically, this battle was fated from the first appearance of Balin in Malory's version of the story, when he proves himself to be "a passynge good man" by removing a sword that a lady has been forced to wear and thus, because he wins a second sword becoming known as The Knight with Two Swords. After achieving this test of virtue, he decides to keep the sword even after being warned that if he does so he will slay the man he loves most in the world and bring about his own destruction. Unwilling to believe this prophecy, he keeps the sword and seals the doom of his brother and himself. Tennyson makes Balin an important figure in developing some of the major themes in *The Idylls of the King*. His Balin is known as "the Savage" (Malory called him "Balin Le Savage") and figures in the struggle of Arthur to destroy the bestial both in the realm and in his subjects and thus to raise themselves to a higher level, the level of the angels. Published in 1885 in the volume *Tiresias and Other Poems*, the "Balin and

Balan" idyll was the last to be written. Swinburne also retold the story of Balin in his *The Tale of Balen*, which follows Malory much more closely than Tennyson's version does. The story of Balin is modernized by John Steinbeck in *The Acts of King Arthur*. In one of the most interesting parts of the first novel in her *Guinevere* trilogy, Persia Woolley presents Balin and Balan as two sides of the same personality.

TEXTS:

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), *The Tale of Balen* (1896)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Balin and Balan" from *The Idylls of the King*

IMAGES:

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Then Was She Girt with a Noble Sword whereof the King Had Marvel" (1927)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "The Damsel Warns Sir Balin" (1902)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "The Death of Balin and Balan" (1902)
Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "How Balin Smote the Dolorous Stroke" (1880)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Le Roman de Balain. Ed. M. Dominica Legge with an introduction by Eugène Vinaver. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1942. (An edition of the Balain section of the *Suite du Merlin*.)

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/elanmenu.htm>

24 captures

16 Aug 2000 - 7 Aug 2007

Feb AUG Nov

08

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

ELAINE OF ASTOLAT / THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Elaine of Astolat is the maiden who dies of unrequited love for Lancelot and floats in a barge to Camelot with a letter for Lancelot clutched in her lifeless hand. She appears in Malory and in Tennyson's idyll of "Lancelot and Elaine." The figure of Elaine in the barge became one of the most popular Victorian images.

TEXTS:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Water Carriers" (1886)
 Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965), "The Ballad of Elaine" (from the S. Fowler Wright Website)
 Hamley, General Edward, "Sir Tray: An Arthurian Idyl" (1873)
 Kilmer, Aline (1888-1941), "For All Ladies of Shalott" (1921)
 Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "Elaine and Elaine" (1883)
 Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "The Lady of Shalott" (1871)
 Rhodes, W[illiam] H[enry] (1822-1876), "Rosenthal's Elaine" (1876)
 Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "The Lady of Shalott" (original version, 1833)
 Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "The Lady of Shalott" (revised version, 1842)
 Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "The Lady of Shalott" (compare the 1833 and the 1842 versions)
 Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "Lancelot and Elaine" from *The Idylls of the King* (1859)

IMAGES:

Bowley, M., "Elaine Sews a Cover for Lancelot's Shield"
 Bowley, M., "King Arthur Reads Elaine's Letter"
 Bowley, M., "The Lady of Shalott"
 Bowley, M., "The Lily Maid"
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine and Lancelot" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine Being Carried to the Barge" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine Sewing a Cover for Lancelot's Shield" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine and Lancelot" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine with Lancelot's Shield" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine, Guinevere, and Vivien" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Lancelot Musing on Elaine's Death" (1911)
 Brundage, Frances (1854-1937), "The Lady of Shalott"
 Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "The Corpse of Elaine in the Palace of King Arthur" (1875)
 Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Elaine in the Barge" (1875)
 Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat" (1875)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Body of Elaine on Its Way to King Arthur's Palace" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Elaine on Her Road to the Cave of Lancelot" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "King Arthur Reading the Letter of Elaine" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Lancelot Approaching the Castle of Astolat" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Lancelot Bids Adieu to Elaine" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Lancelot Relating His Adventures" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Remorse of Lancelot" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Torre and Lavaine Bid Farewell to the Body of Elaine" (188-)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "The Black Barget" (1902)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Elaine Ties Her Sleeve Round Sir Lancelot's Helmet" (1902)
 Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Elaine and Launcelot's Shield" (1901)
 Hunt, William Holman (1827-1910), "The Lady of Shalott" (1857)

Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "'And the Dead, Oared by the Dumb, Went Upward with the Flood'" (1912)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "The Lady of Shalott" (1881)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "The Lady of Shalott Weaving" (1881)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How King Arthur and Queen Guenever Went to See the Barge that Bore the Corpse of Elaine the Fair Maiden of Astolat" (1917)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Elaine with Lancelot's Shield" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Elaine Worships Lancelot" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Elaine's Barge Arrives at Camelot" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Elaine's Funeral" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Scorns Lancelot's Gift" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot Nursed by Elaine" (1898)

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (1828-1882), "The Lady of Shalott" (1857)

Rutland, Florence M, "The Lady of Shalott" (1896)

Smith, John Moyr, "Elaine" (c. 1875)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Elaine in the Barge" (1919)

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/enidmenu.htm>

11 captures

8 Oct 1999 - 27 Apr 2005

Feb JUN Aug

06

2001 2002 2004

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

ENID AND GERAINT/EREC

Enid and Geraint are a the principle figures in the Welsh tale of Geraint the Son of Erbin, to use Lady Charlotte Guest's title, or Geraint and Enid, one of three Welsh stories analogous to romances by Chrétien de Troyes (the others being Owain and Peredur). Chrétien's Erec et Enide, written c. 1170, is his earliest extant Arthurian romance. (Earlier he wrote a Tristan story, which does not survive.) The Welsh version dates from the thirteenth century and thus is later than Chrétien's. In both versions, the hero--called Erec by Chrétien--fights in and wins a tournament in which each knight fights to defend the assertion that his beloved is the most beautiful and in which the prize is a sparrowhawk. When Enid and Geraint (or Erec) marry, the hero, delighting in married bliss, forgets his knightly duties. In the Welsh tale, Enid laments that she is the cause of her husband's dishonor. Geraint, hearing only the last part of her lament in which she fears she is not a true wife because of the shame their marriage has brought

to his knightly reputation, believes his wife to have been unfaithful, and takes her with him on a quest in which he proves his prowess and she her fidelity. In Chrétien's version, Enide tells Erec directly of the talk of the court about his failure to act in a knightly manner, and a similar quest ensues. In both versions, after a series of adventures, the couple prove to each other their noble qualities.

Chrétien's romance is the source for Hartmann von Aue's Erec and the thirteenth-century Icelandic Erex Saga. But it was to the Welsh tale, known to him from its translation in Lady Charlotte Guest's Mabinogion that Tennyson took his idyll about the two characters. Originally entitled "Enid," it was one of the first four idylls published in 1859 in the volume called Idylls of the King. This idyll was expanded in the 1870 edition and titled "Geraint and Enid"; then in 1873 it was divided into two idylls: "Geraint and Enid I" and "Geraint and Enid II." In 1886, Part I was renamed "The Marriage of Geraint" and part two simply "Geraint and Enid." Tennyson uses the motif of the mishearing from the Celtic tale as part of the large theme in the idylls of appearance and reality. He also makes the story a tribute to faithful married love.

Though not common figures in modern Arthurian literature other than Tennyson's idylls, Enid and Geraint are the focus of two plays: Ernest Rhys's Enid: A Lyric Play (1918) and Donald R. Rawe's Geraint: Last of the Arthurians (1972). They also play a minor role in Edgar Fawcett's play The New King Arthur (1885) and are the subject of the book-length poem Geraint of Devon by Marion Lee Reynolds (1916).

TEXTS:

Medieval:

Geraint the Son of Erbin

Modern:

Fawcett, Edgar (1847-1904), The New King Arthur (1885)

Reynolds, Marion Lee, Geraint of Devon (1916)

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "The Marriage of Geraint" from The Idylls of the King

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Geraint and Enid" from The Idylls of the King

IMAGES:

Bowley, M., "Geraint and Enid with King Arthur"

Bowley, M., "Guinevere's Lady Insulted by Edyrn's Dwarf"

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Enid and Geraint" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Geraint in Rusty Armor" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Geraint Wounded" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "The Journey of Enid and Geraint" (1911)

Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Enid" (1875)

Doré Gustave (1832-83) "Enid and the Countess" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Enid Tends Geraint" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Edyrn with His Lady and Dwarf Journey to Arthur's Court" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Flight of the Boon Companions of Earl Limours" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Geraint Charges the Bandits" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Geraint and Enid in the Meadow" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Geraint and Enid Ride Away" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Geraint Slays Earl Doorm" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Yniol Shows Prince Geraint His Ruined Castle" (188-)
 Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193-), "'Here by God's Rood Is the One Maid for Me'" (1912)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Arthur and Enid" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Earl Limours' Feast" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Enid and Geraint Reconciled" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Enid Awakened by Her Mother" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Enid Helps Geraint to Arm" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Enid's Misunderstood Words" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Geraint Faces Three Assailants" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Geraint Insulted by a Dwarf" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Geraint Jousting" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Geraint's Love for Enid" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Geraint Wounded" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Watches for Geraint and Enid" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere with Enid and Vivien" (1898)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Luttrell, Claude. The Creation of the First Arthurian Romance : A Quest. London: Edward Arnold, 1974
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/GALMENU.HTM>
 11 captures
 3 Mar 2000 - 16 Aug 2002
 Feb AUG Sep
 16
 2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

GALAHAD

Galahad is the son of Lancelot and Elaine of Corbenic. Galahad was conceived when Elaine tricked Lancelot into thinking he was meeting and sleeping with Guinevere. Galahad is best known as the knight who achieves the quest for the Holy Grail. As the chosen knight he is allowed to sit in the Siege Perilous, the seat at the Round Table that is reserved for the Grail Knight. The first appearance of Galahad in medieval romance is in the thirteenth-century Vulgate Cycle. His coming is predicted in the first romance in the cycle, the *Estoire del saint Graal*, where he is said to be the ninth in the line of Nascien, who was baptized by Josephus, son of Joseph of Arimathea, and who was one of those who is said to have brought Christianity to Britain. Galahad remains the pre-eminent Grail Knight in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. A shorter poem by Tennyson, "Sir Galahad," presented the popular image of the perfect knight whose "strength was as the strength of ten" because his "heart is pure." The popular painting "Sir Galahad" (1862) by George Frederic Watts (1817-1904) also presents Galahad as an idealized figure.

TEXTS:

Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "The Dream of Sir Galahad"
De Beverley (Pseudonym of George Newcomen), "The Achievement of the Sangraele and the Death of Sir Galahad" (1925)
De Beverley (Pseudonym of George Newcomen), "The Birth of Galahad" (1925)
Morris, William (1834-1896), "Sir Galahad, A Christmas Mystery" (1858)
Morris, William (1834-1896), "The Chapel in Lyonesse" (1858)
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "The Christmas of Sir Galahad" (1871)
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "The Terrible Test" (1878)
Sweetman, Elinor, "Pastoral of Galahad" (1899)
Teasdale, Sara (1884-1933), "Galahad in the Castle of the Maidens" (1911)
Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "Sir Galahad" (1834)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "The Holy Grail" from *The Idylls of the King*

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "The Achieving of the Sangreal" (1894)
Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Sir Galahad and the Nun" (1875)
Chapman, William Ernest, "Galahad Meets with His Father" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "The Golden Girdle" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "The Marvelous Appearance of the Sangreal at Camelot" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "Sir Bors Sees the Child Galahad" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "Sir Galahad Beholds the Sangreal Uncovered" (1908)

Chapman, William Ernest, "Sir Galahad Overthrows Lancelot and Percivale" (1908)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "There Came an Aged Man... Leading by the Hand the Young New-Made Knight" (1921)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'My Knights, and My Servants, and My True Children, Which Be Come out of Deadly Life into Spiritual Life, I Will Now No Longer Hide Me from You'" (1927)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Sir Launcelot Beheld the Young Squire and Saw Him Seemly and Demure as a Dove, with All Manner of Good Features, that He Weened of His Age Never to Have Seen so Fair a Man of Form" (1927)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Sir Galahad Opens the Tomb" (1902)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Galahad Rides out of Camelot" (1901)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "The Nun and Galahad" (1901)
Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Sir Galahad Brought to the Siege Perilous" (1880)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Sir Galahad of the Grail" (1910)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Galahad Drew out the Sword from the Floating Stone at Camelot" (1917)
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (1828-1882), "Sir Galahad" (1857)
Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Galahad and Percival's Sister" (1919)
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/garmenu.htm>

7 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 10 Aug 2002

Dec JUN Aug

19

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

GARETH AND LYNETTE

Gareth is the youngest brother of Sir Gawain and the son of Lot and Morgause of Orkney. He plays a significant role in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Malory's "Tale of Sir Gareth" was apparently created by Malory. It presents Gareth as an exemplar of chivalry who is knighted by and devoted to Sir Lancelot and who acts chivalrously towards Lynette despite her abuse of him. This picture of Gareth, who avoids even his own brothers when they act less than chivalrously, is one of the elements that comes together in the final scenes of the *Morte* to produce the tragic ending. Lancelot blindly slays Gareth in his rescue of Guinevere from the stake. When Gawain hears of this, he turns against Lancelot and demands that Arthur pursue him to punish him, thus setting the stage for Mordred's takeover. In Tennyson's *Idyll of Gareth and Lynette*, although Gareth, like almost everyone in Camelot, is not what he seems, he proves himself better than he seems to the sharp-tongued Lynette and the misjudging Sir Kay: he defeats a series of knightly opponents and rescues Lyonors. Gareth also figures in modern works like T. H. White's *The Once and Future King* and E. M. R. Ditmas's *Gareth of Orkney* (1956).

TEXTS:

Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965), The Song of Arthur (Part 3: Gareth and Lionore)
(from the S. Fowler Wright Website)

Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "Gareth and Lynette" from The Idylls of the King
Yeames, James (1843-1931), The Young Knight or How Gareth Won His Spurs

IMAGES:

Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Gareth and Lynette" (1875)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "He Was Mocked and Jeered at by All" (1921)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Linnet Caught Him By the Arm and Implored Him to Wait" (1921)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "One of the Two Knights Rushed to Encounter Him" (1921)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Turn and Flee While There Is Yet Time" (1921)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "There He Blew Three Deadly Motes, and There Came Two Damosels and Armed Him Lightly" (1927)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), Gareth and Linet" (1902)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), The Lady of Lyonesse Sees Sir Gareth" (1902)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), Linet and the Black Knight" (1902)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Lynette and Arthur" (1901)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Gareth Pitches Hesperus over the Bridge" (1901)
Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "'Thou Art Not Knight but Knave'" (1912)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Beaumains Defeated the Red Knight, and Always the Damosel Spake Many Foul Words Unto Him" (1917)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Dame Lioness Came Forth Arrayed like a Princess (1917)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "Sir Beaumains Espied upon Great Trees how there Hung Full Goodly Armed Knights by the Neck" (1917)
Smith, John Moyr, "Gareth" (c. 1875)
Smith, John Moyr, "Lynette" (c. 1875)
Speed, Lancelot, "Gareth and Lynette" (1919)
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/gawmenu.htm>
30 captures
2 Feb 1999 - 7 Oct 2006
Feb JUN Aug
05
2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

GAWAIN

Gawain is generally said to be the nephew of Arthur. His parents are Lot of Orkney and

Morgause (though his mother is said to be Anna in Geoffrey of Monmouth). Upon the death of Lot, he becomes the head of the Orkney clan, which includes in many sources his brothers Aggravain, Gaheris, and Gareth, and his half-brother Mordred. Gawain figures prominently in many romances. In France he is generally presented as one who has adventures paralleling in diptych fashion but not overshadowing the hero's, whether that hero be Lancelot or Perceval. In the English tradition, however, it is much more common for Gawain to be the principal hero and the exemplar of courtesy and chivalry, as he is in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and the other Arthurian romances of the Alliterative Revival. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, however, he has a role similar to that in the French romances, in that Lancelot is the principal hero.

TEXTS:

Medieval:

The Avowyng of Arthur (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Awntyrs off Arthur (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Carle of Carlisle (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Greene Knight (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Jeaste of Sir Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

King Arthur and King Cornwall (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Knightly Tale of Gologras and Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Part I Part II

Libeaus Desconus (translated by Jessie Weston as *Sir Libeaus Desconus*)

The Marriage of Sir Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

Sir Gawain and the Carle of Carlisle (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, translated by Jessie Weston

The Turke and Sir Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

The Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnelle (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text
Ywain and Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

Modern:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "Gawain and Marjorie" (1906)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Gawayne's Ghost" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Gawayne's Revenge" (1859)
Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), "The Last Love of Gawaine" (1898)
Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), "Launcelot and Gawaine" (1888)
Lewis, Charlton Miner (1866-1923), Gawayne and the Green Knight: A Fairy Tale (1903)
Percy, Bishop Thomas (1729-1811), "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine" from Reliques of Ancient English Poetry (compiled 1765)
"The Song of Courtesy" (Anonymous) (1859)
Simcox, George Augustus (1841-1905), "Gawain and the Lady of Avalon" (1869)
Yeames, James (1843-1931), Sir Gawain and the Green Knight: A Play (1911)

IMAGES:

Bensell, E. B., "The Loathly Lady Becomes Beautiful" (1893)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Sir Gawaine the Son of Lot, King of Orkney" (1903)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Busby, Keith. Gauvain in Old French Literature. Amsterdam: Rodopi, 1980.

Weston, Jessie L. The Legend of Sir Gawain: Studies upon Its Original Scope and Significance. London: David Nutt, 1897.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/Guinmenu.htm>

28 captures

28 Apr 1999 - 13 Feb 2005

Feb JUN Aug

06

2001 2002 2004

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

GUINEVERE

Guinevere is said to be the daughter of Leodegrance of Cameliard in late medieval romance. She marries Arthur and then has a love affair with Lancelot which causes the downfall of Camelot. The Welsh Triads speak of "Arthur's Three Great Queens," all

named Gwenhwyfar (Triad 56) and name Gwenhwyfar as "more faithless" than the three faithless wives of the Island of Britain (Triad 80). One of the earliest Arthurian stories is about the abduction of Guinevere by Meleagant (or Melyagaunce or Melwas). The story is told in *The Life of St. Gildas* (c. 1130) by Caradoc of Llancarfan and in the Welsh "Dialogue of Melwas and Gwenhwyfar." It is the subject of the earliest known Arthurian sculpture on the archivolt of the Porta della Pescheria on the Modena Cathedral. The story of the abduction is the central action in Chrétien de Troyes' *Lancelot* and appears in Malory. Tennyson presents Guinevere as a sinner who was "spoilt the purpose" of Arthur's life. Nevertheless, Tennyson does bring Guinevere and other female characters to the fore, as does one of his contemporaries, William Morris. In his poem "The Defence of Guenevere," Morris is the first to give the Queen her own voice, thus beginning a tradition that is continued in Sara Teasdale's poem "Guenevere," Dorothy Parker's "Guinevere at Her Fireside," and Wendy Mnookin's collection *Guenever Speaks*, as well as in many contemporary novels told from Guinevere's point of view, such as Parke Godwin's *Beloved Exile* and Persia Wooley's *Guinevere* trilogy.

TEXTS:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Maid's Alarm" (1886)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Rendering" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Rescue" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Tryst" (1859)
C., H. C., "Guinevere to Lancelot" (1869)
Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "A Guinevere" (1907)
Hawker, Robert Stephen (1803?-1875), "Queen Guennivar's Round" (1869)
Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), *The Marriage of Guenevere* (1891)
Morris, William (1834-1896), "The Defence of Guenevere" (1858)
Morris, William (1834-1896), "King Arthur's Tomb" (1858)
Mitchell, W. Weir (1829-1914), "How Lancelot Came to the Nunnery in Search of the Queen" (1887)
Mitchell, W. Weir (1829-1914), "The Shriving of Guinevere" (1883)
Morris, William (1834-1896), "Near Avalon" (1858)
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "Guinevere" (1880)
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (1844-1911), "The True Story of Guenever" (1876)
Simcox, George Augustus (1841-1905), "The Farewell of Ganore" (1869)
Teasdale, Sara (1884-1933), "Guenevere" (1911)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Guinevere" from *The Idylls of the King*
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere: A Fragment" (1842)
Young, Stark (1881-1963), *Guenevere: A Play in Five Acts* (1906)

IMAGES

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Queen Guenever Made Her a Nun" (1894)
Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Queen Guenever Rode on Maying" (1894)
Bowley, M., "Guinevere at the Nunnery at Almesbury"
Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Lancelot and Guinevere" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine, Guinevere, and Vivien" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Before the Coming of the Sinful Queen" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Guinevere in the Golden Days" (1911)

Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Guinevere in the Nunnery" (1911)

Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "The Little Novice and the Queen" (1875)

Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "The Parting of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere" (1875)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Launcelot Loved Guenevere from the Moment He First Beheld Her" (1921)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Sir Launcelot and the Queen Talked Sadly Together" (1921)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Cloister Scene" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Dawn of Love" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The King's Farewell" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Moonlight Ride" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Parting" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Terrace Scene" (188-)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "And Then They Put on Their Helms and Departed, and Recommended Them All Wholly unto the Queen; and There Was Weeping and Great Sorrow" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "How Sir Launcelot and His Kinsmen Rescued the Queen from the Fire" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Then Sir Launcelot Saw Her Visage, But He Wept Not Greatly, But Sighed" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Then the Queen Guenever Made Great Sorrow for the Departing of Her Lord and Other" (1927)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Arthur and Guenevere Kiss before All the People" (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Guenevere Sends Her Page to Lancelot for Help" (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Lancelot Comes out of Guenevere's Room" (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Sir Mador Accuses Guenevere" (1902)

Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Guinevere Sees Arthur by the Castle Wall" (1901)

Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Guinevere Takes Refuge in a Convent" (1901)

Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), "Guinevere" (1912)

Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Queen Guenever's Peril" (1880)

Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "The Princess Drew Back Blushing" (1912)

Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "'Yea, Little Maid, for Am I Not Forgiven?'" (1912)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "The Lady Guinevere" (1903)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "And There Openly Sir Mador Appealed the Queen of the Death of His Cousin Sir Patrise" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Queen Guenever Rode A-Maying into the Woods and Fields Beside Westminster" (1917)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Arthur Forgives Guinevere" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Arthur Leaves the Nunnery" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere after Arthur's Departure" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere and the Novice" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere as a Nun" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Flees to Almesbury" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Forgives the Novice" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Scorns Lancelot's Gift" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere with Enid and Vivien" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere's Jealousy" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere's Last Glimpse of Arthur" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Watches for Geraint and Enid" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot and Guinevere" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot and Guinevere's Parting Kiss" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot as Arthur's Ambassador to Guinevere" (1898)

Smith, John Moyr, "Guinevere" (c. 1875)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Guinevere Defended Against Mador's Accusation" (1919)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Lancelot Arms Himself in Guinevere's Chamber" (1919)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "The Wedding of Arthur and Guinevere" (1919)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Cross, Tom Peete and William Albert Nitze. *Lancelot and Guenevere: A Study on the Origins of Courtly Love*. 1930; rpt. New York: Phaeton Press, 1970.

Gordon-Wise, Barbara Ann. *The Reclamation of a Queen: Guinevere in Modern Fantasy*. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1991.

Korrel, Peter. *An Arthurian Triangle: A Study of the Origin, Development and Characterization of Arthur, Guinevere and Modred*. Leiden: E. J. Brill, 1984.

Samples, Susan. "Guinevere: A Re-Appraisal." *Arthurian Interpretations* 3.2 (1989): 106-18.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/lanmenu.htm>

26 captures
2 Mar 2000 - 25 May 2004
Dec JUN Aug
06
2001 2002 2003

About this capture
[Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester](#)

LANCELOT

Lancelot is the greatest of Arthur's knights. Son of King Ban of Benwick, he is known as Lancelot of the Lake or Lancelot du Lac because he was raised by the Lady of the Lake. Among his many adventures are the rescue of the abducted Queen Guinevere from Meleagant, an unsuccessful quest for the Holy Grail and the rescue of the queen after she is condemned to be burned to death for adultery. Lancelot is loved by Elaine of Astolat, who dies because her love is unrequited. Elaine, the daughter of King Pellès, tricks Lancelot into sleeping with her and from that union Galahad is born. His love for Guinevere ultimately brings about the downfall of Arthur's realm.

TEXTS:
Medieval:
[Lancelot of the Laik \(© TEAMS\)](#)

[Introduction](#) [Prologue and Book I](#) [Book II](#) [Book III](#)

Modern:
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Gawayne's Revenge" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Joyous Garde" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Rendering" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Rescue" (1859)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "The Tryst" (1859)
C., H. C., "Guinevere to Lancelot" (1869)
Davidson, John (1857-1909), "The Last Ballad" (1899)
De Beverley (Pseudonym of George Newcomen), "The Birth of Galahad" (1925)
Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965), "The Ballad of Elaine" (from the S. Fowler Wright Website)
Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965), "The Riding of Lancelot" (from the S. Fowler Wright Website)
Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965), The Song of Arthur (Part 2: Lancelot) (from the S. Fowler Wright Website)
Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), "Launcelot and Gawaine" (1888)
Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), The Marriage of Guenevere (1891)
Landon, Letitia Elizabeth (1802-1838), "A Legend of Tintagel Castle" (1833)
Lewis, Sinclair (1885-1951), "Launcelot" (1904)

Morris, William (1834-1896), "A Good Knight in Prison" (1858)
 Mitchell, W. Weir (1829-1914), "How Lancelot Came to the Nunnery in Search of the Queen" (1883)
 Morris, William (1834-1896), "King Arthur's Tomb" (1858)
 Peacock, Thomas Love (1785-1866), "Sir Hornbook; or, Childe Launcelot's Expedition, a Grammatico-Allegorical Ballad" (1814)
 Percy, Bishop Thomas (1729-1811), "Sir Lancelot du Lake" from *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (compiled 1765)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "The Lament of Sir Ector de Maris" (1905)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "Sir Launcelot and the Sancgreal" (1905)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "The Last Sleep of Sir Launcelot" (1905)
 Sweetman, Elinor, "Pastoral of Lancelot" (1899)
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "Lancelot" (1860)
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "King Ban: A Fragment" (Published 1915)
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Lancelot and Elaine" from *The Idylls of the King*
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere: A Fragment" (1842)
 Van Dyke, Henry (1852-1933), "The Mill" (1902)
 Young, Ella (1867-1955), "The San-Grail" (1920)

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Four Queens Found Launcelot Sleeping" (1893)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Sir Launcelot Was Known by Dame Elaine" (1894)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "Sir Launcelot and the Witch Hellawes" (1893)
 Bowley, M., "Sir Lancelot"
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine and Lancelot" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Lancelot" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Lancelot and Guinevere" (1911)
 Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Lancelot Musing on Elaine's Death" (1911)
 Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "The Parting of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere" (1875)
 Chapman, William Ernest, "Galahad Meets with His Father" (1908)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "He Met a Fair Maiden Who strove to Have the Sword" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "I Ask Your Promise to Release My Father" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Launcelot Loved Guenevere from the Moment He First Beheld Her" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Sir Launcelot and the Queen Talked Sadly Together" (1921)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Dawn of Love" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Elaine on Her Road to the Cave of Lancelot" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "King Arthur Reading the Letter of Elaine" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Lancelot Approaching the Castle of Astolat" (188-)
 Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Lancelot Relating His Adventures" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Parting" (188-)

Doré Gustave (1832-83), "The Remorse of Lancelot" (188-)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "And Anon He Rased off His Helm, and Smote His Neck in Sunder" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "And Therewith on His Hands and on His Knees He Went so Nigh that He Touched the Holy Vessel" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'But Ye Shall Abide, and I Shall Throw Such an Enchantment upon Him that He Shall Not Awake within the Space of an Hour'; and So She Did" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "How Sir Launcelot and His Kinsmen Rescued the Queen from the Fire" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "She Was a Great Huntress and Daily She Used to Hunt, and Ever She Bare Her Bow with Her" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Sir Launcelot Beheld the Young Squire and Saw Him Seemly and Demure as a Dove, with All Manner of Good Features, that He Weened of His Age Never to Have Seen so Fair a Man of Form" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Then Sir Launcelot Saw Her Visage, But He Wept Not Greatly, But Sighed" (1927)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'Therefore Thee Behoveth Now to Choose One of Us Four'" (1927)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "The Archers Threaten Lancelot" (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Lancelot and the Dwarf" (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Lancelot Comes out of Guenevere's Room" (1902)

Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Launcelot Beholds the Towers of Castle Carbonek" (1901)

Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), "Lancelot" (1912)

Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Sir Launcelot at the Castle of the Holy Grail" (1880)

Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "For Two Hours More They Fought" (1912)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "The Grail Is Manifested, and Sir Lancelot Sleepeth" (1910)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Lancelot" (1905)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Lancelot" from *The Lady of Shalott* (1881)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Sir Launcelot Fought with a Fiendly Dragon" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Sir Launcelot Slew the Knight Sir Peris de Forest Savage that did Distress Ladies, Damosels, and Gentlewomen" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Sir Launcelot was Shot by a Gentlewoman Hunting" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "Sir Launcelot" (1917)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Elaine Worships Lancelot" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere Scorns Lancelot's Gift" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "The Lady of the Lake Steals Lancelot" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot and Guinevere" (1898)

Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot and Guinevere's Parting Kiss" (1898)
Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot as Arthur's Ambassador to Guinevere" (1898)
Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lancelot Nursed by Elaine" (1898)
Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "The Tournament at Camelot" (1898)
Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Lancelot Arms Himself in Guinevere's Chamber" (1919)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Brewer, Derek. "The Presentation of the Character of Lancelot: Chrétien to Malory." Arthurian Literature III. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer, 1983. Pp. 26-52

Cross, Tom Peete and William Albert Nitze. Lancelot and Guenevere: A Study on the Origins of Courtly Love. 1930; rpt. New York: Phaeton Press, 1970.

Markale, Jean. Lancelot et la chevalerie arthurienne. Paris: Imago, 1985.

Weston, Jessie. The Legend of Sir Lancelot du Lac: Studies upon Its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Romantic Cycle. London: David Nutt, 1901.
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/markmenu.htm>

21 captures

3 Feb 1999 - 16 Feb 2004

Feb AUG Oct

07

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

MARK

Mark is King of Cornwall and as brother of Tristan's mother (named Elyzabeth in Malory; Blanscheflur in Gottfried; Blancheflour in Sir Tristrem) uncle to Sir Tristan. Mark appears in early Celtic literature such as the Triad telling the story of Tristan as one of the three powerful swineherds of Britain. In this Triad, "Drystan son of Tallwch" watches over the swine of "March" (Mark) while the swineherd delivers a message from Drystan to Essylt. The Welsh work was the source for an episode in Masfield's play Tristan and Isolt, in which Arthur appears as a "Captain of the Host" and is subordinate to Mark. There is some evidence for an actual Welsh nobleman, March son of Meirchyawn, behind the figure of Mark. In the ninth-century Life of Paul Aurelian (St. Pol a monk of Landevennec and patron saint of Paul in Cornwall) by Wrmonoc, Mark is identified with

Cunomorus (Welsh Kynvawr), who ruled Cornwall in the early sixth century, and who probably had his seat at Castle Dore, a hillfort near Fowey. Wrmonoc says of St. Paul: "fama ejus regis Marci pervolat ad aures quem alio nomine Quonomorium vocant" (see *Revue Celtique* 5 [1881-83]: 431) [his fame flew to the ears of King Marc, known also as Cunomorus]. Cunomorus and Tristan are associated on the famous Tristan Stone (also located in Fowey), a memorial stone commemorating Drustanus, son of Cunomorus. Mark figures in the medieval Tristan and Isolt tales as the rival to Tristan, originally as a basically noble man caught up in the tragic circumstances, but increasingly as a figure who exhibits traits inconsistent with chivalrous conduct. He, or a modern analogue of his character, also appears in modern reworkings of the legend, including those by Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, Martha Kinross, Don Marquis, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, John Erskine, John Updike, and many others. (See the Bibliography of Modern Tristan and Isolt Literature in English for a complete list of these retellings.)

TEXTS:

Medieval:

Sir Tristrem

(copyright by TEAMS)

Introduction

Part I

Part II

Part III

Modern:

Arnold, Matthew (1822-1888), "Tristram and Iseult" (1852)

Money-Coutts, F. B. (Francis Burdett) (1852-1923), "Sir Dagonet's Quest" (1897)

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "Joyeuse Garde" (written 1859)

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How King Mark and Sir Dinadan Heard Sir Palomides Making Great Sorrow and Mourning for La Beale Isoud" (1894)

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How King Marke Found Sir Tristram" (1893)

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "This Espied King Mark, How She Kneeled down and Said: 'Sweet Lord Jesu, Have Mercy upon Me, for I May Not Live after the Death of Sir Tristram de Liones'" (1927)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How at a Great Feast that King Mark Made Came Eliot the Harper and Sang the Lay that Dinadan Had Made" (1917)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Milin, Gaël. *Le Roi Mark aux oreilles de cheval*. Geneva: Librairie Droz, 1991.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/melmenu.htm>

7 captures
31 Aug 2000 - 19 Jun 2002
Feb JUN Jul
19
2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

MELEAGANT

Meleagant (or Melyag(r)aunce or Melwas) is best known as the wicked knight who abducts Guinevere and is ultimately slain by Lancelot. The earliest form of the name, Melwas, has been interpreted as meaning "prince of death" or "princely youth." The classic account of the abduction story is in Chrétien de Troyes's *Lancelot or the Knight of the Cart*, in which Lancelot, because of his great love for Guinevere, suffers the ignominy of riding in a cart, a form of transportation reserved for criminals so that he can continue his quest to free her. The story is, however, told by others both before and after Chrétien. It can be found in *The Life of St. Gildas* (c. 1130) by Caradoc of Llancarfan, who says that Melwas, ruler in the summer region ("in aestiva regione"), is attacked by Arthur because he carried off Guinevere. In this version, peace is restored with the help of Gildas. A Welsh poem, formerly thought to be a dialogue between Arthur and Guinevere is now titled the "Dialogue of Melwas and Gwenhwyfar." In addition to Chrétien's version, the story is found in French medieval literature in the Vulgate *Lancelot*, which is the source for Malory's "Knight of the Cart" episode. In the modern period, the story of Guinevere's abduction by "Melvas" is told by Thomas Peacock in *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), in which the rescue is effected with the help of Taliessin. The slaying of "Mellyagraunce" by Lancelot is alluded to in Morris's "The Defence of Guenevere". Other versions of the story are found in the novels *Galahad* by John Erskine, *The Once and Future King* by T. H. White, and *Arthur Rex* by Thomas Berger; in the play *Meliagrance and Guenevere*; and in the film *The First Knight*.

TEXTS:
Morris, William (1834-1896), "The Defence of Guenevere" (1858)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Loomis, Roger Sherman. *Arthurian Tradition & Chrétien de Troyes*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1949.

Rhys, John. "Gwenhwyvar and Her Captors," Chapter III (pp. 49-70) of *Studies in the Arthurian Legend*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1891.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/mordmenu.htm>

11 captures

21 Sep 1999 - 15 Aug 2002

Feb JUN Aug

06

2001 2002 2003

[About this capture](#)

[Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester](#)

MORDRED

Mordred is the illegitimate son of Arthur by his half-sister Morgause.

TEXTS:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "At the Palace of King Lot" (1886)

Annales Cambriae (Annals of Wales), Arthurian References in (c. 960-80)

Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Camlan" (1859)

Hawker, Robert Stephen (1803?-1875), "The Doom-Well of St. Madron" (1869)

Newbolt, Henry (1862-1938), Mordred: A Tragedy (1895)

IMAGES:

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Sir Mordred" (1902)

Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "The Combat of Mordred and King Arthur" (1880)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Mordred" (1910)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Mordred Was Slain by Arthur, and How by Him Arthur Was Hurt to the Death" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "Sir Mordred Went and Laid a Mighty Siege about the Tower of London and Shot Great Guns" (1917)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Korrel, Peter. An Arthurian Triangle: A Study of the Origin, Development and Characterization of Arthur, Guinevere and Modred. Leiden: E. J. Brill, 1984.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/morgmenu.htm>

19 captures

3 Feb 1999 - 8 Feb 2005

Feb AUG Oct

15

2001 2002 2003

[About this capture](#)

[Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester](#)

MORGAN LE FAY

Morgan le Fay is, in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Arthur's half sister, the daughter of Arthur's mother Igraine and her first husband, the Duke of Cornwall. She is also presented as an adversary of Arthur's: she gives Excalibur to her lover Accolon so he can use it against Arthur (a story retold in Madison J. Cawein's poem "Accolon of Gaul") and, when that plot fails, she steals the scabbard of Excalibur which protects Arthur and throws it into a lake. In *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* she is presented as the instigator of the Green Knight's visit to Arthur's court, partly motivated by her desire to frighten Guinevere. Her enmity towards Guinevere has its origin in the Vulgate Lancelot, where Morgan is having an affair with Guiomar, Guinevere's cousin, and Guinevere puts an end to it. Despite the motif of Morgan's enmity towards Arthur and Guinevere, she is also presented as one of the women who takes Arthur in a barge to Avalon to be healed. This view of Morgan as healer has its roots in the earliest accounts of her and perhaps to her origin in Celtic mythology. In the *Vita Merlini* (c. 1150) Morgan is said to be the first of nine sisters who rule The Fortunate Isle or the Isle of Apples and is presented as a healer as well as a shape-changer. It is to this island that Arthur is brought (though Morgan awaits him and heals him rather than actually fetching him herself). Morgan proclaims that she can heal Arthur if he stays with her for a long time. Morgan is also said to be the wife of King Uriens and the mother of Yvain or Ywain. Morgan rarely appears in post-medieval works--until the twentieth century when there is a renewed interest in her character. Sometimes she is conflated with Morgause and made to be the mother of Mordred, as is the case in John Boorman's movie *Excalibur* and a number of modern novels. Fay Sampson has made her the central figure in five novels. One of the most interesting modern portrayals of Morgan appears in Thomas Berger's *Arthur Rex* where, after a life devoted to evil, she decides to become a nun because of her belief that "corruption were sooner brought amongst humankind by the forces of virtue." Morgan actually does become a defender of good in modern stories like Roger Zelazny's "The Last Defender of Camelot" and Sanders Anne Laubenthal's *Excalibur*.

TEXTS:

Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), *Accolon of Gaul*
 Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "Morgan Le Fay"

IMAGES:

Beard, Dan(iel Carter) (1850-1941), "Mrs. Morgan Le Fay" (1889)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Morgan le Fay Gave a Shield to Sir Tristram" (1893)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "She Snatched the Empty Sheath From Its Place" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "There Appeared Before Me a Dwarf" (1921)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'Madam,' said Sir Tristram, 'This is a Fair Shield and a Mighty'" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "Morgan le Fay Was Put to School in a Nunnery, and there She Learned so Much that She Was a Great Clerk of Necromancy" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'Therefore Thee Behoveth Now to Choose One of Us Four'" (1927)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Morgan le Fay Casts away the Scabbard" (1902)

Galbreth, Jessica, "Morgana Le Fey" (2000)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Queen Morgana le Fay" (1903)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Queen Morgana Loses Excalibur His Sheath" (1903)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Queen Morgan Stole Away the Scabbard from Arthur" (1917)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "When She Saw She Must Be Overtaken She Shaped Herself Horse and Man by Enchantment unto a Great Marble Stone" (1917)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Paton, Lucy Allen. *Studies in the Fairy Mythology of Arthurian Romance*. 2d ed., Enlarged by a Survey of Scholarship on the Fairy Mythology since 1903 and a Bibliography by Roger Sherman Loomis. 1903; 2d ed. New York: Burt Franklin, 1960.
Thompson, Raymond H. "The First and Last Love: Morgan le Fay and Arthur." In *The Arthurian Revival: Essays on Form, Tradition, and Transformation*. Ed. Debra N. Mancoff. New York: Garland, 1992. Pp. 230-47.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/percmenu.htm>

8 captures

23 Aug 2000 - 15 Aug 2002

Feb JUN Aug

17

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

PERCEVAL

Perceval is the Grail knight or one of the Grail knights in numerous medieval and modern stories of the Grail quest. Perceval first appears in Chrétien de Troyes's unfinished *Perceval or Conte del Graal* (c.1190). The incomplete story prompted a series of "continuations," in the third of which (c. 1230), by an author named Manessier, Perceval achieves the Grail. (An analogue to Chrétien's tale is found in the thirteenth-century Welsh romance *Peredur*.) Chrétien's story was also the inspiration for one of the greatest romances of the Middle Ages, Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* (c. 1200-1210). As in Chrétien's story, Wolfram's *Parzival* is initially naive and foolish, having been sheltered from the dangers of the chivalric world by his mother. In both versions Perceval/Parzival is the guest of the wounded Fisher King (called Anfortas by Wolfram but unnamed by Chrétien) at whose castle he witnesses the Grail procession and fails to ask--because he has been advised of the impoliteness of asking too many questions--the significance of what he sees and, in Wolfram's romance, what causes Anfortas's pain. This failure is calamitous because asking the question would have cured the king. Other medieval versions of the story of Perceval can be found in the

French texts known as the Didot-Perceval and Perlesvaus (also called The High Book of the Grail or Le Haut Livre du Graal).

Perceval is the central character in the fourteenth-century Middle English romance Sir Perceval of Galles which is apparently based on Chrétien's tale but which omits the Grail motif entirely. Perceval is one of three Grail knights in Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte d'Arthur, the others being Galahad and Bors. Perceval functions as the narrator of the dramatic monologue which comprises most of Tennyson's idyll "The Holy Grail." In this idyll, much of what Perceval tells focuses on Galahad as the central Grail knight. Richard Wagner, drawing his inspiration primarily from Wolfram von Eschenbach though greatly simplifying Wolfram's plot, wrote the opera Parsifal in 1882. As in the medieval stories, Parsifal is presented initially as a fool, but is pure enough to heal the wounded Anfortas and to become himself the keeper of the Grail.

Among the twentieth century works to deal with Perceval/Parsifal are the poem "Parsifal" by Arthur Symonds, several of Charles Williams's Arthurian poems, Robert Trevelyan's The Birth of Parsival (1905) and The New Parsifal: An Operatic Fable (1914), and the novels Percival and the Presence of God (1978) by Jim Hunter, Parsifal (1988) by Peter Vansittart, and Richard Monaco's tetralogy (containing Parsival [1977], The Grail War [1979], The Final Quest [1980], and Blood and Dreams [1985]). One of the most interesting Arthurian films is Eric Rohmer's Perceval le Gallois (1978), a fairly faithful rendition of Chrétien's Conte del Graal. The story of Perceval is recast in a modern setting in the film The Fisher King (1990).

--A.C.L.

TEXTS:

Medieval:

Peredur the Son of Evrawc (translated by Lady Charlotte Guest)
Sir Perceval of Galles (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

Modern:

De Beverley, Thomas (Pseudonym of George Newcomen, "Sir Percival's Vision" (1925)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "The Holy Grail" from The Idylls of the King
Trevelyan, R. C. (1872-1951), The Birth of Parsival (1905)
Trevelyan, R. C. (1872-1951), The New Parsifal (1914)
Weston, Jessie (1850-1928), "Knights of King Arthur's Court" (1896)

IMAGES:

Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "My Knights, and My Servants, and My True Children, Which Be Come out of Deadly Life into Spiritual Life, I Will Now No Longer Hide Me from You" (1927)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), Sir Percivale Slays the Serpent" (1902)
Pogány, Willy (1882-1955), "The Grail's High Mysterious Call" (1912)
Pogány, Willy (1882-1955), "Klingsor's Palace" (1912)
Pogány, Willy (1882-1955), "Kundry" (1912)
Pogány, Willy (1882-1955), "Kundry and Amfortas" (1912)

Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Kundry Parched with Thirst" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal Blesses Kundry" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal and His Foeman Ferris" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal and His Lady Blaid" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal and the Sacred Spear" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal Kisses Kundry" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal Leaves the Empty Castle" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Parsifal the Fool" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "The Stricken King" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "The Swan-Lord Gurnemanz and His Daughter Blaid" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Titurel and the Grail" (1912)
 Pogàny, Willy (1882-1955), "Titurel Bears the Sacred Spear" (1912)
 Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "The Communion of the Holy Grail" (1903)
 Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Montsalvat, the Castle of the Grail" (1903)
 Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal in Quest of the Holy Grail" (1903)
 Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal Healing King Amfortas" (1903)
 Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal Revealing the Holy Grail" (1903)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bogdanow, Fanni. "The Transformation of the Role of Perceval in Some Thirteenth Century Prose Romances." In *Studies in Medieval Literature and Languages in Memory of Frederick Whitehead*. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1973. Pp. 47-65.

Lloyd-Morgan, Ceridwen. "Perceval in Wales: Late Medieval Welsh Grail Traditions." In *The Changing Face of Arthurian Romance: Essays on Arthurian Prose Romances in Memory of Cedric E. Pickford*. Arthurian Studies XVI. Ed. Alison Adams, Armel H. Diverres, Karen Stern and Kenneth Varty. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer, 1986. Pp. 78-91.

Owen, D. D. R. "The Development of the Perceval Story." *Romania* 80 (1959): 473-92.

Weston, Jessie. *The Legend of Sir Perceval: Studies upon Its Origin, Development, and Position in the Arthurian Cycle*. 2 vols. (Vol. 1: Chrétien de Troyes and Wauchier de Denain; Vol. 2: The Prose Perceval according to the Modena MS.) London: David Nutt, 1906, 1909.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/TTMenu.htm>

2 captures

10 Aug 2002 - 22 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

10

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

TOM THUMB IN THE ARTHURIAN TRADITION

Prepared by Susan Bauer

ABOUT THIS PROJECT

IMAGES TEXTS ESSAY
BIBLIOGRAPHIES

This website was designed for an undergraduate Research Internship Project at the University of Rochester under the guidance and supervision of Alan Lupack, director of the Robbins Library. As a junior in the part-time studies program, Susan Bauer is working towards a degree in English with a minor in Creative Writing. The project was undertaken to gain experience in literary research and web page design. Additional assistance was also received from the Microtext Center in Rush Rhees Library, and Rosemary Paprocki and Anne Zanzucchi of the Robbins Library.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/TTTexts.htm>

1 capture

14 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

14

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Tom Thumb Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

TOM THUMB TEXTS

Anonymous.

Tom Thumbe, His Life and Death (1630)

Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock (1826-1887)

"Tom Thumb" (1863)

Fielding, Henry (1707-1754)

Tom Thumb: A Tragedy (1730)

The Tragedy of Tragedies (1731)

Haywood, Eliza (1693?-1756), and William Hatchett (fl. 1730-1741)

The Opera of Operas or Tom Thumb the Great (1733)

O'Hara, Kane (?1714-1782)

Tom Thumb the Great (First performed 1780; first published 1805)

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/craik-tt.htm>

7 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 4 May 2002

Jan MAY Jun

04

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Author Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

Tom Thumb

by

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the most learned enchanter of his time, was on a journey; and being very weary, stopped one day at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for refreshment. The ploughman's wife, with great civility, immediately brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a wooden platter. Merlin could not help observing, that although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and clean, and in good order, the ploughman and his wife had the most sorrowful air imaginable: so he questioned them on the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were very miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world, if she had a son, although he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was much amused with the notion of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and as soon as he returned home, he

sent for the queen of the fairies (with whom he was very intimate), and related to her the desire of the ploughman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb. She liked the plan exceedingly, and declared their wish should be speedily granted. Accordingly, the ploughman's wife had a son, who in a few minutes grew as tall as his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies came in at the window as the mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child. Her majesty kissed the infant, and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, immediately summoned several fairies from Fairyland, to clothe her new little favourite:--

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun:
With doublet wove of thistledown,
His trousers up with points were done;
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eye-lash pluck'd from his mother's eye:
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tann'd with hair within."

Tom was never any bigger than his father's thumb, which was not a large thumb neither; but as he grew older, he became very cunning, for which his mother did not sufficiently correct him: and by this ill quality he was often brought into difficulties. For instance, when he had learned to play with other boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah, ha, my little Tom Thumb!" said he, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will reward you for thieving." Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag, the cherry-stones bruised Tom's legs, thighs, and body sadly; which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such things any more.

Shortly afterwards, Tom's mother was making a batter-pudding, and that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed on the edge of the bowl; but his foot happened to slip, he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother, not observing him, stirred him into the pudding, and popped him into the pot to boil. The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; and a tinker coming by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding; he put it into his budget, and walked on.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the poor tinker, that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away from it as fast as he could. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow; and it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow chewed the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, roared, "Mother, mother!" as loud as he could

bawl.

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said the mother.

"Here, mother, here in the red cow's mouth."

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron, and ran home with him. Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and being one day in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle by the seaside, where he left him; and old Grumbo, the giant, coming soon after to walk upon his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf; he was the favourite of the whole court; and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table. The king, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand; and if a shower of rain came on, he used to creep into the king's waistcoat-pocket, and sleep till the rain was over. The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay his friends a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom procured a little purse, and putting a threepenny piece into it, with much labour and difficulty got it upon his back; and, after travelling two days and nights, arrived at his father's house. His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having in forty-eight hours travelled almost half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. Both his parents were glad to see him, especially when he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days upon a hazelnut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him for a month. Tom got well, but could not travel because it had rained: therefore his mother took him in her hand, and with one puff blew him into King Arthur's court; where Tom entertained the king, queen, and nobility at tilts and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of. At this juncture the queen of the fairies came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, placed Tom by her side, and drove through the air, without stopping till they arrived at her palace; when, after restoring him to health and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairyland, she commanded a fair wind, and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight to the court of King Arthur. But just as Tom should have alighted in the courtyard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of furmenty (King Arthur loved furmenty), and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! murder!" bellowed the cook; and away poured the king's nice furmenty into the kennel.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore to the king that Tom had done it out of mere mischief; so he was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Tom hearing this dreadful sentence, and seeing a miller stand by with his mouth wide open, he took a good spring, and jumped down the miller's throat, unperceived by all, even by

the miller himself.

Tom being lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; the doctor was as much frightened as the miller, and sent in great haste for five more doctors and twenty learned men. While all these were debating upon the affair, the miller (for they were very tedious) happened to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window into the river. A large salmon swimming by snapped him up in a minute. The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to a steward of a lord. The lord, thinking it an uncommon fine fish, made a present of it to the king, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon, he found poor Tom, and ran with him directly to the king; but the king, being busy with state affairs, desired that he might be brought another day. The cook resolving to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, clapped him into a mouse-trap, and left him to amuse himself by peeping through the wires for a whole week; when the king sent for him, he forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him new clothes, and knighted him:--

"His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
His boots were made of chicken skins;
His coat and breeches were made with pride:
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride."

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed. As they rode by a farmhouse one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to devour the mouse; however, Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat, who then let him fall. The king and his nobles, seeing Tom falling, went to his assistance, and one of the lords caught him in his hat; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried home, when a bed of down was made for him in a little ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies came and took him again to Fairyland, where she kept him for some years; and then, dressing him in bright green, sent him flying once more through the air to the earth, in the days of King Thunstone. The people flocked far and near to look at him; and the king, before whom he was carried, asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived? Tom answered:--

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the Fairies I come;
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;

Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address, that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not a new coach too: therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. The king sent for him in a rage. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail-shell, and there lay till he was almost starved; when, peeping out of the hole, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground: he now ventured out, and, getting astride, the butterfly took wing, and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles, all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat, and fell into a watering-pot, where he was found almost drowned. The queen vowed he should be guillotined; but while the guillotine was getting ready, he was secured once more in a mouse-trap; when the cat, seeing something stir, and supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it, and set Tom at liberty. Soon afterwards a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him:--

"He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider suck'd up the last drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rosebush, and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:--

"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went;
Alive he fill'd the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry, 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead.'"

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/HFTT1.htm>

1 capture

20 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

20

2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Tom Thumb Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

TOM THUMB, A TRAGEDY
by
HENRY FIELDING

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

KING ARTHUR, (Mr. Mullart.)
TOM THUMB, (Miss Jones.)
Lord GRIZZLE, (Mr. Jones.)
Mr. NOODLE, (Mr. Marshall.)
Mr. DOODLE, (Mr. Reynolds).
1 PHYSICIAN, (Mr. Hallam).
2 PHYSICIAN, (Mr. Dove).

WOMEN.

QUEEN DOLLALOLLA, (Mrs. Mullart).
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, (Mrs. Jones).
CLEORA,
MUSTACHA,
Slaves, &c.;

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE The Palace.

Mr. Doodle, Mr. Noodle.

DOODLE. Sure, such a Day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:
All Nature, O my Noodle! grins for Joy.
NOODLE. This Day, O Mr. Doodle! is a Day
Indeed, a Day we never saw before.
The mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,

Who bite their Chains, and frown and foam like Mad-Dogs.
He rides, regardless of their ugly Looks.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.
DOODLE. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.
NOODLE. They tell me, it is whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, That this mighty Hero
(By Merlin's Art begot) has not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.
DOODLE. Wou'd Arthur's Subjects were such Gristle, all!
He then might break the Bones of ev'ry Foe.
NOODLE. But hark! these Trumpets speak the King's Approach.
DOODLE. He comes most luckily for my Petition!
Let us retire a little.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, Lord Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

KING. Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day, shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown again.
Smile, Dollalolla;-Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow
Sits, like some Mother Demdike, on thy Brow?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets?
QUEEN. Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears, as often as Excess of Grief.
KING. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, 'till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me nothing but the Sea to rule.
DOODLE. My Liege! I've a Petition-
KING. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Bus'ness.
To-day it is our Pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as us.
QUEEN. If the capacious Goblet overflow
With Arrack-Punch-'fore George! I'll see it out;
Of Rum, or Brandy, I'll not taste a Drop.
KING. Tho' Rack, in Punch, Eight Shillings be a Quart,
And Rum and Brandy be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.
[Trumpets.

But, ha! the Warrior comes; Tom Thumb approaches;
The welcome Hero, Giant-killing Lad,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, attended; King, Queen, Lord Grizzle, Doodle, Noodle.

KING. O welcome, ever welcome to my Arms,
My dear Tom Thumb! How shall I thank thy Merit?

THUMB. By not b'ing thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
My Duty I have done, and done no more.

QUEEN. Was ever such a lovely Creature seen! [Aside.

KING. Thy Modesty's a Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.

Vain Impudence, if it be ever found
With Virtue, like the Trumpet in a Consort,
Drowns the sweet Musick of the softer Flute.

But say, my Boy, where didst thou leave the Giants?

THUMB. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

KING. What look they like?

THUMB. Like twenty Things, my Liege;
Like twenty thousand Oaks, by Winter's Hand
Stripp'd of their Blossoms; like a Range of Houses,
When Fire has burnt their Timber all away.

KING. Enough: The vast Idea fills my Soul;
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores,
Which, like as many rav'nous Wolves, of late
Frown'd grimly o'er the Land, like Lambs look now.
O Thumb, what do we to thy Valour owe!

The Princess Huncamunca is thy Prize.

QUEEN. Ha! Be still, my Soul!

THUMB. Oh, happy, happy Hearing!
Witness, ye Stars! cou'd Thumb have ever set
A Bound to his Ambition - it had been
The Princess Huncamunca, in whose Arms
Eternity would seem but half an Hour.

QUEEN. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

KING. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Not Alexander, in his highest Pride,
Could boast of Merits greater than Tom Thumb.
Not Caesar, Scipio, all the Flow'rs of Rome,

Deserv'd their Triumphs better than Tom Thumb.
QUEEN. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have the Pricess, that is Pos'.
KING. Say you so, Madam? We will have a Trial.
When I consent, what Pow'r has your Denial?
For when the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.
NOODLE. Long Health and Happiness attend the General!
Long may he live, as now, the publick Joy,
While ev'ry Voice is burthen'd with his Praise.
THUMB. Whisper, ye Winds! that Huncamunca's mine;
Ecchoes repeat; that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is over,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns the Toil.
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And Hymeneal Sweets invite my Bride.
So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Has through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Face and Hands he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his Brickdusta lies.
[Exeunt all but Grizzle.

SCENE IV.
Lord Grizzle, Solus.

GRIZZLE. See how the cringing Coxcombs fawn upon him!
The Sun-shine of a Court can, in a Day,
Ripen the vilest Insect to an Eagle:
And every little Wretch, who but an Hour
Before had scorn'd, and trod him under Feet,
Shall lift his Eyes aloft, to gaze at distance,
And flatter what they scorn'd.

SCENE V.
Enter Queen, to Lord Grizzle.

QUEEN. Well met, My Lord,
You are the Man I sought. Have you not heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great Man made.
GRIZZLE. I heard it, I confess - for who, alas!
Can always stop his Ears - but would my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.
QUEEN. Would I had heard at the still Noon of Night

The dreadful Cry of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I could almost destroy myself,
To think I should a Grand-mother be made
By such a Rascal. - Sure, the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stall
Was dropp'd. - O, good Lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him, from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
GRIZZLE. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.
QUEEN. Then rouze thy Spirit - we may yet prevent
This hated Match.-
GRIZZLE. We will. - Not Fate, itself,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rush; I'll rise; I'll roar
Fierce as the Man whom smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.
QUEEN. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet, can we kill the Man who kill'd the Giants?
GRIZZLE. I tell you Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to a Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.
QUEEN. How! Have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?
GRIZZLE. Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.
QUEEN. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traytor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Go, Sirrah! go; hie away!hie! - thou art
A Setting-Dog - and like one I use thee.
GRIZZLE. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd.
So when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third dog, the Dog contending meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done.
[Exit.

SCENE VI.
Queen, Sola.

QUEEN. And whither shall I go? - Alack-a-day!
I love Tom Thumb - but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't. - I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold!-Perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine,
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So when some Wench to Tothill-Bridewell's sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging, she's content;
She hopes, in Time, to ease her present Pain;
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.
[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

HUNCAMUNCA. Give me some Musick to appease my Soul,
Gentle Cleora, sing my fav'rite Song.

CLEORA sings.

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow through his Heart,
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with Joy.

HUNCAMUNCA. O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art
thou Tom Thumb?

Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Blood?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy Father?
Or else the King of Brentford, Old or New?

MUSTACHA. I am surprized that your Highness can give your
self a Moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow,
Tom Thumb. One properer for a Play-thing than a Husband. -
Were he my Husband, his Horns should be as long as his Body.-

If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

HUNCAMUNCA. Cease, my Mustacha, on your Duty cease.

The Zephyr, when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's Breath.

The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

MUSTACHA. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband.

Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court that looks so little like a Man. He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

HUNCAMUNCA. This Rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this Railing comes from Love.

Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

CLEORA. Madam, the King.

SCENE II.

King, Huncamunca.

KING. Let all but Huncamunca leave the Room.

[Exit Cleora, and Mustacha.

Daughter, I have of late observ'd some Grief
Unusual in your Countenance, your Eyes
That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Room within,
Have now two Blinds before them - What is the Cause?

Say, have you not enough of Meat or Drink?

We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

HUNCAMUNCA. Alas! my Lord, a tender Maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink -

KING. What's that?

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! Spare my Blushes, but I mean a Husband.

KING. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.

Whose Name in Terrâ incognitâ is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle Drums of twenty Armies.

HUNCAMUNCA. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

KING. Tom Thumb.

HUNCAMUNCA. Is it possible?

KING. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
A Country Dance of Joys is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

HUNCAMUNCA. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

SCENE III.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle.

DOODLE. Oh! fatal News-the great Tom Thumb is dead.

KING. How dead!

DOODLE. Alas! as dead as a Door-Nail.

Help, help, the Princess faints!

KING. Fetch her a Dram.

HUNCAMUNCA. Under my Bed you'll find a Quart of Rum.

[Exit Doodle.

KING. How does my pretty Daughter?

HUNCAMUNCA. Thank you, Papa,

I'm something better now.

KING. What Slave waits there?

[Enter Slave.

Go order the Physicians strait before me,
That did attend Tom Thumb - now by my Stars,
Unless they give a full and true Account
Of his Distemper, they shall all be hang'd.

DOODLE. [returns.] Here is the Bottle, and here is the Glass.

I found them both together-

KING. Give them me.

[fills the Glass.

Drink it all off, it will do you no harm.

SCENE IV.

King, Huncamunca, Doodle, Physicians.

I PHYSICIAN. We here attend your Majesty's Command.

KING. Of what Distemper did Tom Thumb demise?

I PHYSICIAN. He died, may it please your Majesty, of a
Distemper which Paracelsus calls the Diaphormane, Hippocrates the
Catecumen, Galen, the Regon-He was taken with a Dizziness in
his Head, for which I bled him, and put on Four Blisters-he
then had the Gripes, wherefore I thought it proper to apply
a Glister, a Purge, and a Vomit.

2 PHYSICIAN. Doctor, you mistake the Case; the Distemper
was not the Diaphormane, as you vainly imagine; it was the

Peripylusis-and tho' I approve very much of all that you did-let me tell you, you did not do half enough-you know he complained of a Pain in his Arm, I would immediately have cut off his Arm, and have laid open his Head, to which I would have applied some Trahifick Plaister; after that I would have proceeded to my Catharticks, Emeticks, and Diureticks.

I PHYSICIAN. In the Peripylusis indeed these Methods are not only wholesome but necessary: but in the Diaphormane otherwise.

2 PHYSICIAN. What are the Symptoms of the Diaphormane?

I PHYSICIAN. They are various-very various and uncertain.

2 PHYSICIAN. Will you tell me that a Man died of the Diaphormane in one Hour-when the Crisis of that Distemper does not rise till the Fourth?

I PHYSICIAN. The Symptoms are various, very various and uncertain.

SCENE V.

[To them.] Tom Thumb attended.

THUMB. Where is the Princess? where's my Huncamunca?

Lives she? O happy Thumb! for even now

A Murmur humming skips about the Court,

That Huncamunca was defunct.

KING. Bless me!

Ye Blazing Stars - sure 'tis Illusion all.

Are you Tom Thumb, and are you too alive?

THUMB. Tom Thumb I am, and eke also alive.

KING. And have you not been dead at all? -

TOM THUMB. Not I.

I PHYSICIAN. I told you, Doctor, that Cathartick would do his Business.

2 PHYSICIAN. Ay, and I am very much surprised to find it did not.

SCENE VI.

King, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Physicians, Doodle, Noodle.

NOODLE. Great News, may it please your Majesty, I bring,

A Traytor is discover'd, who design'd

To kill Tom Thumb with Poison.

KING. Ha! say you?

NOODLE. A Girl had dress'd her Monkey in his Habit,

And that was poison'd by mistake for Thumb.

KING. Here are Physicians for you, whose nice Art

Can take a dress'd Monkey for a Man.
Come to my Arms, by dearest Son-in-Law!
Happy's the wooing, that's not long a doing;
Proceed we to the Temple, there to tie
The burning Bridegroom to the blushing Bride.
And if I guess aright, Tom Thumb this Night
Shall give a Being to a new Tom Thumb.
THUMB. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.
HUNCAMUNCA. O fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.
THUMB. It is the Virgin's sign, and suits you well-
I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
I'm so transported, I have lost my self.
HUNCAMUNCA. Forbid it, all the Stars; for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.
So the unhappy Sempstress lost, they say,
Her Needle in a Bottle full of Hay.
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan;
For ah! the Needle was for ever gone.
[Ex. King, &c.;

SCENE VII.
Manent Physicians.

1 PHYSICIAN. Pray, Doctor Church-yard, what is your Peripylusis? I did not care to own my Ignorance to the King; but I never heard of such a Distemper before?
2 PHYSICIAN. Truly, Doctor Fillgrave, it is more nearly allied to the Diaphormane than you imagine-and when you know the one, you will not be very far from finding out the other. But it is now past Ten; I must haste to Lord Weekleys, for he'll be dead before Eleven, and so I shall lose my Fee.
1 PHYSICIAN. So Doctor, your Servant.
[Exeunt severally.

SCENE VIII.
Enter QUEEN sola.

QUEEN. How am I forc'd to wander thus alone,
As if I were the Phaenix of my Kind;
Tom Thumb is lost-yet Hickathrift remains,
And Hickathrift's as great a Man as Thumb.
Be he then our Gallant-but ha! what Noise
Comes trav'ling onward, bellowing as loud
As Thunder rumbling through th' AEtherial Plains?

SCENE XI

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Courtiers.

KING. Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse Six Pounds
To pay their Debts-Let no one weep to-day.
Come, my fair Consort, sit thee down by me.
Here seated, let us view the Dancers Sport,
Bid them advance.-This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb.
[Dance, Epithalamium, and Sports.

SCENE The Last

Noodle, King, Queen, Huncamunca, Courtiers.

NOODLE. Oh Monstrous! Dreadful! Terrible! Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes,
Dumb be my Tongue, Feet lame, all Senses lost.

KING. What does the Blockhead mean?

NOODLE. Whilst from my Garret
I look'd abroad into the Street below,
I saw Tom Thumb attended by the Mob,
Twice twenty Shoe-boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen, and Porters, Hackney Coachmen, Whores;
When on the sudden through the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment, guess, oh! guess the rest,
And in a Moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

KING. Horrible indeed!

GRIZZLE. Swallowed she him alive?

NOODLE. Alive, alive, Lord Grizzle; so the Boys
Of Fishmongers do swallow Gudgeons down.

GRIZZLE. Curse the Cow that took my Vengeance
from me. [Aside.

KING. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out - hang all the Culprits,
Guilty or not - no matter - ravish Virgins,
Go bid the School-masters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

[Ghost of Tom Thumb rises.

GHOST. Tom Thumb I am - but am not eke alive.
My Body's in the Cow, my Ghost is here.
GRIZZLE. Thanks, O ye Stars, my Vengeance is restor'd,
Nor shalt thou fly me - for I'll kill thy Ghost.
[Kills the Ghost.
HUNCAMUNCA. O barbarous Deed! - I will revenge him so.
[Kills Grizzle.
DOODLE. Ha! Grizzle kill'd - then Murtheress beware.
[Kills Huncamunca.
QUEEN. O Wretch! - have at thee.
[Kills Doodle.
NOODLE. And have at thee too.
[Kills the Queen.
CLEORA Thou'st kill'd the Queen.
[Kills Noodle.
MUSTACHA. And thou hast kill'd my Lover.
[Kills Cleora.
KING. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that.
[Kills Mustacha.
And take thou this.
[Kills himself, and falls.
So when the Child whom Nurse from Mischief guards,
Sends Jack for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;
Kings, Queens and Knaves, throw one another down,
'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,
And all I boast is, that I fall the last.
[Dies.

FINIS.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/HFTT2.htm>
2 captures
4 May 2002 - 20 Aug 2002
May AUG Sep
20
2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Author Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES
by
HENRY FIELDING

H. Scriblerus Secundus;

HIS

PREFACE

The Town hath seldom been more divided in its Opinion, than concerning the Merit of the following Scenes. Whilst some publickly affirmed, That no Author could produce so fine a Piece but Mr. P-----, others have with as much Vehemence insisted, That no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. F-----.

Nor can we wonder at this Dissention about its Merit, when the learned World have not unanimously decided even the very Nature of this Tragedy. For tho' most of the Universities in Europe have honoured it with the Name of Egregium & maximi pretii opus, Tragaediis tam antiquis quam novis longe anteponendum; nay, Dr. B----- hath pronounced, Citiùs Maevii AEneadem quam Scribleri istius Tragaediam hanc crediderim, cujus Autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim; and the great Professor Burman, hath stiled Tom Thumb, Heroum omnium Tragicorum facilè Principem. Nay, tho' it hath, among other Languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great Applause at Amsterdam (where Burlesque never came) by the Title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the Burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent Attention, which becometh an Audience at a deep Tragedy: Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these Scenes in a ludicrous Light; and Mr. D----- hath been heard to say, with some Concern, That he wondered a Tragical and Christian Nation would permit a Representation on its Theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is Great and Solemn among us.

This learned Critick, and his Followers, were led into so great an Error, by that surreptitious and piratical Copy which stole last Year into the World; with what Injustice and Prejudice to our Author, I hope will be acknowledged by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original Copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great Praise of our Author, that, however imperfect the former was, still did even that faint Resemblance of the true Tom Thumb, contain sufficient Beauties to give it a Run of upwards of Forty Nights, to the politest Audiences. But, notwithstanding that Applause which it receiv'd from all the best Judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a Burlesque on the loftiest Parts of Tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call Fine Things, from the Stage.

Now, if I can set my Country right in an Affair of this Importance, I shall lightly esteem any Labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, First, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious Copy before-mentioned, published by some ill-meaning People, under my Name: Secondly, as knowing my self more capable of doing Justice to our Author, than any other Man, as I have given my self more Pains to arrive at a thorough Understanding of

this little Piece, having for ten Years together read nothing else; in which time, I think I may modestly presume, with the help of my English Dictionary, to comprehend all the Meanings of every Word in it.

But should any Error of my Pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the World with his Annotations on our Author, I shall not think that the least Reward or Happiness arising to me from these my Endeavours.

I shall wave at present, what hath caused such Feuds in the learned World, Whether this Piece was originally written by Shakespear, tho' certainly That, were it true, must add a considerable Share to its Merit; especially, with such who are so generous as to buy and to commend what they never read, from an implicit Faith in the Author only: A Faith! which our Age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that the Tragedy of Tragedies, or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb, was written in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Nor can the Objection made by Mr. D-----, That the Tragedy must then have been antecedent to the History, have any Weight, when we consider, That tho' the History of Tom Thumb, printed by and for Edward M-----r, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge, be of a later Date; still must we suppose this History to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the Writer thereof to be inspired: A Gift very faintly contended for by the Writers of our Age. As to this History's not bearing the Stamp of Second, Third, or Fourth Edition, I see but little in that Objection; Editions being very uncertain Lights to judge of Books by: And perhaps Mr. M-----r may have joined twenty Editions in one, as Mr. C-----I hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other Argument, drawn from the little Care our Author hath taken to keep up to the letter of the History, carry any greater Force. Are there not Instances of Plays, wherein the History is so perverted, that we can know the Heroes whom they celebrate by no other Marks than their Names? Nay, do we not find the same Character placed by different Poets in such different Lights, that we can discover not the least Sameness, or even Likeness in the Features? The Sophonisba of Mairet, and of Lee, is a tender, passionate, amorous Mistress of Massinissa; Corneille, and Mr. Thomson give her no other Passion but the Love of her Country, and make her as cool in her Affection to Massinissa, as to Syphax. In the two latter, she resembles the Character of Queen Elizabeth; in the two former she is the Picture of Mary Queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other, as the Brutus of Voltaire, is from the Marius Jun. of Otway; or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the Ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular Examinatoin of the Tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the Words of an eminent Author, 'One, regular, and uniform, not 'charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and yet affording several 'Revolutions of Fortune; by which the Passions may be excited, 'varied, and driven to their full Tumult of Emotion.' -- Nor is the Action of this Tragedy less great than uniform. The Spring of all, is the Love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which causeth the Quarrel between their Majesties in the first Act; the Passion of Lord Grizzle in the Second; the Rebellion, Fall of Lord Grizzle, and Glumdalca, Devouring of Tom Thumb by the Cow, and that bloody Catastrophe, in the

Third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent Tragedy less noble than the Fable; it teaches these two instructive Lessons, viz. That Human Happiness is exceeding transient, and, That Death is the certain End of all Men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal End of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other Personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficeintly described in the Dramatis Personae; and I believe we shall find few Plays, where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every Speech that Characteristical Mark which distinguishes them from each other. 'But (says Mr. D-----) how well doth the Character of 'Tom Thumb, whom we must call the Hero of this Tragedy, if it hath 'any Hero, agree with the Precepts of Aristotle, who defineth Tragedy 'to be the Imitation of a short, but perfect Action, containing a just 'Greatness in itself, &c.; What Greatness can be in a Fellow, whom History 'relateth to have been no higher than a Span?' This Gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant Kite, that the Greatness of a Man's Soul is in proportion to that of his Body, the contrary of which is affirmed by our English Physognomical Writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the Greatness of the Action, and not of the Person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger Justification, than by producing parallel Passages out of the best of our English Writers. Whether this Sameness of Thought and Expression which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an Agreement in their Way of Thinking; or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the Reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; That they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest Dignity of Phrase; which brings me to speak of his Diction. -- Here I shall only beg one Postulatum, viz. That the greatest Perfection of the Language of a Tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this, is by being too high or too low for the Understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its Reach. Those two extremities of Stile Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar Image of two Inns, which I shall term the Aerial and the Subterrestrial.

Horace goeth farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these Inns, and when at the other;

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,

Projicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.

That he approveth of the Sesquipedalia Verba, is plain; for had not Telephus & Peleus used this sort of Diction in Prosperity, they could not have dropt it in Adversity. The Aerial Inn, therefore (says Horace) is proper only to be frequented by Princes and other great Men, in the highest Affluence of Fortune; the Subterrestrial is appointed for the Entertainment of the poorer sort of People only, whom Horace advises,

---- dolere Sermone pedestri.

The true Meaning of both which Citations is, That Bombast is the proper Language for Joy, and Doggrel for Grief, the latter of which is literally imply'd in the Sermo pedestris, as the former is in the Sesquipedalia Verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these. Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quàm verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ Sententiâ neque Scientiâ. What can be so proper for Tragedy as a Set of big sounding Words, so contrived together, as to convey no Meaning; which I shall one Day or other prove to be the Sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter Inn:

Omne genus scripti Gravitate Tragaedia vincit.

Tragedy hath of all Writings the greatest Share in the Bathos, which is the Profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two Stiles be properer for Tragedy. -- It sufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole Play, either rising higher than the Eye of your Understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed, that I have given more frequent Instances of Authors who have imitated him in the Sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, First, Bombast being properly a Redundancy of Genius, Instances of Nature occur in Poets whose Names do more Honour to our Author, than the Writers in the Doggerel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty Way of Thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in Authors of a lower Class. Secondly, That the Works of such Authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard Task to read them, in order to extrat these Flowers from them. And Lastly, It is very often difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some Flowers of a very nice Nature, which will flourish in no Soil but their own: For it is easy to transcribe a Thought, but not the Want of one. The Earl of Essex, for Instance, is a little Garden of choice Rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one Line so as to perserve its original Beauty. This must account to the Reader for his missing the Names of several of his Acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their Works; for which, if I have not a just Esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, Quae non contemno, quippè quae nunquam legerim. However, that the Reader may meet with due Satisfaction in this Point, I have a young Commentator from the University, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our Author, which shall shortly be added as an Appendix to this Work.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING Arthur, A passionate sort of King, Husband to Queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in Fear; Father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in Love with Glumdalca.

Mr. Mullart.

TOM THUMB the Great, A little Hero with a great Soul, something violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for Huncamunca.

Young Verhuyck.

GHOST of Gaffar Thumb, A whimsical sort of GHOST.

Mr. Lacy.

Lord GRIZZLE, Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very cholerick in his Temper, and in Love with Huncamunca.

Mr. Jones.

MERLIN, A Conjuror, and in some sort Father to Tom Thumb.

Mr. Hallam.

NOODLE, Courtiers in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.

DOODLE, Courtiers in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.

Mr. Reynolds.

Mr. Wathan.

FOODLE, A Courtier that is out of Place, and consequently of that Party that is undermost.

Mr. Ayres.

BAILIFF, and

FOLLOWER, Of the Party of the Plaintiff.

Mr. Peterson.

Mr. Hicks.

PARSON, Of the Side of the Church.

Mr. Watson.

WOMEN

QUEEN Dollallolla, Wife to King Arthur, and Mother to Huncamunca, a Woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to Drink; a little too much a Virago towards her Husband, and in Love with Tom Thumb.

Mrs. Mullart.

The Princess HUNCAMUNCA, Daughter to their Majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollallolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous Disposition, equally in Love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both.

Mrs. Jones.

GLUMDALCA, of the Giants, a Captive Queen, belov'd by the King, but in Love with Tom Thumb.

Mrs. Dove.

CLEORA, Maid of Honour, in Love with Noodle.

MUSTACHA, Maid of Honour, in Love with Doodle.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE the Court of King Arthur, and a Plain thereabouts.

ACT I

SCENE I

SCENE, The Palace.

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE. Sure, such a 1Day as this was never seen!

The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines, like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:
This down the Seams embroider'd, that the Beams.
All Nature wears one universal Grin.

NOODLE. This Day, O Mr. Doodle, is a Day
Indeed, 2a Day we never saw before.

The mighty 3Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
4Giants! to whom the Giants in Guild-hall
Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb regardless of their Noise rides on.
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

DOODLE. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, Oh Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

NOODLE. They tell me it is 5whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero
By Merlin's Art begot, hath not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

DOODLE. Then 'tis a Gristle of no mortal kind,
Some God, my Noodle, stept into the Place
Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than 6half begot,
This mighty Tom.

NOODLE. --7Sure he was sent Express
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.
Tho' small his Body be, so very small,

A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large;
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse,
8So doth this Mouse contain a mighty Mountain.
DOODLE. Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,
9The Giant Nurses frighten Children with it;
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the Child away.
NOODLE. But hark! 10these Trumpets speak the King's Approach.
DOODLE. He comes most luckily for my Petition.

Flourish

SCENE II

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

KING. 11Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The man who frowns this Day shall lose his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown withal.
Smile, Dollalolla, -- Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,
12Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?
Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets?

QUEEN. 13Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears as certain as Excess of Grief.

KING. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,
14'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost Land,
And leave me Nothing but the Sea to rule.

DOODLE. My Liege, I a Petition have here got.

KING. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be set apart for Business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be 15drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as We.

QUEEN. (Tho' I already 16 half Seas over am)
If the capacious Goblet overflow
With Arrack-Punch -- 'fore George! I'll see it out;
Of Rum, and Brandy, I'll not taste a Drop.

KING. Tho' Rack, in Punch, Eight Shillings be a Quart,
And Rum and Brandy be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.

Trumpets.

But, ha! the Warrior comes; the Great Tom Thumb;
The little Hero, Giant-killing Boy,
Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III

TOM THUMB, to them with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.

KING. 17Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my Arms,
What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,
Your Valour lays upon me?

QUEEN. [Aside.] -- 18Oh! ye Gods!

TOM THUMB. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
19I've done my Duty, and I've done no more.

QUEEN. [Aside] Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen!

KING. Thy Modesty's a 20Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.

But say, my Boy, where did'st thou leave the Giants?

TOM THUMB. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

KING. What look they like?

TOM THUMB. Like Nothing but Themselves.

QUEEN. 21And sure thou art like nothing but thy Self.

KING. [Aside.] Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul.

I see them, yes, I see them now before me:
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.
But, Ha! what Form Majestick strikes our Eyes?
22So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the Gods in Council: So fair she is,
That surely at her Birth the Council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman!

TOM THUMB. Then were the Gods mistaken. -- She is not
A Woman, but a Giantess -- whom we
23With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the Town: 24for she is by a Foot,
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were.

GLUMDALCA. We yesterday were both a Queen and Wife,
One hundred thousand Giants own'd our Sway,
Twenty whereof were married to our self.

QUEEN. Oh! happy State of Giantism -- where Husbands
Like Mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

GLUMDALCA. But then to lose them all in one black Day,

That the same Sun, which rising, saw me wife
To Twenty Giants, setting, should behold
Me widow'd of them all. -- 25 My worn out Heart,
That Ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink.

QUEEN. -- Madam, believe,

I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye;
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our Grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What Husbands you think fit.

GLUMDALCA. -- 26 Madam, I am

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

KING. Think, mighty Princess, think this Court your own,

Nor think the Landlord me, this House my Inn;

Call for whate'er you will, you'll Nothing pay.

27 I feel a sudden Pain within my Breast,

Nor know I whether it arise from Love,

Or only the Wind-Cholick. Time must shew.

Oh Thumb! What do we to thy Valour owe?

Ask some Reward, great as we can bestow.

TOM THUMB. 28 I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer those,

I ask not Money, Money I've enough;

For what I've done, and what I mean to do,

For Giants slain, and Giants yet unborn,

Which I will slay -- if this be call'd a Debt,

Take my Receipt in full -- I ask but this,

29 To Sun my self in Huncamunca's Eyes.

KING. Prodigious bold Request.

QUEEN. [Aside.] -- 30 Be still my Soul.

TOM THUMB. 31 My heart is at the Threshold of your Mouth,

And waits its answer there -- Oh! do not frown,

I've try'd, to Reason's Tune, to tune my Soul,

But Love did overwind and crack the String.

Tho' Jove in Thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,

I should have lov'd her still -- for oh strange fate,

Then when I lov'd her least, I lov'd her most.

KING. It is resolv'd -- the Princess is your own.

TOM THUMB. 32 Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy, Thumb!

QUEEN. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldiers Merit,

But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

KING. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm

Knows not a Name so glorious as Tom Thumb.

Let Macedonia, Alexander boast,

Let Rome her Caesar's and her Scipio's show,

Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,

Ireland her O's, her Mac's let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.
QUEEN. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
He shall not have my Daughter, that is Pos'.
KING. Ha! sayst thou Dollalolla?
QUEEN. -- I say he shan't.
KING. 33Then by our Royal Self we swear you lye.
QUEEN. 34Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,
Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain
35These twenty Years so loving by thy Side.
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang my self,
Then tremble all who did this Match persuade,
36For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,
And squirt down Royal Vengeance on you all.
FOODLE. 37Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion.
KING. 38Be she, or be she not -- I'll to the Girl
And pave thy Way, oh Thumb -- Now, by our self,
We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts,
To truckle to her Will -- For when by Force
Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Peticoat, and her the Breeches.
TOM THUMB. 39Whisper, ye Winds, that Huncamunca's mine;
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils,
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And Hymeneal Sweets invite my Bride.
So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Hath through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Hands and Face he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

SCENE IV

GRIZZLE solus.

GRIZZLE. 40Where art thou Grizzle? where are now thy Glories?
Where are the Drums that waken'd thee to Honour?
Greatness is a lac'd Coat from Monmouth-Street,
Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's Back.
The spiteful Sun but yesterday survey'd.
His Rival, high as Saint Paul's Cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-Ditch laid low.

SCENE V

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

QUEEN. 41 Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle.

Mountain of Treason, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine,
To spout forth Words malicious as thy self,
Words, which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.

GRIZZLE. Far be it from my Pride, to think my Tongue
Your Royal Lips can in that Art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would scold?

QUEEN. Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great Man made.

GRIZZLE. I heard it, I confess -- for who, alas!
42 Can always stop his Ears -- but wou'd my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.

QUEEN. Would I had heard at the still Noon of Night,
The Hallaloo of Fire in every Street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang my self,
To think I shou'd a Grandmother be made,
By such a Raskal. -- Sure the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd. -- O, good Lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
Or can, Oh can! my Huncamunca bear,
To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms?

GRIZZLE. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my Queen,
43 Thy Voice like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.

QUEEN. Then rouse thy Spirit -- we may yet prevent
This hated Match. --

GRIZZLE. -- We will; 44 not Fate it self,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the Man whom 45 smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

QUEEN. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants?

GRIZZLE. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.
QUEEN. How! have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?
GRIZZLE. 46Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.
QUEEN. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traitor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Go, Sirrah! go, 47hie away! hie! -- thou art
A setting Dog, be gone.
GRIZZLE. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what the Dog had done.

SCENE VI.

QUEEN sola.

QUEEN. And whither shall I go? -- Alack-a-day!
I love Tom Thumb -- but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't -- I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
48Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my Virtue.
But hold! -- perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine:
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So, when some Wench to Tothill-Bridewell's sent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging she's content:
She hopes in time to ease her present Pain,
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE, The Street.

BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF. Come on, my trusty Follower, come on,
This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
A Double Mug of Beer, and Beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this Way must Noodle pass.

FOLLOWER. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every Word
Inspires my Soul with Virtue. -- Oh! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street -- and nab him;
To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,
And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.

BAILIFF. There, when I have him, I will sponge upon him.
49Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho it be in Thought!
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.

FOLLOWER. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our Prey approaches.

BAILIFF. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

TOM THUMB. Trust me my Noodle, I am wondrous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For oh! -- 50but swear thou't keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare.

NOODLE. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's Charms.

TOM THUMB. Then know -- 51my Grand-mamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage.

NOODLE. Sir, I blush
To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma;
Can an old woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every Kiss.

TOM THUMB. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;
 Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine;
 I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.
 Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short
 For our Enjoyment, every Sun shall rise
 52Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.
 NOODLE. Oh Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.
 BAILIFF. Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you.
 NOODLE. At whose Suit is it?
 BAILIFF. At your Taylor's, Sir.
 Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
 And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.
 TOM THUMB. Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!
 Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this Disgrace!
 But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
 Tom Thumb shall shew his Anger by his Sword.

Kills

the BAILIFF and his FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF. Oh, I am slain!
 FOLLOWER. I am murdered also,
 And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
 My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.
 NOODLE. 53Go then to Hell, like Rascals as you are,
 And give our Service to the Bailiffs there.
 TOM THUMB. Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
 Till Debtors at Noon-Day shall walk the streets,
 And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

SCENE III.

The Princess Huncamunca's Apartment.
 HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

HUNCAMUNCA. 54Give me some Musick -- see that it be sad.
 CLEORA sings.

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
 Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
 With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
 Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing Smart,

Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.

HUNCAMUNCA. 55O, Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?

Why had'st thou not been born of Royal Race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy Father?
Or else the King of Brentford, Old or New?

MUSTACHA. I am surpriz'd that your Highness can give your
self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow,
56Tom Thumb the Great -- One properer for a Play-thing, than
a Husband. -- Were he my Husband, his Horns should be as long
as his Body. -- If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I
should not have wonder'd at it -- If you had fallen in Love with
Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

HUNCAMUNCA. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy Duty cease.

The Zephyr, when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

MUSTACHA. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband --
Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks so little
like a Man -- He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance,
and almost without Shadow too.

HUNCAMUNCA. This Rudeness is unseasonable, desist;
Or, I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

MUSTACHA. Madam, the King.

SCENE IV

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

KING. Let all but Huncamunca leave the Room.

Exit

CLEORA, and MUSTACHA.

Daughter, I have observ'd of late some Grief,
Unusual in your Countenance -- your Eyes,
57That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,
Have now two Blinds before them -- What is the Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.
HUNCAMUNCA. Alas! my Lord, I value not my self,

That once I eat two Fowls and half a Pig;
58Small is that Praise; but oh! a Maid may want,
What she can neither eat nor drink.

KING. What's that?

HUNCAMUNCA. 59 O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband.

KING. If that be all, I have provided one,
A husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword
Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.
Whose Name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

HUNCAMUNCA. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

KING. Tom Thumb.

HUNCAMUNCA. Is it possible?

KING. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
60A Country Dance of Joy is in your Face,
Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.
HUNCAMUNCA. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the Cause of all my Grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

KING. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,
A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! happy Sound! henceforth, let no one tell,
That Huncamunca shall lead Apes in Hell.
Oh! I am over-joy'd!

KING. I see thou art.
61Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy Brows;
Transports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,
As Small-shot thro' a hedge.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! say not small.

KING. This happy News shall on our Tongue ride Post,
Our self will bear the happy News to Thumb.
Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms
Must still detain the Hero from his Arms;
Various his Duty, various his Delight;
Now is his Turn to kiss, and now to fight;
And now to kiss again. So mighty 62Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit -- and then,
Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring, back again.

SCENE V

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

63GRIZZLE. Oh, Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh,
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca! oh!

HUNCAMUNCA. Ha! do'st thou know me, Princess as I am,
64That thus of me you dare to make your Game.

GRIZZLE. Oh Huncamunca, well I know that you
A Princess are, and a King's Daughter too.
But Love no Meanness scorns, no Grandeur fears,
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy Porter come up Stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

HUNCAMUNCA. But granting all you say of Love were true,
My Love, alas! is to another due!
In vain to me, a Suitoring you come;
For I'm already promis'd to Tom Thumb.

GRIZZLE. And can my Princess such a Durgen wed,
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthless Baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy Arms and never flinch,
Who am a Man by Jupiter ev'ry Inch.
65Then while in Joys together lost we lie
I'll press thy Soul while Gods stand wishing by.

HUNCAMUNCA. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove
All Obstacles of Promise you remove;
For all Engagements to a Man must fall,
Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all.

GRIZZLE. Oh let him seek some Dwarf, some fairy Miss,
Where no Joint-stool must lift him to the Kiss.
But by the Stars and Glory, you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian Grenadier;
One Globe alone, on Atlas Shoulders rests,
Two Globes are less than Huncamunca's Breasts:
The Milky-way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy Breasts are full as large as that.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh, Sir, so strong your Eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.

GRIZZLE. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the 66Sound
From one Pole to another Pole rebound;
The Earth and Sky, each be a Battledoor
And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;

To Doctors Commons, for a License I,
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly.
HUNCAMUNCA. Oh no! lest some Disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.
GRIZZLE. Forbid it, all ye Powers, a Princess should
By that vile Place, contaminate her Blood;
My quick Return shall to my Charmer prove,
I travel on the 67Post-Horses of love.
HUNCAMUNCA. Those Post-Horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the Gods, when they
Ride on behind that Post-Boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

TOM THUMB. Where is my Princess, where's my Huncamunca?
Where are those Eyes, those Cardmatches of Love,
That 68Light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Where is that Face which artful Nature made
69In the same Moulds where Venus self was cast?
HUNCAMUNCA. 70Oh! What is Musick to the Ear that's deaf,
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no taste?
What are these Praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another?
TOM THUMB. Ha! promis'd.
HUNCAMUNCA. Too sure; it's written in the Book of Fate.
TOM THUMB. 71Then I will tear away the Leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

GLUMDALCA. 72I need not ask if you are Huncamunca,
Your Brandy Nose proclaims --
HUNCAMUNCA. I am a Princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.
GLUMDALCA. A Giantess;
The Queen of those who made and unmade Queens.
HUNCAMUNCA. The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty Giants.

GLUMDALCA. Your Sweetheart? do'st thou think the Man, who once
Hath worn my easy Chains, will e'er wear thine?

HUNCAMUNCA. Well may your chains be easy, since if Fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.

73The Glove or Boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the Hand or Foot.

GLUMDALCA. I glory in the Number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine.

HUNCAMUNCA. Let me see nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.

Holds a Candle to her Face.

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil.

GLUMDALCA. You'd give the best of Shoes within your Shop,
To be but half so handsome.

HUNCAMUNCA. -- Since you come
74To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Test;
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

GLUMDALCA. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill
That Bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.

TOM THUMB. In the Balcony that o'er-hangs the Stage,
I've seen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;
One half a Crown does in his Fingers hold,
The other shews a little Piece of Gold;
She the Half Guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser Coin.

Exeunt all but GLUMDALCA.

GLUMDALCA. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a Chit as this;
75I feel the Storm that's rising in my Mind,
Tempests, and Whirlwinds rise, and rowl and roar.
I'm all within a Hurricane, as if
76The World's four Winds were pent within my Carcass.
77Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death.

SCENE VIII

KING, GLUMDALCA.

KING. 78Sure never was so sad a King as I,

79My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat
A Beggar wears; a Prince should put it off,
80To love a Captive and a Giantess.
Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!
My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou Trumpetest,
Unknown to me, within me. 81oh Glumdalca!
Heaven thee design'd a Giantess to make,
But an Angelick Soul was shuffled in.
82I am a Multitude of Walking Griefs,
And only on her Lips the Balm is found,
83To spread a Plaister that might cure them all.

GLUMDALCA. What do I hear?

KING. What do I see?

GLUMDALCA. Oh!

KING. Ah!

84GLUMDALCA. Ah Wretched Queen!

KING. Oh! Wretched King!

GLUMDALCA. Ah!

KING. 85Oh!

SCENE IX

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

PARSON. Happy's the Wooing, that's not long adoring;
For if I guess aright, Tom Thumb this Night
Shall give a Being to a New Tom Thumb.

TOM THUMB. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

TOM THUMB. It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well:

86I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,

87I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

HUNCAMUNCA. Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're so small,

That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.

So the unhappy Sempstress once, they say,

Her needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay;

In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,

For ah, the Needle was for ever gone.

PARSON. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.

88So when the Cheshire Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds.

By thousands, and ten thousands they increase,

Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

SCENE X

NOODLE, and then GRIZZLE.

NOODLE. 89Sure Nature means to break her solid Chain,
Or else unfix the World, and in a Rage,
To hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges;
All things are so confus'd, the King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess married is.

GRIZZLE. Oh! Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?

NOODLE. I've seen a Thousand Sights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful Bitch herself outdone,
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.

GRIZZLE. 90D-----n your Delay, you Trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one Word but Huncamunca.

NOODLE. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.

GRIZZLE. 91My Huncamunca.

NOODLE. Your Huncamunca.

Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every Man's Huncamunca.

GRIZZLE. If this be true all Womankind are damn'd.

NOODLE. If it be not, may I be so my self.

GRIZZLE. See where she comes! I'll not believe a Word
Against that Face, upon whose 92ample Brow,
Sits Innocence with Majesty Enthron'd.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

GRIZZLE. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here
The Licence in my Hand!

HUNCAMUNCA. Alas! Tom Thumb.

GRIZZLE. Why dost thou mention him?

HUNCAMUNCA. Ah me! Tom Thumb.

GRIZZLE. What means my lovely Huncamunca?

HUNCAMUNCA. Hum!

GRIZZLE. Oh! Speak.

HUNCAMUNCA. Hum!

GRIZZLE. Ha! your every Word is Hum

93You force me still to answer you Tom Thumb.

Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,

94Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love the Name;

So pleasing is that Sound, that were you dumb

You still would find a Voice to cry Tom Thumb.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! Be not hasty to proclaim my Doom,
My ample Heart for more than one has Room,
A Maid like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,
95I married him, and now I'll marry you.

GRIZZLE. Ha! dost thou own thy Falshood to my Face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy Husband's place,
Since to that Office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single Dish on,
Go, get your Husband put into Commission,
Commissioners to discharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a Husband to your Highness;
Yet think not long, I will my Rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the slighted Willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding Tempest now confin'd.
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind,
In dreadful Whirl, shall rowl along the Coasts,
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boasts,
96And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghosts.
97So have I seen, in some dark Winter's Day,
A sudden Storm rush down the Sky's High-Way,
Sweep thro' the streets with terrible ding dong,
Gush thro' the Spouts, and wash whole Crowds along.
The crowded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,
Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,
And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is seen.

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! fatal Rashness should his Fury slay,
My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding Day;
I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed;
98So have I seen some wild unsettled Fool,
Who had her Choice of this, and that Joint Stool;
To give the Preference to either, loath
And fondly coveting to sit on both:
While the two Stools her Sitting Part confound,
Between 'em both fall Squat upon the Ground.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III

SCENE I

SCENE, King Arthur's Palace.

99GHOST solus.

GHOST. Hail! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Midnight!
Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!

And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whose hoarse Throats
Th' Immortal Ghosts dread Croakings counterfeit,
All Hail! -- Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in Fire;
Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,
To the 100loud Musick of the silent Bell,
All Hail!

SCENE II

KING, and GHOST.

KING. What Noise is this? -- What Villain dares,
At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,
Disturb our Royal Walls?

GHOST. One who defines
Thy empty Power to hurt him; 101one who dares
Walk in thy Bed-Chamber.

KING. Presumptuous Slave!
Thou diest!

GHOST. Threaten others with that Word,
102I am a Ghost, and am already dead.

KING. Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy last Hour to come,
This Moment had been it; 103yet by thy Shrowd
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a Bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy Nothingness away.

GHOST retires.

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well.
104I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy Life -- Why say I that,
Since Life thou hast not? -- Dare not walk again,
Within these Walls, on pain of the Red-Sea.
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid --

GHOST. Were the Red-Sea, a Sea of Holland's Gin,
The Liquor (when alive) whose very Smell
I did detest, did loath -- yet for the Sake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

KING. Ha! said you?

GHOST. Yes, my Liege, I said Tom Thumb,
Whose Father's Ghost I am -- once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,

The dearest Friend, when dead, we all forget.
KING. 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
Oh, let me press thee in my eager Arms,
Thou best of Ghosts! Thou something more than Ghost!
GHOST. Would I were Something more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.
But now I have th' Advantage of my King,
105For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.
KING. But say, 106thou dearest Air, Oh! say, what Dread,
Important Business sends thee back to Earth?
GHOST. Oh! then prepare to hear -- which, but to hear,
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.
Thy Subjects up in Arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy finger'd Morn shall ope
The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate
Of this thy Toyal Palace, swarming spread:
107So have I seen the Bees in Clusters swarm,
So have I seen the Stars in frosty Nights,
So have I seen the Sand in windy Days,
So have I seen the Ghosts on Pluto's Shore,
So have I seen the Flowers in Spring arise,
So have I seen the Leaves in Autumn fall,
So have I seen the Fruits in Summer smile,
So have I seen the Snow in Winter frown.
KING. D-----n all thou'st seen! -- Dost thou, beneath the Shape
Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me,
With Similies to keep me on the Rack?
Hence -- or by all the Torments of thy Hell,
108I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'st none.
GHOST. Arthur, beware; I must this Moment hence,
Not frighted by your Voice, but by the Cocks;
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd To-day
To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

SCENE III

KING solus.

KING. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilst thou tellest me what's like my Fate,
Oh, teach me how I may avert it too!
Curst be the Man who first a Simile made!
Curst, ev'ry Bard who writes! -- So have I seen
Those whose Comparisons are just and true,

And those who liken things not like at all.
The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation
Can furnish out no Simile to his Fortune.

SCENE IV

KING, QUEEN.

QUEEN. What is the Cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollallolla's Breast?

Why dost thou leave me in the 109Dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of Sprites?

KING. Oh Dollallolla! do not blame my Love;
I hop'd the Fumes of Last Night's Punch had laid
Thy lovely Eye-lids fast. -- But, Oh! I find
There is no Power in Drams, to quiet Wives;
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,
And shine upon their Husbands.

QUEEN. Think, Oh think!
What a Surprize it must be to the Sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd World away.
What less can be the wretched Wife's Surprize,
When, stretching out her Arms to fold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her Arms.
110Think, think on that -- Oh! think, think well on that.
I do remember also to have read
111In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis,
That Jove in Form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danae; and trust me, Love
112I fear'd the Bolster might have been a Jove.

KING. Come to my Arms, most virtuous of thy Sex;
Oh Dollallolla! were all Wives like thee,
So many Husbands never had worn Horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy Worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest. -- Oh fatal Name!
For didst thou know one Quarter what I know,
Then would'st thou know -- Alas! what thou would'st know!

QUEEN. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak
Like Men who carry Raree-Shows about,
Now you shall see, Gentlemen, what you shall see?
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

NOODLE. Long life attend your Majesties serene,
Great Arthur, King, and Dollallolla, Queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold, rebellious Crowd,
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the Princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his Pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the Gate.

SCENE VI

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

KING. See where the Princess comes! Where is Tom Thumb?

HUNCAMUNCA. Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago
He sallied out to encounter with the Foe,
And swore, unless his Fate had him mis-led,
From Grizzle's Shoulders to cut off his Head,
And serve't up with your Chocolate in Bed.

KING. 'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.
Come Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb;
In Peace and Safety we secure may stay,
While to his Arm we trust the bloody Fray;
Tho' Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,
113He is alone equal to all these Odds.

QUEEN. He is indeed, a 114Helmet to us all,
While he supports, we need not fear to fall;
His Arm dispatches all things to our Wish,
And serves up every Foe's Head in a Dish.
Void is the Mistress of the House of Care,
While the good Cook presents the Bill of Fare;
Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fish,
Or Duck, or Goose, or Pig, adorn the Dish.
No Fears the Number of her Guests afford,
But at her Hour she sees the Dinner on the Board.

SCENE VII

, a Plain .

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, and Rebels.

GRIZZLE. Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found

115No Enemy to fight withal.
FOODLE. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,
116This First of April, to engage our Foes.
GRIZZLE. This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd choose,
For on this Day my Grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April Fool;
117Will teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,
And send it Post to the Elysian Shades.
FOODLE. I'm glad to find our Army is so stout,
Nor does it move my Wonder less than Joy.
GRIZZLE. 118What Friends we have, and how we came so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII

Thunder and Lightning.

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA cum suis.

TOM THUMB. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a Day like this?

119The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,
120As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;
And Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball.

MERLIN. Tom Thumb!

TOM THUMB. What Voice is this I hear?

MERLIN. Tom Thumb!

TOM THUMB. Again it calls.

MERLIN. Tom Thumb!

GLUMDALCA. It calls again.

TOM THUMB. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

MERLIN. Thou hast no Cause to fear, I am thy Friend,
Merlin by Name, a Conjuror by Trade,
And to my Art thou dost thy Being owe.

TOM THUMB. How!

MERLIN. Hear then the mystick Getting of Tom Thumb.

121His Father was a Ploughman plain,
His Mother milk'd the Cow;
And yet the way to get a Son,
This Couple knew not how.
Until such time the good old Man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great Distress,
In secret manner shows;
How in his Heart he wish'd to have

A Child, in time to come,
To be his Heir, tho' it might be
No bigger than his Thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his Wish should have;
And so a Son of Stature small,
The Charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future.

TOM THUMB. 122Lost in Amazement's Gulph, my Senses sink;
See there, Glumdalca, see another 123Me!

GLUMDALCA. O Sight of Horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow.

MERLIN. Let not these Sights deter thy noble Mind,
124For lo! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes;
See from a far a Theatre arise;
There Ages yet unborn, shall Tribute pay
To the Heroick Actions of this Day:
Then Buskin Tragedy at length shall choose
Thy Name the best Supporter of her Muse.

TOM THUMB. Enough, let every warlike Musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels, on one Side.

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, on the other.

FOODLE. At length the Enemy advances nigh,
125I hear them with my Ear, and see them with my Eye.

GRIZZLE. Draw all your Swords, for Liberty we fight,
126And Liberty the Mustard is of Life.

TOM THUMB. Are you the Man whom Men fam'd Grizzle name?

GRIZZLE. 127Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb?

TOM THUMB. The same.

GRIZZLE. Come on, our Worth upon our selves we'll prove,
For Liberty I fight.

TOM THUMB. And I for Love.

A bloody Engagement between the two Armies here, Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Thunder and Lightning. -- They fight off and on several times. Some fall.

GRIZZLE and GLUMDALCA remain.

GLUMDALCA. Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly.

GRIZZLE. Away -- thou art too ignoble for my Arm.

GLUMDALCA. Have at thy Heart.

GRIZZLE. Nay then, I thrust at thine.

GLUMDALCA. You push too well, you've run me thro' the Guts,
And I am dead.

GRIZZLE. Then there's an End of One.

TOM THUMB. When thou art dead, then there's an End of Two,
128Villain.

GRIZZLE. Tom Thumb!

TOM THUMB. Rebel!

GRIZZLE. Tom Thumb!

TOM THUMB. Hell!

GRIZZLE. Huncamunca!

TOM THUMB. Thou hast it there.

GRIZZLE. Too sure I feel it.

TOM THUMB. To Hell then, like a Rebel as you are,
And give my Service to the Rebels there.

GRIZZLE. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy

Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd, I'll send

129My Ghost to fetch her to the other World;

130It shall but bait at Heaven, and then return.

131But, ha! I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,

132Some kinder Spright knocks softly at my Soul,

And gently whispers it to haste away:

I come, I come, most willingly I come.

133So; when some City Wife, for Country Air,

To Hampstead, or to Highgate does repair;

Her, to make haste, Her Husband does implore,

And cries, My Dear, the Coach is at the Door.

With equal Wish, desirous to be gone,

She gets into the Coach, and then she cries -- Drive on!

TOM THUMB. With those last Words 134he vomited his Soul,
Which, 135like whipt Cream, the Devil will swallow down.

Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,

Which I will to the King in Triumph lug;

Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfast.

SCENE X

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, and Courtiers.

KING. Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds
To pay their Debts. -- Let no one weep To-day.
Come, Dollallolla; 136Curse that odious Name!
It is so long, it asks an Hour to speak it.
By Heavens! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil Monosyllable

That will not tire my Tongue. -- Come, sit thee down.
Here seated, let us view the Dancer's Sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two Victories 137To-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's Head.

A

Dance here.

NOODLE. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes!
Dumb be my Tongue! Feet lame! All senses lost!
138Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all ye Ghosts!

KING. What does the Blockhead mean?

NOODLE. I mean, my Liege
139Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror;
Whilst from my Garret, twice two Stories high,
I look'd abroad into the Streets below;
I saw Tom Thumb attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of Grizzle;
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment -- guess, Oh! guess the rest!
And in a Moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

KING. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out -- hang all the Culprits,
Guilty or not -- no matter -- Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the Schoolmasters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

NOODLE. Her Majesty the Queen is in a Swoon.

QUEEN. Not so much in a swoon, but I have still
Strength to reward the Messenger of ill News.

Kills NOODLE.

NOODLE. Oh! I am slain.

CLEORA. My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

Kills the QUEEN.

HUNCAMUNCA. My Mamma kill'd! vile Murtheress, beware.

Kills CLEORA.

DOODLE. This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.

Kills HUNCAMUNCA.

MUSTACHA. And this
I drive to thine, Oh Doodle! for a new one.

Kills DOODLE.

KING. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that

Kills MUSTACHA.
140And take thou this.

Kills himself, and falls.

So when the Child whom Nurse from Danger guards,
Sends Jack for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;
Kings, Queens and Knaves throw one another down,
'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,
And all I boast is -- that I fall the last.

Dies.

FINIS.

NOTES

1 Corneille recommends some very remarkable Day, wherein to fix the Action of a Tragedy. This the best of our Tragical Writers have understood to mean a Day remarkable for the Serenity of the Sky, or what we generally call a fine Summer's Day: So that according to this their Exposition, the same Months are proper for Tragedy,

which are proper for Pastoral. Most of our celebrated English Tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c.; begin with their Observations on the Morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful Description of our Authors;

The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson,
The Flowers all odorous seem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends,
The gaudy Earth with an unusual brightness,
All Nature smiles. (Caes. Borg.)

Massinissa in the new Sophonisba is also a Favourite of the Sun;
-- The Sun too seems

As conscious of my Joy with broader Eye
To look abroad the World, and all things smile
Like Sophonisba.

Memnon in the Persian Princess, makes the Sun decline rising, that he may not peep on Objects, which would prophane his Brightness.

-- The Morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy Streaks that us'd to paint
The Days Approach, are lost in Clouds as if
The Horrors of the Night had sent 'em back,
To warn the Sun, he should not leave the Sea,
To Peep, &c.;

2 This Line is highly conformable to the beautiful Simplicity of the Antients. It hath been copied by almost every Modern,

Not to be is not to be in Woe. (State of Innocence.)

Love is not Sin but where 'tis sinful Love. (Don Sebastian.)

Nature is Nature, Laelius. (Sophonisba.)

Men are but Men, we did not make our selves. (Revenge.)

3 Dr. B-----y reads the mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D-----s the mighty Thumping Thumb. Mr. T-----d reads Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great Simplicity so apparent in our Author.

4 That learned Historian Mr. S-----n in the third Number of his Criticism on our Author, takes great Pains to explode this Passage. It is, says he, difficult to guess what Giants are here meant, unless the Giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the Giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of Giants in the Reign of King Arthur. Petrus Burmanus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same Person whom the Greeks called Hercules, and that by these Giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that Heroe. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the Antients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the Reign of King Arthur, to which third Tom Thumb, says

he, the Actions of the other two were attributed. Now tho' I know that this Opinion is supported by an Assertion of Justus Lipsius, Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat; yet shall I venture to oppose one Line of Mr. Midwinter, against them all,

In Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live.

But then, says Dr. B-----y, if we place Tom Thumb in the Court of King Arthur, it will be proper to place that Court out of Britain, where no Giants were ever heard of. Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, is of another Opinion, where describing Albion he says,

-- Far within a salvage Nation dwelt
Of hideous Giants.

And in the same Canto,

Then Elfar, who two Brethren Giants had,
The one of which had two Heads --
The other three.

Risum teneatis, Amici.

5 To whisper in Books says Mr. D-----s is errant Nonsense. I am afraid this learned Man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the Word Whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the Senses Whisp'ring the Soul in the Persian Princess, or what Whisp'ring like Winds is in Aurengzebe, or like Thunder in another Author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a Voice, but she was born blind, which is an Excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight.

-- Your Description will surpass,
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb Shew of Horror,
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld.

When Mr. D-----s understands these he will understand Whisp'ring in Books.

6 -- Some Ruffian stept into his Father's Place,
And more than half begot him. (Mary Q. of Scots).

7 -- For Ulamar seems sent Express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian Clime. (Liberty Asserted.)

8 Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest, says Scaliger in Thumbo. - I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful Lines in the Earl of Essex;

-- Thy most inveterate Soul,

That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body.

And at those of Dryden,

The Palace is without too well design'd,
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind. (Aurengzebe.)

9 Mr. Banks hath copied this almost Verbatim,

It was enough to say, here's Essex come,
And Nurses still'd their Children with the fright. (E. of Essex.)

10 The Trumpet in a Tragedy is generally as much as to say enter King: Which makes Mr. Banks in one of his Plays call it the Trumpets's formal Sound.

11 Phraortes in the Captives seems to have been acquainted with King Arthur.

Proclaim a Festival for seven Days space,
Let the Court shine in all its Pomp and Lustre,
Let all our Streets resound with Shouts of Joy;
Let Musick's Care-dispelling Voice be heard,
The sumptuous Banquet, and the flowing Goblet
Shall warm the Cheek, and fill the Heart with Gladness.
Astarbe shall sit Mistress of the Feast.

12 Repentance frowns on thy contracted Brow. (Sophonisba.)

Hung on his clouded Brow, I mark'd Despair. (Ibid.)

-- A sullen Gloom,
Scowls on his Brow. (Busiris.)

13 Plato is of this Opinion, and so is Mr. Banks;

Behold these Tears sprung from fresh Pain and Joy. (E. of Essex.)

14 These Floods are very frequent in the Tragick Authors.

Near to some murmuring Brook I'll lay me down,
Whose Waters if they should too shallow flow,
My Tears shall swell them up till I will drown. (Lee's Sophonisba.)

Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. (Mithridates.)

One Author changes the Waters of Grief to those of Joy,

-- These Tears that sprung from Tides of Grief,
Are now augmented to a Flood of Joy. (Cyrus the Great.)

Another,

Turns all the Streams of Hates, and makes them flow
In Pity's Channel. (Royal Villain.)

One drowns himself,

-- Pity like a Torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a Deluge. (Anna Bullen.)

Cyrus drowns the whole world,

Our swellin Grief
Shall melt into a Deluge, and the World
Shall drown in Tears. (Cyrus the Great.)

15 An Expression vastly beneath the Dignity of Tragedy, says Mr. D-----s, yet we find the Word he cavils at in the Mouth of Mithridates less properly used and applied to a more terrible Idea;

I would be drunk with Death. (Mithrid.)

The Author of the New Sophonisba taketh hold of this Monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose,

The Carthaginian Sword with Roman Blood
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. D-----s which gives him the best Idea, a drunken King, or a drunken Sword?

Mr. Tate dresses up King Arthur's Resolution in Heroicks,

Merry, my Lord, o' th' Captain's Humour right,
I am resolv'd to be dead drunk to Night.

Lee also uses this charming Word;

Love's the Drunkenness of the Mind. (Gloriana.)

16 Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly,

I'm half Seas o'er in Death. (Cleom.)

17 This Figure is in great use among the Tragedians;

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. (Victim.)

I long repent, repent and long again. (Busiris.)

18 A Tragical Exclamation.

19 This Line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

20 We find a Candlestick for this Candle in two celebrated Authors;

-- Each Star withdraws
His golden Head and burns within the Socket. (Nero.)

A Soul grown old and sunk into the Socket. (Sebastian.)

21 This Simile occurs very frequently among the Dramatick Writers of both Kinds.

22 Mr. Lee hath stolen this Thought from our Author;

-- This perfect Face, drawn by the Gods in Council,
Which they were long a making. (Lu. Jun. Brut.)

-- At his Birth, the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man!

Dryden hath improved this Hint to the utmost Perfection:

So perfect, that the very Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Design! Their Envy hindred,
Or you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Ostentation sake,
To copy out again. (All for Love.)

Banks prefers the Works of Michael Angelo to that of the Gods;

A Pattern for the Gods to make a Man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a Statue.

23 It is impossible says Mr. W----- sufficiently to admire this natural easy Line.

24 This Tragedy which in most Points resembles the Antients differs from them in this,

that it assigns the same Honour to Lowness of Stature, which they did to Height. The Gods and Heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher by the Head than their Followers, the contrary of which is observ'd by our Author: In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable, and a Man of three Foot is as wonderful a sight as a Man of nine.

25 My Blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
 My Soul will quickly sink. (Mithrid.)

 My Soul is like a Ship. (Injur'd Love.)

26 This well-bred Line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess;

 To be your humblest, and most faithful Slave.

27 This Doubt of the King puts me in mind of a Passage in the Captives, where the Noise of Feet is mistaken for the Rustling of Leaves,

 -- Methinks I hear
 The sound of Feet
 No, 'twas the Wind that shook yon Cypress Boughs.

28 Mr. Dryden seems to have had this Passage in his Eye in the first Page of Love Triumphant.

29 Don Carlos in the Revenge suns himself in the Charms of his Mistress,

 While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay.

30 A tragical phrase much in use.

31 This Speech hath been taken to pieces by several Tragical Authors who seem to have rifled it and shared its Beauties among them.

 My soul waits at the Portal of thy Breast,
 To ravish from thy Lips the welcome News. (Anna Bullen.)

 My Soul stands listening at my Ears. (Cyrus the Great.)

 Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring,
 But Reason overwinds and cracks the String. (D. of Guise.)

 -- I should have lov'd,
 Tho' Jove in muttering Thunder had forbid it. (New Sophonisba.)

 And when it (my Heart) wild resolves to love no more,

Then is the Triumph of excessive Love. (Ibidem.)

32 Massinissa is one fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy. (New Sophonisba.)

33 No by my self. (Anna Bullen.)

34 -- Who caus'd
This dreadful Revolution in my Fate?
Ulamar. Who but a Dog, who but a Dog? (Liberty Asserted.)

35 -- A Bride,
Who twenty Years lay loving by your side. (Banks.)

36 For born upon a Cloud, from high I'll fall,
And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all. (Albion Queens.)

37 An Information very like this we have in the Tragedy of Love, where Cyrus having stormed in the most violent manner, Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, Nephew Cyrus -- you are mov'd.

38 'Tis in your Choice,
Love me, or love me not! (Conquest of Granada.)

39 There is not one Beauty in this Charming Speech, but hath been borrowed by almost every Tragick Writer.

40 Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex.

Where art thou Essex, &c.;

41 The Countess of Nottingham in the Earl of Essex is apparently acquainted with Dollalolla.

42 Grizzle was not probably possessed of that Glew, of which Mr. Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry word.

43 Screech-Owls, dark Ravens and amphibious Monsters,
Are screaming in that Voice. (Mary Q. of Scots.)

44 The Reader may see all the Beauties of this Speech in a late Ode called the Naval

Lyrick.

45 This Epithet to a Dolphin doth not give one so clear an Idea as were to be wished, a smiling Fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying Fish. Mr. Dryden is of Opinion, that smiling is the Property of Reason, and that no irrational Creature can smile.

Smiles not allowed to Beasts from Reason move. (State of Innocence.)

46 These Lines are written in the same Key with those in the Earl of Essex;

Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus;

The most heroick Mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern Tragedies.

47 Aristotle in that excellent Work of his which is very justly stiled his Masterpiece, earnestly recommends using the Terms of Art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the same Opinion.

Bru. Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Course about,
Your Game flies fair.
Fra. Do not fear it.
He answers you in your own Hawking Phrase. (Injur'd Love.)

I think these two great Authorities are sufficient to justify Dollalolla in the use of the Phrase -- Hie away hie; when in the same Line she says she is speaking to a setting Dog.

48 We meet with such another Pair of Scales in Dryden's King Arthur.

Arthur and Oswald and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heav'n

Also in Sebastian.

This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales.

49 Mr. Rowe is generally imagin'd to have taken some Hints from this Scene in his Character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the Tragick Writers, bears the least Resemblance to our Author in his Diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

50 This method of surprizing an Audience by raising their Expectation to the highest Pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practis'd with great Success by most of our Tragical Authors.

51 Almeyda in Sebastian is in the same Distress;

Sometimes methinks I hear the Groan of Ghosts,
Thin hollow Sounds and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Echo from afar,
My Mother's Voice that cries, wed not Almeyda
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, Marriage is thy Crime.

52 As very well he may if he hath any Modesty in him, says Mr. D-----s. The Author of Busiris, is extremely zealous to prevent the Sun's blushing at any indecent Object; and therefore on all such Occasions he addresses himself to the Sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,
Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene. (Busiris.)

Sun hide thy Face and put the World in Mourning. (Ibid.)

Mr. Banks makes the Sun perform the Office of Hymen; and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a Sight;

The Sun sets forth like a gay Brideman with you. (Mary Q. of Scots.)

53 Nourmahal sends the same Message to Heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us, to our Friends above. (Aurengzebe.)

We find another to Hell, in the Persian Princess;

Villain, get thee down
To Hell, and tell them that the Fray's begun.

54 Anthony gives the same Command in the same Words.

55 Oh! Marius, Marius; wherefore art thou Marius? (Otway's Marius.)

56 Nothing is more common than these seeming Contradictions; such as,

Haughty Weakness. (Victim.)

Great small World. (Noah's Flood.)

57 Lee hath improv'd this Metaphor.

Dost thou not view Joy peeping from my Eyes,
The Casements open'd wide to gaze on thee;
So Rome's glad Citizens to Windows rise,
When they some young Triumpher fain would see. (Gloriana.)

58 Almahide hath the same Contempt for these Appetites;

To eat and drink can no Perfection be. (Conquest of Granada.)

The Earl of Essex is of a different Opinion, and seems to place the chief Happiness of a General therein.

Were but Commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat. (Banks' Earl of Essex.)

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the Devil himself; we shall find Eating to be an Affair of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their Food. (Lucifer in the State of Innocence.)

59 This Expression is enough of it self (says Mr. D-----s) utterly to destroy the Character of Huncamunca; yet we find a Woman of no abandon'd Character in Dryden, adventuring farther and thus excusing her self;

To speak our Wishes first, forbid it Pride,
forbid it Modesty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not, when we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on. (Cleomenes.)

Cassandra speaks before she is asked. Huncamunca afterwards.
Cassandra speaks her Wishes to her Lover.
Huncamunca only to her Father.

60 Her Eyes resistless Magick bear,
Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there. (Lee's Sophonisba.)

61 Mr. Dennis in that excellent Tragedy, called Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a Stroke to the late French King, hath frequent Imitations of this beautiful Speech of King Arthur;

Conquest light'ning in his Eyes, and thund'ring in his Arm.

Joy lighten'd in her Eyes.
Joys like Light'ning dart along my Soul.

62 Jove with excessive Thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down for Ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to Thund'ring goes again. (Gloriana.)

63 This beautiful Line, which ought, says Mr. W----- to be written in Gold, is imitated in the New Sophonisba;

Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!
Oh! Narva, Narva, oh!

The Author of a Song call'd Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it.

Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false Spelling, you have two Meanings in the repeated Words.

64 Edith, in the Bloody Brother, speaks to her Lover in the same familiar Language.

Your Grace is full of Game.

65 Traverse the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,
Born on a Cloud in view of Fate I'll lie,
And press her Soul while Gods stand wishing by. (Hannibal.)

66 Let the four Winds from distant Corners meet,
And on their Wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud Walls,
Till Victim to the Sound th' aspiring City falls. (Albion Queens.)

67 I do not remember any Metaphors so frequent in the Tragick Poets as those borrow'd from Riding Post;

The Gods and Opportunity ride Post. (Hannibal.)

-- Let's rush together,
For Death rides Post. (Duke of Guise.)

Destruction gallops to thy murther Post. (Gloriana.)

68 This Image too very often occurs;

-- Bright as when thy Eye

'First lighted up our Loves. (Aurengzebe.)

This not a Crown alone lights up my Name. (Busiris.)

69 There is great Dissension among the Poets concerning the Method of making Man. One tells his Mistress that the Mold she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. Lucifer in Dryden, gives a merry Description of his own Formation;

Whom Heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for Number to the rest. (State of Innocence.)

In one Place, the same Poet supposes Man to be made of Metal;

I was form'd
Of that coarse Metal, which when she was made,
The Gods threw by for Rubbish. (All for Love.)

In another, of Dough;

When the Gods moulded up the Paste of Man,
Some of their Clay was left upon their Hands,
And so they made Egyptians. (Cleomenes.)

In another of Clay;

-- Rubbish of remaining Clay. (Sebastian.)

One makes the Soul of Wax;

Her waxen Soul begins to melt apace. (Anna Bullen.)

Another of Flint;

Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former Beings, or struck out together,
One Spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal. (Sebastian.)

To omit the great Quantities of Iron, Brazen and Leaden Souls which are so plenty in modern Authors -- I cannot omit the Dress of a Soul as we find it in Dryden;

Souls shirted but with Air. (King Arthur.)

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of Soul in a particular sort of Description, in the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious Powers,

-- Whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,
Or on the Mountains walk; give me the calm,
The steady smiling Soul, where Wisdom sheds
Eternal Sun-shine, and eternal Joy.

70 This Line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

71 Good Heaven, the Book of Fate before me lay,
 But to tear out the Journal of that Day.
 Or if the Order of the World below,
 Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
 Give me that Minute when she made her Vow. (Conquest of Granada.)

72 I know some of the Commentators have imagined, that Mr. Dryden, in the Altercative Scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a Scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with great Bitterness, is much beholden to our Author. How just this their Observation is, I will not presume to determine.

73 A cobling Poet indeed, says Mr. D. and yet I believe we may find as monstrous Images in the Tragick-Authors: I'll put down one;

 Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a
 Bride's Hair. (Injur'd Love.)

Which Lines seem to have as much Title to a Milliner's Shop, as our Author's to a Shoemaker's.

74 Mr. L----- takes occasion in this Place to commend the great Care of our Author to preserve the Metre of Blank Verse, in which Shakespear, Johnson and Fletcher were so notoriously negligent; and the Moderns, in Imitation of our Author, so laudably observant;

 -- Then does
 Your Majesty believe that he can be
 A Traitor! (Earl of Essex.)

Every Page of Sophonisba gives us Instances of this Excellence.

75 Love mounts and rowls about my stormy Mind. (Aurengzebe.)

 Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' my Bosom move. (Cleom.)

76 With such a furious Tempest on his Brow,
 As if the World's four Winds were pent within
 His blustering Carcase. (Anna Bullen.)

77 Verba Tragica.

78 This Speech hath been terribly maul'd by the Poets.

79 -- My Life is worn to Rags;
 Not worth a Prince's wearing. (Love Triumph.)

80 Must I beg the Pity of my Slave?
 Must a King beg! But Love's a greater King,
 A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me.
 He tunes the Organ of my Voice and speaks,
 Unknown to me, within me. (Sebastian.)

81 When thou wer't form'd, Heaven did a Man begin;
 But a Brute Soul by chance was shuffled in. (Aurengzebe.)

82 -- I am a Multitude,
 Of walking Grievs. (New Sophonisba.)

83 I will take thy Scorpion Blood,
 And lay it to my Grief till I have Ease. (Anna Bullen.)

84 Our Author, who every where shews his great Penetration into human Nature, here outdoes himself: Where a less judicious Poet would have raised a long Scene of whining Love. He who understood the Passions better, and that so violent an Affection as this must be too big for Utterance, chooses rather to send his Characters off in this sullen and doleful manner: In which admirable Conduct he is imitated by the Author of the justly celebrated Eurydice. Dr. Young seems to point at this Violence of Passion;

 -- Passion choaks
 Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair.

And Seneca tells us, Curaelevés Loquuntur, ingentes stupent. The Story of the Egyptian King in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious Reader to the excellent Montagne, who hath written an Essay on this Subject.

85 To part is Death --
 -- 'Tis Death to part.
 -- Ah.
 -- Oh. (Don Carlos.)

86 Nor know I whether,
 What am I, who or where, (Busiris.)

 I was I know not what, and am I know not how. (Gloriana.)

87 To understand sufficiently the Beauty of this Passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every Man to contain two Selves. I shall not attempt to prove this from Philosophy, which the Poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

Let me demand your Majesty,
Why fly you from your self? (Duke of Guise.)

In a 2d. One Self is a Guardian to the other;

Leave me the Care of me. (Conquest of Granada.)

Again, My self am to my self less near. (Ibid.)

In the same, the first Self is proud of the second;

I my self am proud of me. (State of Innocence.)

In a 3d. Distrustful of him;

Fain I would tell, but whisper it in mine Ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not my self. (Earl of Essex.)

In a 4th. Honours him;

I honour Rome,
But honour too my self. (Sophonisba.)

In a 5th. At Variance with him;

Leave me not thus at Variance with my self. (Busiris.)

Again, in a 6th.

I find my self divided from my self. (Medea.)

She seemed the sad Effigies of her self. (Albion Queens.)

Assist me, Zulema, if thou would'st be
The Friend thou seemest, assist me against me.

From all which it appears, that there are two Selves; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is no such Solecism as it hath been represented by Men, rather ambitious of Criticizing, than qualify'd to Criticize.

88 Mr. F----- imagines this Parson to have been a Welsh one from his Simile.

89 Our Author hath been plunder'd here according to Custom;

Great Nature break thy Chain that links together,
The Fabrick of the World and make a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul. (Love Triumphant.)

-- Startle Nature, unfix the Globe,
And hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges. (Albion Queens.)

The tott'ring Earth seems sliding off its Props.

90 D-----n your delay, ye Torturers proceed,
I will not hear one Word but Almahide. (Conq. of Granada.)

91 Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.

92 This Miltonick Stile abounds in the New Sophonisba.

-- And on her ample Brow
Sat Majesty.

93 Your ev'ry Answer, still so ends in that,
You force me still to answer you Morat. (Aurengzebe.)

94 Morat, Morat, Morat, You love the Name. (Aurengzebe.)

95 Here is a Sentiment for the Virtuous Huncamunca (says Mr. D-----s) and yet with the leave of this great Man, the Virtuous Panthea in Cyrus, hath an Heart every whit as Ample;

For two I must confess are Gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee. (Cyrus the Great.)

Nor is the Lady in Love Triumphant more reserv'd, tho' not so intelligible;

-- I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

96 A ridiculous Supposition to any one, who considers the great and extensive Largeness of Hell, says a Commentator: But not so to those who consider the great Expansion of immaterial Substance. Mr. Banks makes one Soul to be so expanded that Heaven could not contain it;

The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul. (Virtue Betray'd.)

The Persian Princess hath a Passage not unlike the Author of this;

We will send such Shoals of murther'd Slaves,
Shall glut Hell's empty Regions.

This threatens to fill Hell even tho' it were empty; Lord Grizzle only to fill up the Chinks, supposing the rest already full.

97 Mr. Addisoin is generally thought to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third Act of his Cato.

98 This beautiful simile is founded on a Proverb, which does Honour to the English Language;

Between two Stools the Breech falls to the Ground.

I am not so pleased with any written Remains of the Ancients, as with those little Aphorisms, which verbal Tradition hath delivered down to us, under the Title of Proverbs. It were to be wished that instead of filling their Pages with the fabulous Theology of the Pagans, our modern Poets would think it worth their while to enrich their Works with the Proverbial Sayings of their Ancestors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicl'd one in Heroick;

Two ifs scarce make one Possibility. (Conquest of Granada.)

My Lord Bacon is of Opinion, that whatever is known of Arts and Sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the same Opinion in relation to those abovemention'd: At least I am confident that a more perfect System of Ethicks, as well as Oeconomy, might be compiled out of them, than is at present extant, either in the Works of the Antient Philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous, ones of the modern Divines.

99 Of all the Particulars in which the modern Stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented, as the great Scarcity of Ghosts in the latter. Whence this proceeds, I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the Moderns are unequal to that sublime Language which a Ghost ought to speak. One says ludicrously, That Ghosts are out of Fashion; another, That they are properer for Comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that Aristotle hath told us, That a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy; for so I render the which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose mis-led, by not understanding the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a Ghost as well as a Fable.

-- Te premet nox, fabulaeque Manes (Hor.)

Of all the Ghosts that have ever appeared on the Stage, a very learned and judicious foreign Critick, gives the Preference to this of our Author. These are his Words, speaking of this Tragedy;

-- Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quam Phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis Spectris, quibuscum scatet Anglorum Tragaedia, longè (pace D ----- isii V. Doctiss. dixerim) praetulerim.

100 We have already given Instances of this Figure.

101 Almanzor reasons in the same manner;

-- A Ghost I'll be,
And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free. (Conq. of Granada.)

102 The Man who writ this wretched Pun (says (Mr. D.) would have picked your Pocket: Which he proceeds to shew, not only bad in it self, but doubly so on so solemn an Occasion. And yet in that excellent Play of Liberty Asserted, we find something very much resembling a Pun in the Mouth of a Mistress, who is parting with the Lover she is fond of;

Ul. Oh, mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewell.
Irene. The Gods have given to others to fare well.
O miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most solemn Occasion, that of Sacrificing his Daughter;

Yes, Daughter, yes; you will assist the Priest;
Yes, you must offer up your -- Vows for Greece.

103 I'll pull thee backwards by thy Shrowd to Light,
Or else, I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there,
And make thee groan thy self away to Air. (Conquest of Granada.)

Snatch me, ye Gods, this Moment into Nothing. (Cyrus the Great.)

104 So, art thou gone? Thou canst no Conquest boast,
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost. (Conquest of Granada.)

King Arthur seems to be as brave a Fellow as Almanzor, who says most heroically,

-- In spite of Ghosts, I'll on.

105 The Ghost of Lausaria in Cyrus is a plain Copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'st as well grasp Water, or fleet Air,

As think of touching my immortal Shade. (Cyrus the Great.)

106 Thou better Part of heavenly Air. (Conquest of Granada.)

107 A String of Similies (says one) proper to be hung up in the Cabinet of a Prince.

108 This Passage hath been understood several different Ways by the Commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. Dryden says,

I have heard something how two Bodies meet,
But how two Souls join, I know not.

So that 'till the Body of a Spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

109 Cydaria is of the same fearful Temper with Dollallolla;

I never durst in Darkness be alone. (Ind. Emp.)

110 Think well of this, think that, think every way. (Sophonisba.)

111 These Quotations are more usual in the Comick, than in the Tragick Writers.

112 This Distress (says Mr. D-----) I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous Character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest Apprehension from the inanimate Embrace of a Bolster. An Example worthy of Imitation from all our Writers of Tragedy.

113 Credat Judaeus Apelles.

Non ego -- (Says Mr. D.) -- For, passing over the Absurdity of being equal to Odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant Fellow - I say again, a little insignificant Fellow able to vie with a Strength which all the Sampsons and Hercules's of Antiquity would be unable to encounter.

I shall refer this incredulous Critick to Mr. Dryden's Defence of his Almanzor; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few Lines from the Speech of a much braver Fellow than Almanzor, Mr. Johnson's Achilles;

Tho' Human Race rise in embattel'd Hosts,
To force her from my Arms -- Oh! Son of Atreus!
By that immortal Pow'r, whose deathless Spirit
Informs this Earth, I will oppose them all. (Victim.)

114 I have heard of being supported by a Staff (says Mr. D.) but never of being supported by an Helmet. I believe he never heard of Sailing with Wings, which he may read in no less a Poet than Mr. Dryden;

Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air. (Love Triumphant.)

What will he say to a kneeling Valley?

-- I'll stand
Like a safe Valley, that low bends the Knee,
To some aspiring Mountain. (Injur'd Love.)

I am asham'd of so ignorant a Carper, who doth not know that an Epithet in Tragedy is very often no other than an Expletive. Do not we read in the New Sophonisba of grinding Chains, blue Plagues, white Occasions, and blue Serenity? Nay, 'tis not the Adjective only, but sometimes half a Sentence is put by way of Expletive, as, Beauty pointed high with Spirit, in the same Play -- and, In the Lap of Blessing, to be most curst, in the Revenge.

115 A Victory like that of Almanzor.
 Almanzor is victorious without Fight. (Conq. of Granada.)

116 Well have we chose an happy Day for Fight,
 For every Man in course of Time has found,
 Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate. (K. Arthur.)

117 We read of such another in Lee;

 Teach his rude Wit a Flight she never made,
 And sent her Post to the Elysian Shade. (Gloriana.)

118 These Lines are copied Verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

119 Unborn Thunder rolling in a Cloud. (Conq. of Gran.)

120 Were Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl'd,
 Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling World,
 Undaunted, would I tread the tott'ring Ball,
 Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall. (Female Warrior.)

121 See the History of Tom Thumb, pag. 2.

122 -- Amazement swallows up my Sense,
 And in th' impetuous Whirl of circling Fate,
 Drinks down my Reason. (Pers. Princess.)

123 -- I have outfaced my self,
 What! am I two? Is there another Me? (K. Arthur.)

124 The Character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but most so in this Prophetick Part. We find several of these Prophecies in the Tragick Authors, who frequently take this Opportunity to pay a Compliment to their Country, and sometimes to their Prince. None but our Author (who seems to have detested the least Appearance of Flattery) would have past by such an Opportunity of being a Political Prophet.

125 I saw the Villain, Myron, with these Eyes I saw him. (Busiris.)

In both which Places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to see with other Eyes than your own.

126 This Mustard (says Mr. D.) is enough to turn one's Stomach: I would be glad to know what Idea the Author had in his Head when he wrote it. This will be, I believe, best explained by a Line of Mr. Dennis;

And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life. (Liberty asserted.)

The Understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

127 Han. Are you the Chief, whom Men fam'd Scipio call?
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal? (Hannib.)

128 Dr. Young seems to have copied this Engagement in his Busiris:

Myr. Villain!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandane

129 This last Speech of my Lord Grizzle, hath been of great Service to our Poets;

-- I'll hold it fast
As Life, and when Life's gone, I'll hold this last;
And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,
I'll send my Ghost, and fetch it back again. (Conquest of Granada.)

130 My Soul should with such Speed obey,
It should not bait at Heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his Eye;

'Twas not my Purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to Heaven to take the Air. (Gloriana.)

131 A rising Vapour rumbling in my Brains. (Cleomenes.)

132 Some kind Spright knocks softly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

133 Mr. Dryden seems to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he says,

My Soul is packing up, and just on Wing. (Conquest of Granada.)

134 And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul. (Cleomenes.)

135 The Devil swallows vulgar Souls
Like whipp'd Cream. (Sebastian.)

136 How I could curse my Name of Ptolemy!
It is so long, it asks an Hour to write it.
By Heav'n! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars,
Or any other civil Monosyllable,
That will not tire my Hand. (Cleomenes.)

137 Here is a visible Conjunction of two Days in one, by which our Author may have either intended an Emblem of a Wedding; or to insinuate, that Men in the Honey-Moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my Mind a Passage in the Comedy call'd the Coffee-House Politician;

We will celebrate this Day at my House To-morrow.

138 These beautiful Phrases are all to be found in one single Speech of King Arthur, or The British Worthy.

139 I was but teaching him to grace his Tale
With decent Horror. (Cleomenes.)

140 We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many Slain forget,
And left the Tale, and took them by the Great.

I know of no Tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody Catastrophe, than Cleomenes, where the Curtain covers five principal Characters dead on the Stage. These Lines too,

I ask no Questions then, of Who kill'd Who?
The Bodies tell the Story as they lie.

seem to have belonged more properly to this Scene of our Author. -- Nor can I help

imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too seem beholden to this Scene;

We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death,
Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,
And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,
As I on Angelina.

No Scene, I believe, ever received greater Honours than this. It was applauded by several Encores, a Word very unusual in Tragedy -- And it was very difficult for the Actors to escape without a second Slaughter. This I take to be a lively Assurance of that fierce Spirit of Liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden in his Essay on Dramatick Poetry hath observed -- Whether Custom (says he) hath so insinuated it self into our Countrymen, or Nature hath so formed them to Fierceness, I know not, but they will scarcely suffer Combats, and other Objects of Horror, to be taken from them. -- And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this Martial Disposition: Nor do I believe our Victories over the French have been owing to any thing more than to those bloody Spectacles daily exhibited in our Tragedies, of which the French Stage is so entirely clear.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/haywood.htm>

1 capture

21 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

21

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Author Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

THE OPERA OF OPERAS;

OR,

TOM THUMB THE GREAT

ALTER'D FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

TOM THUMB THE GREAT

And Set to Musick after the Italian Manner.

As it is Performing at the

New Theatre in the Hay-Market

by

ELIZA HAYWOOD AND WILLIAM HATCHETT

THE ARGUMENT.

TOM THUMB was the Son of Gaffer Thumb, tho' some Authors assert, Thumb was not the Father's Name, but a Sirname given the Son from the Diminitiveness of his Stature, agreeable to a Wish his Parents made, that they might have a Son and Heir, tho' he were no bigger than their Thumb. Like another Homer, his Birth is much contended, and

many claim the Honour of it. Some will have him of German Extraction, Others of French, but the most received Opinion is, that he was an Englishman, born of very honest, but simple Parents, living in the Reign of King Arthur, a British Monarch of the sixth Century, who was Chief General against the Saxons; but whether ever Arthur existed, is a Point much controverted.

However that be, Tom Thumb is the Hero of the subsequent Opera, and Favourite of Arthur. He returns about this Time from the Wars, leading a Captive Giantess in Triumph. The King gives him a most gracious Reception, and in Recompence of his signal Services, bestows on him his Daughter the Princess Huncamunca in Marriage. At the same Time, his Majesty conceives a violent Passion for the fair Captive Glumdalca, whose Heart is already devoted to Tom Thumb. The Queen, who is likewise enamour'd of the Generalissimo Thumb, strenuously opposes the Match agreed to by the King, upon which a great Quarrel arises between their Majesties. On the other Hand, Lord Grizzle, a Courtier, is passionately fond of the Princess Huncamunca, whose Pretensions her Majesty seems to cherish, as a Means to frustrate the intended Nuptials, and thereby gratify her own Inclinations; but perceiving her Policy of espousing his Interest does not answer her Design, but on the contrary, adds Fuel to the enflam'd Grizzle, and makes him breathe nothing but Destruction on his Rival, she immediately breaks with Grizzle; who, in Return, vows Revenge on Thumb, and also threatens to involve the Nation in the Disappointment of his Love.

Tom Thumb is not content to gain Glory only in the Field, but he likewise gives a singular Mark of Prowess, and Heroick Virtue, soon after his Arrival; for his Friend Noodle being arrested, he gallantly assails the Bailiff, and triumphant kills both him and his Follower.

Thumb's intended Spouse being of a Disposition, apt for the State of Matrimony, appears in a very sad, and languishing Condition, till the Proposition the King her Royal Father makes of a Husband, when her heavy Melancholy soon dissipates, and she is transported beyond Expression with the Idea of changing her Condition. Lord Grizzle paying his Respects at this Juncture, she faintly rejects his Suit, alledging her being promis'd to Thumb; and Grizzle using the Rhetorick of a slighted Lover, detracting from his Rival's Merit, but above all urging his Insufficiency, she is overcome by his prevailing Arguments, and gives her Consent to marry him privately. Wing'd with the high Thoughts of Possession, Grizzle flies to fetch the Licence. In the mean Time Tom Thumb waits on the Princess to commence his Courtship. He makes some amorous Speeches, but is told by her Highness, that she is promis'd to another. Glumdalca, who thinks herself injur'd in her Love by Huncamunca, enters at this Crisis, and a Scene of Contention between the two fair Rivals ensues, but Glumdalca is defeated, Tom giving his Preference to Huncamunca. Glumdalca is left full of Fury and Resentment. The King, like a solitary Lover, throws himself in her Way, which occasions a Scene of Groans, finely wrought up.

Tom Thumb, who a little before found the Princess wavering in her Love, has now remov'd all her late Difficulties, and the Ceremony is perform'd, which puts an End to a Lover's Anxieties. Huncamunca soon after sees Grizzle, and tells him that, rather than incur his Displeasure, she will marry him likewise; but the incens'd Grizzle rejects the Proposal with the greatest Contempt, and vows Destruction on Thumb, and the whole Kingdom, which puts Huncamunca in a terrible Pannick.

The Ghost of Gaffer Thumb appears to Arthur, who is foretold of the Rebellion of Grizzle. The Queen having some Presage of this in her Sleep, quits her Bed in Search of Arthur, when a Messenger arrives, who informs their Majesties that Grizzle is in Arms. Tom Thumb is appointed to go against him. Grizzle with the Rebels appear. Tom Thumb marching in Pursuit of them, is told by Merlin the Manner of his being begot, and withal shews him his Fate. The two Armies come to an Engagement. Glumdalca is slain by Grizzle, and he by Tom Thumb. The King causes Rejoicings to be made on this Success, but in the midst, a Messenger arrives, that brings Word of Tom Thumb's being devour'd by a huge Red Cow, as he was bearing off Grizzle's Head to his Majesty. This News puts a Damp on the King's Liberality, and he is much in Wrath. The Queen stabs the Messenger, and like Children at the Play of Strike your next Neighbour, etc. they stab at one another all round.

But this Scene of Horror is soon transform'd. Tom Thumb by Conjuraton, is emitted from the Belly of the Cow, and all the rest are rais'd to Life again, by Virtue of Merlin's Wand, in perfect Harmony with each other.

Dramatis personae.

MEN.

KING ARTHUR.

TOM THUMB the Great.

GHOST of Gaffer THUMB.

Lord GRIZZLE.

MERLIN.

NOODLE,

DOODLE, } Courtiers.

FOODLE.

BAILIFF.

FOLLOWER.

PARSON.

WOMEN.

QUEEN DOLLOLOLLA.

HUNCAMUNCA her Daughter.

GLUMDALCA Captive Giantess.

CLEORA, } Maids of Honour.

MUSTACHA,

COURTIERS, GUARDS, REBELS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

SCENE the Court of KING ARTHUR, and a PLAIN thereabouts.

THE OPERA OF OPERAS;

OR

Tom Thumb the Great.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, The Palace.

Enter Doodle, and Noodle.

RECITATIVO.

Doodle. Sure, such a day was never seen!
The sun himself on this harmonious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birthday suit;
All nature wears one universal grin.
Noodle. This day, O Doodle! doubtless is a day,
A day we never saw before.
The mighty Thumb, call'd Tom, victorious comes;
Millions of Giants, like as many Bees,
Swarm round his chariot wheels,
Giants! to whom the Giants in Guild Hall
Are fools, are infant dwarfs.
They frown, they foam, they roar, while Tom,
Regardless of their din, rides on.

AIR I.

So the Cock-Sparrow, at barn-door,
Huge flocks of Turkeys hops before;
The lubberd Red-Heads does despise,
Nor at their noisy gugling flies.

Doodle. 'Tis whisper'd in the books of all our sages,
This mighty little hero,
By Merlin's art begot,
Has not a bone within his skin,
But is a lump of Gristle.
Noodle. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind!
Doodle. Some god, O Noodle! stept into the place
Of gaffer Thumb, and more than half begot
This matchless warrior Tom.
Noodle. Sure he was sent express from Heav'n,
To be the pillar of our state
Tho' small his carcass be, so very small,
A chairman's Leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big,
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
So does this mouse contain a mighty mountain.
Doodle. Mountain indeed!
Noodle. But hark! [Flourish.]
Those trumpets speak the King's approach.
Doodle. He comes most luckily for my petition.

Enter King, Queen, Grizzle, and Doodle.

King. Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollalolla--ha! what wrinkled sorrow
Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow.
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,
Like a swoln gutter, gushing thro' the streets?

Queen. Excess of joy, folks say my lord,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
'Till my whole Court be drown'd with tears,
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing
But a sea of tears to rule.

Doodle. My liege! I humbly petition-- [Kneeling.]

King. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to day;
Let other hours be set apart for business;
To day it is our pleasure to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. Already I am half seas over,
Yet let the cistern overflow
With good Rack punch--'fore George, I'll see it out--
Of Rum and Brandy I'll not taste a drop.

King. Tho' Rack in punch 10 s. be a quart,
And Rum and Brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel, you shall have your will.

AIR II.

When your dames of superior class,
Submit to the pow'r of drams,
This virtue attends the kind glass,
It makes 'em as quiet as lambs.
If then without Brandy, or Rum,
Your Wives will not study to please,
Let 'em swill till they're tight as a drum
Or they'll live the longer to teaze.

But, ha! the warrior's come--the great Tom Thumb [Trumpets.
The little hero-giant killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom is arriv'd!

Enter Tom Thum.

With Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.

O welcome! most welcome to my arms!
What gratitude can thank--away the debt,
Thy valour lays--upon me!

Queen. Oh! ye gods! [Aside.]

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough;
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a god-like creature seen! [Aside.]

King. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit;
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too--

But say, my Boy--

Where didst thou leave the Giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

Queen. And sure thou'rt like to nothing but thyself. [Aside.]

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.

I see them--yes, I see them before me--

The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores!--

But, ha!

What finish'd piece of human nature strikes us!

Sure she was drawn by all the gods in council!

Who paus'd, and then cry'd out--this is a woman!

Thumb. Then, were the gods mistaken--

She's not a woman, but a giantess,

A High-German Giantess.

Glumdalca. We yesterday were both a queen and wife;

One hundred thousand Giants own'd our sway,

Twenty whereof were marry'd to ourself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism!

AIR III.

Our Passions are of Giant kind,

And have to th' full as large a sense;

'Tis hard to one to be confin'd,

When with a score we could dispense.

Glumdalca. But then to lose full twenty in one day!

Queen. Madam, believe,

I view your sorrows with a woman's eye,

But be as patient as you can,

To morrow we will have our Grenadiers

Drawn out before you, when you may chuse

What Husband you think fit.

Glumdalca. Madam, I am your most obedient Servant.
 King. Think, lovely princess, think this court your own,
 Nor think my house an Inn, myself the landlord;
 Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.
 I feel a sudden pain within my breast;
 Nor know I whether it proceeds from love,
 Or only the wind-cholick--time must shew, [Aside.]
 Oh! Tom! what do we to thy valour owe?
 Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.
 Thumb. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
 I ask not money, money I've enough;
 If what I've done be call'd a debt,
 Take my receipt in full--I ask but this;
 To sun myself in Huncamunca's Eyes.
 King. Prodigious bold request!
 Queen. Be still my Soul! } [Aside.]
 Thumb. My heart is at the threshold of your Mouth,
 And waits it's answer there.
 King. It is resolved--the princess is your own.
 Thumb. Oh! happy, happy, happy Thumb!
 Queen. Consider, Sir,--reward your Soldiers merit,
 But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb!
 King. Tom Thumb!
 Odzooks! my wide extended Realm
 Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb!

AIR IV

Your Alexander's, Scipio's,
 Inferior are to Tommy,
 While others brag of Mac's and O's,
 Let England boast of Thummy.

A Title is an empty name,
 Like many we have knighted;
 His merit bids us aid his fame,
 So Tom shall not be slighted.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted merit was,
 He shall not have my daughter, that is pos!
 King. Ha! sayst thou Dollalolla?
 Queen. I say he shan't.
 King. Then, by our royal self we swear you lie
 Queen. Who but a dog--who but a Dog
 Wou'd use me thus?
 But I will be reveng'd, or hang myself.

AIR. V.

Then tremble all, who ever weddings made,
But tremble more, who did this match perswade;
For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all. [Exit Queen.

Doodle. Her majesty, the queen, is in a passion.
King. Be she, or be she not--now, by ourself
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts,
To truckle to our consort's will,

AIR VI.

We politic Kings,
Know far better things
Than e'er to our consorts stoop;
For once you give way
To Petticoat sway,
You may for your Breeches go whoop.

Come Thumb--I'll to the girl, and pave thy way. [Exeunt all but Grizzle.
Grizzle. Where are now thy glories, Grizzle?
Where are the drums that waken'd thee to honour?
O, what art thou greatness?
A lac'd coat from Monmouth-street,
Worn to day, put on anothers back to-morrow.
Yesterday as St. Paul's high,
To day as Fleet-ditch low.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Teach me to scold, oh, Grizzle!
Mountain of treason! ugly as the devil!
Teach this confounded mouth
To spout forth words might shame
All Billingsgate to speak.
Grizzle. But first I beg to ask,
Wherefore my Queen wou'd scold?
Queen. Wherefore? oh! blood and thunder! han't you heard,
What ev'ry corner of the court resounds,
That little Tom will be a great man made?
Grizzle. I heard it, I confess.
Queen. Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
A grand-mother by such a rascal.
Sure, the King forgets
His mother put the bastard in a pudding,
And on a stile was drop'd?

O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring in her arms?
Grizzle. Oh, horror! horror!
Queen. Then rouse thy spirit--we may yet prevent
This hated Match.
Grizzle. We will, in spite of fate.

AIR VII.

The Spaniel, when bid, does obey,
And twenty fine tricks shew with all;
The Soldier's observant as Tray,
And both will come to a call.

The Lover's more fawning than these,
Or any Court Sycophant spark,
He'll shoot, fetch, and carry to please,
And all for a touch in the dark.

I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.
Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For tho' I shoud not like him for a son,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the Giants?
Grizzle. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them.
Queen. How! have you seen no Giants? are there not
Now in the yard, ten thousand proper Giants?
Grizzle. I cannot postively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.
Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traytor! hie away!
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Go, sirrah! go! hie away! hie!
Thou art a setting dog! begone!
Grizzle. Madam, I go--
And Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have rais'd.

AIR VIII.

I'll roar, I'll rant, I'll rave;
I'll ride on clouds, thro' seas I'll swim,
I'll for the nation dig a grave,
And bury it for my whim [Exit Grizzle.

Queen. Alack-a-day! oh! whither shall I go?
I love Tom Thumb, but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?

A coat that's got no lace-wig out of buckle--
A stocking with a hole in't--I can't live
Without my virtue, or Tom Thumb:
Then let me weigh them in two equal scales;
In this put virtue, that Tom Thumb--
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue;
But hold!--cou'd I prevent the match,
And shou'd be left a widow,
Then Tom Thumb is mine.

AIR IX.

In that dear hope how many live?
I'm not the only one;
Oh! what wou'd some fine Ladies give
To have their husbands gone!
All things new,
Ever wanting;
Joys in view,
More enchanting;
'Tis the mode e'er husbands die,
To have another in one's Eye.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE The Street.

Enter Bailiff and Follower.

RECITATIVO

Bailiff. Come, trusty follower, come on,
This day stand by me, and at night
Three double mugs of beer and beer expect--
This way must Noodle pass.
Follower. No more, oh, Bailiff! ev'ry word
Inspires my soul with virtue.
Oh. I long to meet the fish, and nab him;
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And nobly drag him to the spunging-house.
Bailiff. Oh! glorious thought!
But see our prey! let us retire-- [they go aside.

Enter Tom Thumb, and Noodle.

Thumb. O Noodle! I am wondrous sick;
For tho' I love the gentle Huncamunca,

Yet at the thought of marriage, I grow pale;
For oh!--
Noodle. Oh! what?
Thumb. My grand mamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage!
Noodle. Cou'd you indeed the princess gain without,
I would not have you marry,
But Sir, be jealous of old women's sayings,
If they're against it, 'tis because they're past it.
Oh! think of all the joy your soul will have.
While on her panting breast, dissolv'd in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.
Thumb. Oh! friend! thou fir'st my eager soul;
Spight of my grandmother, she shall be mine.

AIR X.

I'll hug, I'll eat her up with love,
Whole days, and nights and years
Our Bed shall be a shady grove,
A soft retreat from cares.

I will my loving gut so cram,
I never will give o'er,
Like baby, who at breast of Mam,
Tho' bursting, cries for more.

Noodle. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul [pursue.
Bailiff. Oh, Sir! I have an action against you.
Noodle. At whose suit?
Bailiff. At your Taylor's Sir.
Thumb. Ha! dogs! arrest my friend before my face!
Take here your fees-- [draws and stabs 'em both.
Bailiff. Oh! I'm slain!
Follower. And I also.
Noodle. Go both to hell like rascals as ye are.
Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land.

AIR XI.

Come triumph, ye Debtors, a Bailiff, vile Foe,
I've genteely sent to th' Infernals below;
And tell me where else shou'd Bailiffs go,
Who Fiendlike infest this great Town?

Let all such rank weeds of the State go to pot,
May stewing and boiling fall out to their lot;
Without more ado pluck 'em up by the root,

We cannot destroy them too soon. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

HUNCAMUNCA'S Apartment.

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Huncamunca. Give me some musick--see that it be sad. [Solemn Musick.

Oh! Thumb! Oh! wherefore art thou Thumb?

Why not born of Royal Race?

Why had not mighty Bantam been thy Father?

Or else the King of Brentford, Old, or New?

Cleora. Madam, the King.

Enter the King.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room. [Exeunt Cleora and Mustacha.

Daughter, I have observ'd of late,

Some Grief unusual in your Countenance.

Say, what's the Cause?

Ha'n't you enough of Meat and Drink?

Huncamunca. Alas! my Lord, I value not myself,

That once I ate two fowls, and half a Pig;

Small is that Praise; but Oh! a Maid may want,

What she can neither eat or drink.

King. What's that?

Huncamunca. O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one;

A Husband great in Arms,

Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue, make a Noise,

Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

Huncamunca. Whom does my Royal Fater mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Huncamunca. Is it possible?

[Smiling.

King. A Country Dance of Joy is in your Face;

Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

Huncamunca. Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,

I'll own Tom Thumb the Cause of all my Grief:

For him I've sighed, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

King. Then thou shalt gnaw thy Holland-Sheets no more,

A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Huncamunca. O happy Sound.

AIR XII.

Long my Maiden head in keeping
I have had against my Will;
It has cost me much sad weeping,
Lest I should lead Apes in Hell.
I thank my Stars that Fright is over,
I shall try the Marriage-State;
Twenty sure deserves a Lover,
Or too hard's a Princess' Fate.

Oh! I am over-joy'd.
King. I see thou art.
This joyful News shall on our Tonge ride Post,
And we ourself will bear it to Tom Thumb.

AIR XIII.

Yet you that take a Hero in your Arms,
Can't hope t'engross him always by soft Charms:
Various his Duty, various his Delight;
Now is his turn to kiss, and now to fight;
And now to kiss again--so mighty Jove,
When with excessive thundering tir'd above;
Comes down to Earth--and takes a Bit--and then
Flies to his Trade of thundering back again. [Exit King.]

Enter Grizzle.

Grizzle. Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, Oh!
Thy Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,
Beat loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Brass they are, and Oh! as hard.
Oh! Huncamunca! Huncamunca, Oh!
Huncamunca. Ha! What Boldnes' this!
[Grizzle.] Yes, Princess, well I know your Rank;
But Love nor Meanness scorns, nor Grandeur dreads.
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids as oft the Porter come up-stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what too low?
Oh! Huncamunca! Huncamunca, Oh!
Huncamunca. But granting all you say is true,
My Love, alas! is to another due.
In vain you come,
I'm promis'd to Tom Thumb.
Grizzle. And can you such a Durgen wed?
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed?
Oh! fie! the puny Baby shun,

Or you will ne'er be brought to Bed of one.
Huncamunca. If what you say be true,
This Instant I renounce my Promise.

AIR XIV.

By Promise I'm no longer bound;
The strongest Vows must fall,
When once a seeming Man is found,
In fact, no Man at all.

Grizzle. Ah! sing that o'er again--let the
sweet Sound attend me as I fly
to Doctor's Commons for a licence.
Huncamunca. O no! lest some Disaster we shou'd meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.
Grizzle. Forbit it, all ye Powers!

AIR XV.

To gain the lov'd, the beauteous Fair,
What various Dangers Man will run!
But when for Love your Women dare,
How greatly is he then outdone?
Be[t]ween two wide extremes all Women move,
And more than Man, they either hate or love.
They'll jump from Windows, run away,
They will employ their utmost Skill;
They'll marry, to prevent Delay,
Both when, and how, and where you will.
Between two wide Extremes all Women move,
And more than Man, they either hate, or love.
[Exit Grizzle.

Enter Tom Thumb.

Thumb. Where's my Princess? where's my Huncamunca?
Where are those Eyes, those Card-matches of Love,
That light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Huncamunca. Oh! what is Musick to the Ear that's deaf?
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no Taste?
What are these Praises now to me,
Since I am promis'd to another?
Thumb. Ha! promis'd?
Huncamunca. Too sure--'tis written in the Book of Fate.
Thumb. Then will I tear away the Leaf.

AIR XVI.

Fond to Madness,
Up to the Ears in whining Sadness,
'Sdeath! what's Fate to him that doats!
Pillag'd and robb'd,
Of one we love fobb'd,
I'd not be i' th' Filcher's Coats;
He that worships God of Love,
Minds not the Decrees of Jove.

Enter Glumdalca.

Glumdalca. I need not ask if you are Huncamunca.

Huncamunca. I am a Princess--and Thou--

Glumdalca. A Giantess; the Queen of those,
Who made and unmade Queens.

Huncamunca. The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, has destroy'd these mighty Giants.

Glumdalca. Your Sweetheart?

Think you the Man, who once hath worn
My easy Chains, will e'er wear thine?

Huncamunca. Well may your Chains be easy,
Since try'd on twenty Husbands;

The Glove and Boot, pull'd on so many times,
May well set easy on the Hand or Foot.

Glumdalca. I glory in the Number.

Huncamunca. Let me view nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Hearts of Men by Scores. [holds a Candle to her Face.

O Heav'n! thou are ugly as the Devil.

Glumdalca. The best Shoes in your Shop you'd give
To be but half so handsome.

Huncamunca. Since you come to that,
I'll put my Beauty to the Test;

Tom Thumb, I'm thine, if thou wilt go with me.

Glumdalca. O! stay, and thou alone shalt fill

That Bed wehre twenty Giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. Alas! I ne'er can do the Work of twenty.

AIR XVII.

Madam, pray excuse the task,

Faith! I am unequal to't;

Some robuster Hero ask,

Who can better grant your Suit. [Exeunt Thumb and Huncamunca.

Glumdalca. What, left! scorn'd, loath'd for such a Chit!

I feel a Storm arising in my Mind;

Tempests and Whirwinds rise, and rowl and roar;

I'm all a Hurricane, as if
The World's four Winds were pent within my Carkass.
Confusion! Horror! Murder! Guts and Death

Enter the King.

King. Sure never was so sad a King as I!
To love a Captive and a Giantess!
O Love! O Love! how great a King art thou!
O Glumdalca!
Glumdalca. What do I hear?
King. What do I see?
Glumdalca. Oh!
King. Ah!
Glumdalca. Ah! wretched Queen!
King. Oh! wretched King!
Glumdalca. Ah!
King. Oh! [Exeunt.

Enter Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, and Parson

Parson. Happy's the wooing,
That's not long a doing,
And if I guess right,
Tom Thumb this Night
Shall give a Being to a new Tom Thumb.
Thumb. It shall be my Endeavor so to do.
Huncamunca. Oh fye! I vow you make me blush.
Thumb. It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well.

AIR XVIII.

But Blushes, these crimson Invaders,
O strange! are now criminal thought;
In Scandal and Censure the Traders,
Bye and bye will call Bussing a Fault.
And innocent Blush in us Lasses.
Is Virtue but at second-hand;
If we blush, we are told by these Asses,
It is because we understand.

RECITATIVO

Parson. Long may ye live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.

AIR XIX.

So when the Cheshire-Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continu'd Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

Enter Noodle.

Noodle. Never was Court more Bedlam-like,
All things are so confus'd! The King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess marry'd is.

Enter Grizzle.

Grizzle. O Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Noodle. I've seen a thousand Sights to-day:

The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.

Grizzle. But what of Huncamunca?

Noodle. By this time she is marry'd to Tom Thumb--

Grizzle. My Huncamunca?

Noodle. Your Huncamunca--

Tom's Huncamunca--Every Body's Huncamunca.

AIR XX.

Desp'rate is thy Case, I swear,
Women love not shill I, shall I;
Ten to one you lose the Fair,
If in Love-Affairs you dally.
There's a Crisis, which, when over,
Makes you certain of their State;
They will take the next new Lover,
And cry, sneering--You're too late.

Grizzle. If this be true, all Womankind are damn'd.

Noodle. If she be not, may I be so myself.

And see she comes to prove I'm not a Lyar.

Enter Huncamunca.

Grizzle. Where has my Huncamunca been?

See here the Licence in my Hand!

Huncamunca. Alas! Tom Thumb.

Grizzle. Why do you mention him?

Huncamunca. Ah, me! Tom Thumb.--

Grizzle. Ah, me! I see you're false, and I am curs'd.

Huncamunca. O be not hasty to proclaim your Doom,
My ample Heart for more than one has Room;

A Maid like me Heav'n form'd at least for two;
I marry'd him, and now I'll marry you.

AIR XXI

Prithee no frowning--let's have no resenting,
For both I've enough, if all thou didst know:
A Day or two hence you wou'd be repenting,
And wish I had kept two Strings to my Bow:

Grizzle. Ha! do'st thou own thy Falshod to my Face?
Think'st thou I am so base to share they Bed?

AIR XXII.

No,--no,--I will no Rival bear,
Nor unreveng'd the Willow wear.
Where's the puny modern Beau,
Can such Legs and Shoulders shew?
Modish Dame, two Lovers take,
I will have you all, or none,
But beware--the Court shall shake--
So you may go pick that Bone. [Exit.

Huncamunca. O fatal Rashness! should his Fury slay
My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding-Day,
I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed.

AIR XXIII.

My Heart misgives me sadly!
Some Lovers wo'n't be Fools;
And Oh! I've acted madly,
To fall between two Stools!
Oh! wretched Situation!
By wishing more than one,
Oh! fatal Separation!
I shall be left with none.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Arthur's Palace.

Ghost solus.

RECITATIVO.

Ghost. Hail! ye black horrors of mid-night's mid-noon!
You Fairies, Goblins, Bats, and Screech-owls hail!
And oh! ye mortal watch-men, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail!

Enter King.

King. What noise is this? what villain dares,
At this dread hour, disturb our royal walls?
Ghost. One who defies thy empty pow'r to hurt him.
King. Presumptuous slave! thou diest!
Ghost. Threat others with that word,
I am a Ghost, and am already dead.
King. Have at thee Man, or Ghost--
Thou fly'st! 'tis well-- [Ghost retires.]
I thought what was the courage of a Ghost!
Yet dare not walk again within these walls
On pain of the Red-Sea;
For if henceforth I ever find thee here,
Sure as a Gun I'll have thee laid.
Ghost. Were the Red-Sea, a Sea of Holland's-Gin,
The liquor, when alive, I did detest,
Yet for the sake of Thomas Thumb,
I wou'd be laid therein.
King. Ha! said you?
Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,
Whose Father's Ghost I am,
Once not unknown to mighty Arthur;

AIR XXIV.

I am a civil, friendly sprite,
And come not hither to affright:
I throw not topsy-turvy chairs,
Nor tables rumbling down the stairs;
Nor yet behind the Wainscot rap,
Nor sudden make the casement flap:
The doors not jar, nor curtains spread,
Nor peep I in at feet of bed.

King. 'Tis he--it is the honest gaffer Thumb,
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of Ghosts! thou something more than Ghost!
But say, thou dearest air! oh! say, what dread
Important business sends thee back to earth?
Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear--

Thy Subjects are in arms, by Grizzle led,
Intending to besiege thy royal palace.
King. Thou ly'st, and thy intelligence is false
Hence--or by all the torments of thy Hell,
I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou hast none.
Ghost. Arthur, beware!--I must this moment hence,
Not frightened by thy voice, but by the cocks.

AIR XXV.

Slight not the warnings of us rambling sprites,
Sent, for your good, thro' air, on dismal nights;
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
For kill'd to day, to morrow, care's too late. [Ghost exit.

King. Oh! stay! and leave me not 'twixt Hawk and Buzzard.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Oh! what's the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollalolla's breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the dark alone,
When well thou know'st, I'm so afraid of Sprites,
I cannot sleep?
King. Prithee, Dollalolla, do not blame me;
I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eye-lids fast--but oh! I find
There is no pow'r in dreams to quiet wives.
Queen. Think, what must be thy wretched wife's surprise,
When, stretching-out her arms to hold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her arms.
Think! think on that! oh think! think well on that.

AIR XXVI.

In bed we often lie awake,
We cannot always sleep;
When winds are high, and house does shake,
We gladly closer creep.
We simple women, when alone,
Are nat'rally afraid;
Least motion puts us in a swoon,
Except when dear's in bed.

King. Oh! didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wou'dst thou know--alas! what thou wou'dst know?
Queen. What can I gather hence? why dost thou speak
Like men who carry Raree-shows about,

Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see?
Oh, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

Enter Noodle.

Noodle. Long life attend your Majesties--
Lord Grizzle, with a bold, rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, storming loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd strait,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate, }
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate.

Enter Huncamunca.

King. See, where the princess comes! where is Tom Thumb?
Huncamunca. Oh! Sir, about an hour and a half ago,
He sallied out to fag the Foe,
And swore upon his great, his warlike soul,
He'd make a Grizzle's Head a Nine-pin bowl.
Come, Dollalolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait securely for brave Thumb.
Tho' Men and Giants shou'd conspire with Gods,
Yet he alone is equal to those odds.
Queen. He is indeed a Helmet to us all,
While he supports, we need not fear to fall.

AIR XXVII.

His Life to us is what of yore,
Was Pallas to the Trojan loons;
While that's preserv'd, the State may snore,
And safely we may spend our Crowns.
Best watch-men of a nodding State;
In this a monarch's wisdom lies,
To chuse such servants as are great,
And fit for ev'ry enterprise. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A PLAIN.

Enter Lord Grizzle, Foodle, and Rebels.

Grizzle. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal.
Foodle. And yet, methinks, we'd best avoid this day,
This first of April to engage our foes.

Grizzle. This day, of all the days of the year, I'd chuse;
God's? I will make Tom Thumb an April Fool.
Foodle. I'm glad to find our army is so stout.
Grizzle. What friends we have, and how we came so strong.
I'll softly tell you as we march along. [Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, cum suis.

Thumb. Is this the noise of thunder, or of coaches?
Hark! [Merlin calls from behind.
Merlin. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. What voice is this I hear?
Merlin. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Again it calls.
Merlin. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Thrice I've heard my name.
Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Enter Merlin.

Merlin. Thou hast no cause to fear--I am thy friend--
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost my being owe.
Thumb. How!
Merlin. Hear then the mystick getting of Tom Thumb.

AIR XXVIII.

His Father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how.

Until such time the good old Man,
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in great distress,
In secret manner shews;

How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it might be
No bigger than his Thumb.

Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish shou'd have;

And so a son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.
Thou'st heard the past, look,--up and see the future.

Thumb. Ha! my sense is in a wood:
See there, Glumdalca, see another me.
Glumdalca. O sight of horror! see you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a Red Cow.
Merlin. Be not dismay'd; for this heroic Act
Shall gain thee fame immortal;
Ages unborn shall warble this soft theme,
In tunefull Opera,
Exceeding far Hydaspes, Rosamond,
Camilla, or Arsinoe.
Thumb. Enough--let ev'ry warlike music sound,
We fall contented if we fall renown'd.

AIR XXIX.

To have my Actions in soft musick told,
What greater renown can I crave?
Oh! the pleasure 'will be, like the hero's of old.
To be ha, ha, ha'd, in my grave!

Lords suscribing gold galore;
Oh what clapping will be there!
Such a thundring loun Encore,
As will make a dead man stare!

Enter Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels, on the other side of the Stage.

Foodle. At length, the enemy advances nigh,
I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.
Grizzle. Draw all your swords--for Liberty we fight,
And Liberty the mustard is of life.
Thumb. Are you the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle call?
Grizzle. Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb?
Thumb. The same.
Grizzle. Come on--for Liberty I fight.
Thumb. And I for Love. [A bloody engagement between the two armies here drums
beating, trumpets sounding, thunder and lightning--they fight off and on several
time--some fall--
Grizzle and Glumdalca remain.

Glumdalca. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fly.
Grizzle. Away--thou art not worthy of my arm.
Glumdalca. Have at thy heart then--

Grizzle. Nay, then I thrust at thine.
Glumdalca. Too well you thrust, you've run me thro' the Guts.
Oh! I'm dead, but not with joy--
Grizzle. Then, there's an end of one.

Re-enter Thumb, etc.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two.
Villain!
Grizzle. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Rebel!
Grizzle. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Hell!
Grizzle. Huncamunca!
Thumb. Thou hast it there.
Grizzle. Too sure I have.
Thumb. To hell, thou rebel!
Grizzle. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd--I'll send
My Ghost to fetch her to the other world;
It shall but bait at heav'n, and then return.
But ha! I feel death rummaging my spirits.

AIR XXX.

My body's like a bankrupt's shop,
My creditor is a cruel death,
Who puts to trade of life a stop,
And will be paid with this last breath;
Oh! [groans and dies.]

Thumb. With those last words he vomited his soul,
Which he hath voided in the devil's close-stool--
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
For me to lug in triumph to the King--
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to break-fast.

AIR XXXI.

An artist who has overcome,
Antagonist at skittle-ground,
Withdraws unto some private room,
And smokes, and hands the full pot round.

We must take breath in all we do,
An interval whets appetite;
Unless we eat and drink, you know,
We cannot either love, or fight.

Enter King, Queen, Huncamunca, and Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts--come, sit we down;
Here seated let us view the dancers sports--
Bid them advance--this is the wedding-day,
Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

A Dance here.
Enter Noodle.

Noodle. Oh! monstrous! dreadful! terrible! oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
Howl Wolves! grunt Bears! hiss Snakes!
Shriek all ye Ghosts!

King. What does the blockhead mean?

Noodle. Only to grace my tale with decent horror:
Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
I look abroad to take the air,
I saw Tom Thumb attended by a mob;
Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen--whores,
Aloft he bore the grizzly head of Grizzle,
When on a sudden thro' the streets there came
A Cow, much larger than the usual size,
And in a moment--Oh! guess the rest
And in a moment, swallow'd up Tom Thumb!

King. Shut up again the prisons--bid my treasurer
Not give three farthings out--hang all the Culprits,
Guilty, or not,--no matter--ravish virgins--
Go bid the school-masters whip all their boys;
Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose
To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Noodle. Her Majesty the Queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much a swoon, but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill news. [Stabs him.

Noodle. Oh! I am slain.

Cleora. My lover's kill'd, and I revenge him so. [Stabs the Queen.

Huncamunca. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess! there. [Stabs Cleora.

Doodle. This for an old grudge, to thy heart. [Stabs Huncamunca.

Mustacha. And this I drive to thine,

O Doodle for a new one. [Stabs Doodle.
King. Ha! murther vile! take that. [Stabs Mustacha.
And take thou this-- [Kills himself and falls.

AIR XXXII.

A monarch, when his people's gone,
Wou'd look but awkward on a throne.
With pleasure then resign thy crown,
Since all thy subjects are o'er thrown.
What signifies it to survive,
When only thou art left alive?

So!

Oh! [Dies.

Enter Sir Crit-Operatical and Modely.

Modely. Well, Sir Crit-Operatical, how like you the Entertainment so far?

Sir Crit-Operatical. Faith, Sir, 'tis as pretty a Banquet of dead Bodies as a Sexton could wish, and Variety--but I hope Mr. Modely has a better Opinion of the Tenderness, as well as Regularity of my musical Disposition, than to imagine I can see such a stupid, irregular, and abominable Catastrophe, without Indignation.

Modely. Have Patience, till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit-Operatical. I would be glad to know who ever saw an Italian Opera end tragically? By Gad, when we English imitate any Thing that's foreign, we do it so awkwardly! There's something of Whim in the Opera, but split me, this will infallibly damn it in the Eyes of all good Judges--I could almost cudgel the Rogue, that committed so unparallel'd a Blunder.

Modely. But good Sir Crit, keep your Temper till you see the Catastrophe.

Sir Crit-Operatical. Catastrophe! Why, the Actors are all dead, and unless the Author can give them a new Being, he will never be able to give his Opera another Ending.

Modely. But I hear they are not really dead.

Sir Crit-Operatical. How! not dead?

Modely. No, Sir; they are only enchanted; for you must know, Merlin interpos'd in their Fall, and intends, by Virtue of the same Magick Art, to make them all rise again, in Order to give a happy Conclusion to the Opera. And see--he comes.

Enter Merlin.

RECITATIVO.

Merlin. Sweet Goddess of enchanting Strains,
That steal'st, like Drink, into Men's Brains;

Great Trader in soft, melting, Wane;

Thou best of Cradles to our Care,

Lend thy harmonious Aid to free

From magick Spell this Company. [solemn Music.

And first arise, thou fell--thou hideous Brute-- [waves his wand.

Thou rav'nous Cow!--I do conjure thee to't.

A Red Cow appears. [Curtain drops.

Now by emetick Power, Red Cannibal, [waves his Wand.

Cast up thy Pris'ner, England's Hannibal.

Forth from her growling Guts, brave Worthy, come,

And be thyself--the Little Great TOM THUMB. [he comes out of her Mouth, after which she disappears.

Now King, now Lords, now Commons, all arise; [waves his Wand over each as he speaks.

Be loose your Tongues, and open all your Eyes;

Be chang'd from what ye were--let Faction cease,

And ev'ry one enjoy his Love in Peace! [they rise up.

Sir Crit-Operatical. Wond'rous, astonishing Plot! more sudden than the Reprieve in the Beggars Opera--a Transformation exceeding all Transformation--even the Comical Transformation, or any in Ovid's Metamorphosis.

RECITATIVO.

King. O Dollalolla! O my Queen!

Thou only art my Queen!

Queen. O Arthur! O my King!

Thou only art my King!

Huncamunca. O TOM THUMB!

Thumb. O Huncamunca!

Grizzle. Rub well thy Eyes, O Grizzle, to see clear!

Hast thou been in the Moon, or in a Sleep?

That matters not, but this I know,

I've slept myself into a better Mood.

Pardon my late Rebellion, good my Liege--

Tom Thumb, be happy in thy Hunky's Love--

O sweet Glumdalca! could'st thou be so with me,

But half a Giant, yet an able Man.

Glumdalca. The Offer's kind, and not to be rejected

By one in my sad Case--a Stranger here--

Some hundred thousand Leagues, or more,

From any of my Giant Country-men.

AIR XXXIII.

Dimension, in Lovers, takes all knowing Lasses,

From twenty to thirty, or more;

But little or great, no matter, he passes

With longing Old Maids of two Score.

For be he short, or be he tall,

One's better, sure, than none at all.

Thumb. Rebellions' dead, tho' we are all alive;

Cur'd by a Miracle, by giving Life,
While others heal by taking it away--
Inchantment happy! Conjuror most blest!
Among the Faculty of Quacks the best.

DUETTE.

Thumb. Tell, Hunky, without feigning,
Dost thou longer like abstaining?
Huncamunca. View my eyes, and know my meaning.
Thumb. I see the lent of love is past;
Huncamunca. And yet I have not broke my fast;
Thumb. But soon you shall--I'm in the fit.--
Huncamunca. For what?
Thumb. To love.
Huncamunca. Then, prithee humour it.
Both. Ay, prithee let us humor it.
Huncamunca. But dear Tommy, prithee say,
Wilt thou never go astray?
Thumb. I'll be constant as times go;
I'll sup abroad a night or so.
Huncamunca. But what if I should do the same?
Thumb. You'd only do like modish dame.
Huncamunca. Pshaw! rather let us faithful prove;
Who shares a lover, does not love.
Both. Who shares a lover does not love.
King. Bravo! Bravissimo!
Thrice three! full nine times happy Arthur!
Shew me the King, who is so bless'd as I?
My Subjects now no longer by the ears,
But all shake hands, like friends, with one another.

CHORUS.

Let fierce animosities cease,
Let all marry'd couples agree,
Let each his own wife kiss in peace,
And end all their Cavils as we.

FINIS.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/ohara.htm>

1 capture

21 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

21

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Tom Thumb Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

TOM THUMB THE GREAT:

A BURLESQUE TRAGEDY,

IN TWO ACTS

ALTERED, FROM FIELDING,

by

KANE O'HARA, ESQ.

REMARKS.

Though small in its subject, this "tragedy of tragedies" has engaged the attention of two dramatic writers: its original parent, Henry Fielding, our celebrated novelist, brought it on the Haymarket stage, in the year 1730, when it met with great success. This burlesque may be considered almost the best that ever appeared. It is, also, a proper sequel to the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal; as it embraces and satirises the absurdities of almost all the writers of tragedy from the period when that piece stops. The love-scenes, rage, marriage, battle, and catastrophe, are such forcible imitations of the rules observed by the tragic writers of that time, that the satire conveyed in them cannot escape the observation of any one conversant with the writers of the last century,* and to those who do not comprehend every turn its humour, it will always appear agreeable.

In Mr. O'Hara's alteration of this piece of true burlesque, he has certainly, allowing for its compression, preserved the points of the original, and presented an entertainment that maintains its credit undiminished on the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Characters in Fielding's Original Piece entitled, "The Tragedy of Tragedies; or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," as performed at the Haymarket, 1730.

KING ARTHUR, a passionate sort of King, husband to Queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in love with Glumdalca..... Mr. Mullart.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca.....
..... Young Verhuyck.

GHOST OF GAFFER THUMB, a whimsical sort of Ghost..... Mr. Lacy.

LORD GRIZZLE, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca.....
..... Mr. Jones.

MERLIN, a Conjuror, and in some sort father to Thumb.....Mr. Hallam.

NOODLE, { Courtiers in place, and consequently of that part that is uppermost.....} Mr. Reynolds.

DOODLE,
{.....}
Mr. Wathan.

FOODLE, a Courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost..... Mr. Ayres.

BAILIFF, { Of the party of the
plaintiff,.....} Mr. Peterson

FOLLOWER,
{.....} Mr.
Hicks.

PARSON, of the side of the
church,..... Mr. Watson.

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, wife to King Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca; a woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink; a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb..... Mrs. Mullart.

The PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, daughter to their Majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollallolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both..... Mrs. Jones.

GLUMDALCA, of the Giants, a captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in love with Tom Thumb,..... Mrs. Dove.

CLEORA, { Maids of Honour, in love
with..... }Noodle.

MUSTACHA,
{.....}

Doodle.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE.--The Court of King Arthur, and a Plain thereabouts.

*Fielding's original, with his notes by Scriblerus Secundus, the Preface, &c.; form a fund of sterling satire on the criticisms of his contemporaries, and on the works of former writers of tragedies.

TOM THUMB

A Burlesque Opera, Altered From Fielding, By Kane O'Hara

Haymarket, 1810

Dramatis Personæ

KING ARTHUR,.....Mr. Dowton.
TOM THUMB,.....Master West.
MERLIN,.....Mr. Denman.
LORD GRIZZLE,.....Mr. Liston.
NOODLE,.....Mr. Taylor.
DOODLE,.....Mr. Grove.
GHOST,.....Mr. Denman.
WOMEN

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA,.....Mrs. Liston.
PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA,.....Mrs. Taylor.
GLUMDALCA,.....Miss Leserve.
FRIZALETТА,.....Miss Vining.
PLUMANTE,.....Mrs. Kendal.

ACT I.

SCENE I.--A Palace Yard.

Enter DOODLE on one side of the stage, and NOODLE on the other; after a long obeisance, they embrace.

DUET.

Dood Sure such a day,
So renown'd, so victorious--
Such a day as this was never seen;
Courtiers so gay
And the mob so uproarious--
Nature seems to wear a universal grin.
Nood. Arthur to Doll
Is grown bobbish and uxorious;
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking tawdry;
Even Mr. Sol,
So tifted out, so glorious,
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.
Dood. Oh, 'tis a day
Of jubilee, cajollery;
A day we never saw before;
A day of fun and drollery.
Nood. That you may say,
Their majesties may boast of it;
And since it never can come more
'Tis fit they make the most of it.
Dood. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.;
Nood. That you may say, &c.;
Dood. Sure such a day, &c.;
Nood. Courtiers so gay, &c.;
Dood. Yes, Noodle, yes;--to-day the mighty Thumb
Returns triumphant.--Captive giants swarm
Like bees behind his ear. [Flourish of trumpets.
Nood. These trumpets speak the king at levee--I go.
Dood. And I also--to offer my petition.
Nood. Doodle, do. [Exit.

SCENE II.--Inside of the Palace.

The KING and QUEEN SEATED on a throne.--
LORD GRIZZLE, Courtiers, and Attendants.--
DOODLE and NOODLE apart.

King. Let no face but a face of joy be seen!
The man, who this day frowns, shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal--
Smile, Dollallolla! [Kisses her.
Dood. [Kneeling.] Dread liege,
This petition--
King. [Dashes it away.] Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
To-day, it is our pleasure--to be drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. Is't so? why then perdition catch the failers!
Let's have a row, and get as drunk as sailors.

AIR.--QUEEN.

What though I now am half seas o'er,
I scorn to balk this bout,
Of stiff rack-punch fetch bowls a score,
'Fore George, I'll see them out.

What though, &c.;

But, Sir, your queen 'twould ill become,
T'indulge in vulgar sips;
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,
Should pass these royal lips,

But, Sir, &c.;

Chorus.--Rum ti iddity, row, row, row.
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

King. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were a quart,
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

[Flourish of drums and trumpets.

Nood. These martial sounds, my liege, announce the general.

King. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive
him.

[Rises from the throne; martial music.

Enter TOM THUMB, Attendants, and GLUMDALCA, in chains.

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!

Thou tiny hero--pigmy giant queller!

What gratitude can thank away the debt

Thy valour puts upon us.

[Takes him up and embraces him.

Queen. Oh! ye gods! [Aside.

Tom. When I'm not thank'd at all I'm thank'd enough--

I've done my duty, and I've done no more [Bows.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?

King. Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit;

It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

O Tommy, Tommy Thumb! what to thy prowess do we owe!

Ask some reward--great as we can bestow.

Tom. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;

I ask not money, money I've enough:

If this be called a debt, take my receipt in full:
I ask but this, to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes,
King. [Aside.] Prodigious bold request!
Queen. Be still, my soul!--
King. [After a pause.] It is resolv'd
The princess is thy own! [To THUMB.
Tom. O happy Tommy! super-happy Thumb.
Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
The bloody bus'ness of grim war is o'er,
And beauty, heavenly beauty, crowns my toils.

AIR.--TOM.

As when the chimney-sweeper
Has, all the live-long day,
Through darksome paths a creeper,
Pursued his sooty way:

At night, to wash in water
His hands and face he flies;
And, in his t'other tatter,
With his Brickdusta lies.

[Exit;--flourish of Trumpets.

King. [Looking fondly at GLUMDALCA.] I feel
a sudden pain across my breast; [Aside.
Nor know I whether it proceeds from love
Or the wind--cholic--but time will show.--Huge--our queen of hearts!
Sure thou wert form'd by all the gods in council;
Who, having made a lucky hit beyond their journey-work,
Cry'd out--"This is a woman!"
Glum. Then were the gods confoundedly mistaken.
We are a giantess--I tell thee, Arthur,
We yesterday were both a queen and wife;
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway;
Twenty whereof were wedded to ourself.
Queen. Oh, bless'd prerogative of giantism!
[Aside.
King. Oh! vast queen!--Think our court thine own;
Call for whate'er thou lik'st--there's nought to pay,
Nor art thou captive, but thy captive we.
[Takes off her chains.
Queen. [Aside.] Ha! Arthur faithless!
This gag my rival, too, in dear Tom Thumb!
Revenge!--but I'll dissemble--
Madam, believe that with a woman's eye

I view your loss--take comfort--for, to-morrow
Our grenadiers shall be called out, then choose
As many husbands as you think you'll want.
Glum. Madam, I rest your much obliged and very humble servant.

[Exit.

Queen. Though greater yet Tom's boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos.

[Advancing to the KING.

King. Ha! say'st thou?

Queen. Yes, I say he sha'n't.

King. How, sha'n't!

Now by our royal self, we swear--I'll be damn'd, but he shall.

AIR.--QUEEN.

Then tremble all, who weddings ever made,
And tremble more who did this match persuade;
For, like a worried cat, I'll spit, I'll squall,
I'll scratch, I'll tear the eyes out of ye all.

[The KING throws his hat at the QUEEN.

[Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.

Dood. Her majesty, the queen, is in a passion.

King. She may be damn'd. Who cares? We were indeed
A pretty king of clouts, were we to truckle
To all her maudlin humours.

AIR.--KING.

We kings, who are in our senses,
Mock our consorts violences;
Pishing at their moods and tenses,
Our own will we follow
If the husband, once gives way
To his wife's capricious sway,
For his breeches he next day
May go whoop and hollow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.--The outside of the Palace.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. Arthur wrongs me!
Cheats me of my Huncamunca!
Rouse thee, Grizzle! 'Sblood, I'll be a rebel.
Alas! What art thou, honour?

A Monmouth--street laced coat, gracing to-day
My back; to-morrow glittering on another's--
To arms! to arms!

Enter QUEEN, in a rage.

Queen. Teach me to scold, O Grizzle!

Griz. Scold, would my queen?--Say, ah! wherefore!

Queen. Wherefore!

Faggots and fire--my daughter to Tom Thumb!

Griz. I'll mince the atom into countless pieces.

Queen. Oh! no; prevent the match, but hurt not him--
Him!--thou!--thou kill the man

Who kill'd the giants?

Griz. Giants?--why, Madam, 'tis all flummery:

He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them.

Queen. How! hast thou seen no giants? Are there not
Now in our yard ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. Madam, shall I tell you what I am going to say? I do not positively know, but as
near as

I can guess, I cannot tell; though I firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Out from my sight, base Pickthank, hie, begone!

By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb.

Griz. Yes, yes, I go; but, Madam, know

(Since your majesty's so pert)

That a flood of Tommy's blood,

To allay this storm shall spurt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.--An Antechamber.

The KING, on a Couch.

King. Methought

I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!"

Glumdalca exiles sleep--and therefore, Arthur

Can sleep no more.

The Ghost of GAFFER THUMB rises, with a blue
lantern on a long staff.

Ghost. Oh! Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!

Soon shalt thou sleep enough.

King. Ah! what art thou?

Ghost. The ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

King. A ghost!--Stand off!

I'll have thee laid in the Red Sea.
Ghost. Oh, Arthur! take heed.
My thread is spun--list, list, oh, list!

AIR.--GHOST.

Pale death is prowling,
Dire omens, scowling,
Doom thee to slaughter,
Thee, thy wife, and daughter.
Furies are growling,
 With horrid groans;
Grizzle's rebellion,
What need I tell you on?
 Or by a red cow,
Tom Thumb devoured?
Hark! the cock crowing. [Cock crows.
 I must be going,
 I can no more. [Vanishes.

King. No more! and why no more, or why so much?
Better quite ignorant, than half instructed.
By Jove, this bo-peep ghost makes game of us;
Therefore, Fate, keep your secret to yourself.

AIR.--KING.

Such a fine king as I don't fear your threats of a rush,
Do show your sweet phiz again, and I'll quickly call up a blush,
 For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down,
 Do pop up your nob again,
 And 'egad I'll crack your crown.
Who cares for you, Mr. Ghost? or all that you can do;
I laugh at your stupid threats, and your cock-a-doodle do; [Cock crows.
 For I am up, up, up,
 But you are down, down, down;
 Draw your sword like a man,
 Or I'll box you for a crown.
 Rum ti iddity, &c.; [Scene closes.

SCENE V.--HUNCAMUNCA'S Dressing Room.

HUNCAMUNCA at her toilette, FRIZALETTA waiting.

Hunc. Give me some music,--see that it be sad.

[Band plays a strain.

Oh, Tommy Thumb! why art thou Tommy Thumb?
Why had not might Bantam been thy father?
Why not the king of Brentford, old or new?
Friz. Madam, Lord Grizzle.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE.

Griz. [Kneeling.] Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!
Hunc. This to my rank,--bold man!
Griz. Ah, beauteous princess!
Love levels rank,--lords down to cellar bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs.--
Nought is for love too high, nor aught too low--
Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!
Hunc. My lord, in vain, a-suitoring you come,
For I'm engaged this instant to Tom Thumb.
Griz. Play not the fool! that less than baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Hunc. Am I thus fobb'd?--then I my words recal.
Griz. Shall I to Doctors' Commons?
Hunc. Do so, pray--
I now am in the mood, and cannot stay.

AIR.--LORD GRIZZLE.

In hurry post haste for a license,
In hurry ding dong I come back;
For that you sha'n't need bid me twice hence,
I'll be there, and here, in a crack.
Hey ting,
My heart's on the wing,
I now could leap over the moon,
Let the chaplain
Set us grap'ling.
And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

Hunc. Oh!

Griz. Ah! [Exit.

Enter TOM THUMB.

Tom. Where is my Huncamunca? where's my princess?
Where those bright eyes, the card-matches of Cupid,
That light up all with love my waxen soul?
Hunc. Put out the light, nor waste thy little taper.

Tom. Put out the light? impossible!
 As well Sir Solomon might put out his rush-light.
 Hunc. I am to Lord Grizzle promis'd.
 Tom. Promis'd!
 Hunc. Too sure, 'tis enter'd in fate's journal.
 Tom. Enter'd.
 Zounds! I'll tear out the leaf--I'll blot the page
 --I'll burn the book.
 I tell thee, princess, had I been thy help-mate,
 We soon had peopled this whole realm with Thumbs.
 Hunc. O fie! I shudder at the gross idea!
 Tom. Then go we to the king--let him decide,
 Whether you shall be Grizzle's or my bride.
 [Going out hand-in-hand, are met by GLUMDALCA.
 Glum. Stop, brandy-nose! hopest thou the wight,
 Who once hath worn my easy chains, will toil in thine?
 Hunc. Easy, no doubt, by twenty husbands worn.
 Tom. In the balcony which o'erhangs the stage,
 I've seen one wench two 'prentices engage:
 This half-a-crown doth in his fingers hold,
 That just lets peep a little bit of gold.
 Miss, the half-guinea wisely doth purloin,
 And scorns the bigger, and the baser, coin.

TRIO.

Glum. Oh! the vixen pigmy brat,
 Of inches scarce half six;
 To slight me for a chit like that,
 Ah! Mr. Tom, are these your tricks?

 Hunc. Oh! the coarse salacious trull,
 Who giant paramours twice ten
 To bed can pull,
 With hugs can lull,
 Yet still would gull
 Young gentlemen.

 Tom. Little though I be,
 I scorn the sturdy strum;
 Nor ever she,
 My dear from thee
 Shall debauch thy own Tom Thumb.
 Glum. Oh! the vixen, &c.;
 Hunc. Oh! the coarse, &c.;
 Tom. Little though I be, &c.;

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I--The Court of the Palace.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Sure, Nature means to unhinge the solid globe!
Chaos is come again--all's topsy-turvy.

AIR.--NOODLE.

King Arthur in love ancle deep--speed the plough.
Glumdalca will soon be his punk-a;
The Queen Dollallolla's as drunk as a sow,
In bed with Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE, hastily.

Griz. If this be true, all women kind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be damn'd myself.

[Exit.

Griz. Then, get out, patience! oh, I'm whirlwind all;
Havoc, let loose the dogs of war, hallo! [Exit.

SCENE II.--A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Ah! wherefore from his Dollallolla's arms.
Doth Arthur steal? Why all alone,
And in the dark, leave her, whose feeble nerves
He knows are harrow'd up with fears of spirits?

Enter KING.

King. We hop'd the fumes, sweet queen, of last night's punch,
Had glued they lovely eyes; but, ah! we find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Long life to both your majesties,--if life
Be worth a fig--Lord Grizzle, at the head
Of a rebellious rout, invests the palace;
He swears--unless the princess straight

Be yielded up, with Tom Thumb's pate,
About your ears he will beat down the gate.
King. The devil he will!--but see the princess!

Enter HUNCAMUNCA.

Say, where's the mighty Thumb, our sword and buckler?
Though 'gainst us men and giants league with gods:
Yet Thumb alone is equal to more odds.
Hunc. About an hour and a half ago
Tom sallied forth to meet the foe,
And soon, who's who, he'll make them know.
King. Oh! oh!
Come Dollallolla: Huncamunca, come;
Within, we'll wait in whole skins for Tom Thumb.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.--A Plain.

Enter LORD GRIZZLE, NOODLE, and Rebels.

[A March.]

Griz. Thus far with victory our arms are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet have we found
No enemy to fight withal.

[Drums and

Trumpets.

Enter THUMB, DOODLE, and Soldiers.

Tom. Art thou the man, whom men fam'd Grizzle call?
Griz. Art thou the much more fam'd Tom Thumb the small?
Tom. The same.
Griz. The same.
Tom. His prowess now each prove.
Griz. For liberty I stand.
Tom. And I for love

[A battle between the two armies; they fight off.

Enter GLUMDALCA, and meets GRIZZLE, while fighting THUMB.

Glum. Turn, coward, turn! nor from a woman fly!
Griz. Thou art unworthy of my arm.
Glum. Am I?
Have at thy heart then!

[Thrusts at, but misses him.

Griz. Rampant queen of sluts!
Now have at thine. [Strikes.

Glum. [Falling.] You've run me through the guts.
Griz. Then there's an end of one. [Going.
[Is met by TOM THUMB, who runs him through.
Tom. An end of two,
Thou hast it. [Exit.
Griz. Oh, Tom Thumb! [Falls.] thy soul beshrew!
I die--Ambition! the fates have made their tour,
And the black cart is waiting at the door.

AIR.--LORD GRIZZLE.

My body is a bankrupt's shop,
My cruel creditor, grim Death;
Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,
And will be paid with my last breath.--
Oh! Oh! Oh! [Dies.

Enter TOM THUMB and Attendants.

Tom. Bear off the carcasses; lop off his knob,
'Twill witness to the king Tom Thumb's good job;
Rebellion's dead, and now--I'll go to breakfast.
[Exit.

[Attendants lay hold of GRIZZLE.

Griz. Why dost thou call me from the peaceful grave?
Attend. Sir, we came to bear your body off.
Griz. Then I'll bear it off myself. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.--The Presence-chamber.

Enter KING ARTHUR, QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, PRINCESS
HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA,
and Attendants.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas
To pay their debts.--Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us:--we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.
Hunc. Take note, Sir, that on this our wedding-day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

Enter NOODLE.

Nood. Oh, monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh! oh!

King. What means the blockhead?

Nood. But to grace my tale with decent horror:

Tom Thumb is no more!

A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now i'the open street,

Before my eyes, devour'd the great Tom Thumb!

[A general groan.]

King. Shut, shut again the prisons:

Let our tresurer

Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,

And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but to have still

Strength to reward the messenger of ill.

[QUEEN kills

NOODLE.

Friz. My lover kill'd--

His death I thus revenge. [Kills the QUEEN.

Hunc. Kill my mamma!

O base assassin! there! [Kills FRIZALETTA.

Dood. For that, take this! [Kills HUNCA.

Plum. And thou, take that. [Kills DOODLE.

King. Die, murderess vile! [Kills PLUM.

Ah, Death makes a feast to-day,

And but reserves ourselves for his bon bouche.

So when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,

Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards;

Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,

Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.

Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,

And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.

[Stabs himself;--they all lie on the stage, dead.]

MERLIN rises.--Thunder and lightening.

Merlin. Blood, what a scene of slaughter's here!

But I'll soon shift it, never fear.

Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic,

Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.

[Waves his wand.]

Scene changes, and discovers the Cow.

First, at my word, thou horned cannibal,

Return again our England's Hannibal.

[Thunder.

[THUMB is thrown out of the Cow's mouth, and starts fiercely.]

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise, ye groupes of drunken sots!
Who deal out deaths, you know not why;
No more of porter pots, or plots
Your senseless jealousy lay by.
Your souls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night:
My power remands them.

[They all start up as MERLIN touches them.

Enter GLUMDALCA and GRIZZLE.

Here ends jar,
Live, love, and all this will be right.
King. [To the QUEEN.] One kind buss, my Dolly Queen;
When we two last parted,
We scarce hop'd to buss again;
My heart! lord, how it smarted!
Queen. [To the KING.] Dear King Atty, pitty, patty,
Mine too went a fleeting;
Now we in a nipperkin
May toast this merry meeting.
Tom. [To HUNC.] Come, my Hunky, come, my pet,
Love's in haste, don't stay him;
Deep we are in Hymen's debt,
And 'tis high time we pay him.
Hunc. [To TOM.] Have, dear Tommy,
Pity on me;
I am by shame restricted;
Yet I obey,
So take your way
I must not contradict it.
Griz. [To GLUM.] Grandest Glum, in my behoof,
To love's laws be pliant;
Me you'll find a man of proof,
Although not quite a giant.
Glum. [To GRIZ.] Indeed, Lord Griz,
Through for that phiz

Few amorous queens would choose you
Yet thus bereft,
Not one chum left,
I think I can't refuse you.
Merlin. Now love and live, and live and love.
All. Sage Merlin's in the right on't;
Merlin. Each couple prove like hand in glove;
All. Agreed.
Queen. 'Fore George, we'll make a night on't.
All. Let discord cease,
Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.

[Exeunt.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/TTBib.htm>

1 capture

14 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

14

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Tom Thumb Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

TOM THUMB: PRIMARY AND SECONDARY BIBLIOGRAPHIES

by

SUSAN BAUER

PRIMARY BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHAPBOOKS

1621. I., R. [Richard Johnson]. (1573-1659). The History of Tom Thumbe, the Little, for his small stature surnamed, King Arthvrs Dwarfe: Whose Life and aduentures containe many strange and wonderfull accidents, published for the delight of merry Time-spenders. London: 1621. Reprinted in A.B. of Phisike Doctour, Merrie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotamand R.I., The History of Tom Thumb. Ed. Curt F. Bübler, Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1965.

A prose tale published as a chapbook in London with King Arthur central to the tale. In this version, Tom is given magical clothes and gifts from the Queen of Fairies, and has an encounter with the giant, Gargantua.

1630. Tom Thumbe, His Life and Death: Wherein is declared many Maruailous Acts of Manhood, full of wonder, and strange merriments: Which the little Knight lived in King Arthurs time, and famous in the Court of Great-Brittaine. London: Printed for John Wright, 1630.

Written in verse, this adaptation of Johnson's 1621 prose version omits Tom's capture by a giant, the magical gifts from the Fairy Queen, and Tom's encounter with Gargantua found in Johnson's version.

PLAYS

1730. Fielding, Henry, (1707-1754). Tom Thumb. A Tragedy. Dublin: Printed and Sold by S. Powell, 1730. Reprinted in *Tom Thumb and The Tragedy of Tragedies*. Ed. L. J. Morrissey. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970.

Fielding's original play based on earlier metrical versions. In this adaptation, Tom Thumb becomes an unlikely hero and the object of women's desire in King Arthur's court. Fielding satirizes the absurdities of heroic drama and shows his contempt for government policies and officials.

1731. Fielding, Henry, (1707-1754). *The Tragedy of Tragedies or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb, the Great*. As it is acted at the Theatre in the Hay-Market. With Annotations of H. Scriblerus Secundus. London: Printed and sold by F. Roberts in Warwick Lane, 1731. Reprinted in *Tom Thumb and The Tragedy of Tragedies*. Ed. L. J. Morrissey. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1970.

This revision expands upon the parodies found in Fielding's first version by adding scenes, complications, and characters that broaden and enhance the satire aimed at government, heroic drama, etc.

1733. Haywood. Eliza (1693-1756) and Hatchett, William (1730-1741). *The Opera of Operas; or, Tom Thumb the Great*. Alter'd from the life and death of Tom Thumb the Great. And set to musick after the Italian Manner. As it is performing at the New Theatre in the Hay-Market. London: Printed for William Rayner, 1733. Reprinted in *The Plays of Eliza Haywood*. Ed. Valerie C. Rudolph. New York: Garland Publishing, 1983.

An adaptation of Henry Fielding's play *The Tragedy of Tragedies*, and set to music. Rather than focusing on political or literary satire, Haywood's version uses the diminutive hero and the scheming, lecherous court to heighten her satire on the popular happy endings found in Italian opera.

1780. O'Hara, Kane (arr.) (1714?-1782). *Tom Thumb. A Burlesque Opera*. Altered from Fielding, Henry. First performed in 1780. First Printed in 1805. Reprinted in *British Drama*, 12 vols., John Dicks, 1871, VI (219-24).

A burletta based on Fielding's 1731 burlesque, *The Tragedy of Tragedies*. This shortened version changes or omits scenes and characters while retaining Fielding's acerbic satire on politics and heroic drama. Like Haywood's adaptation, this burletta's happy ending satirizes the happy endings in Italian opera.

(c.1800). Tom Thumb: Printed for the Booksellers, n.d. [generally dated from 1790-1810].

Metrical version printed in a late eighteenth century or early nineteenth-century chapbook. Adapted from the earlier ballad version Life and death of Tom Thumbe printed for John Wright in 1630.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1856. Yonge, Charlotte Mary, (1823-1901). The History of Sir Thomas Thumb. Ill. J.B. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co., 1856.

A moralistic slant is given to this adaptation in which Tom must resist his own mischievous nature in order to perform his duty. He is tempted and mocked by the impish Puck who offers to help him out of his various mishaps if Tom will admit to his elfin nature, which Tom steadfastly refuses to do. It also combines Arthurian tales with the story of Tom Thumb. Tom leaves his parents to go to Caerleon and seek his fortune. There, he becomes a favorite of the court. His loyalty and courage are rewarded when King Arthur knights him. He assists King Arthur in solving Dame Ragnelle's riddle, but when Tom learns of Mordred's planned rebellion, he is seriously wounded by Mordred and taken to Fairyland to recover. Puck again tries to convince Tom to stay in Fairyland rather than returning to Earth. Tom refuses, insisting that he is a good Christian man and will do his duty. However, upon his return, Tom finds Arthur mortally wounded. After Arthur's death, he agrees to escort Guinevere to a nunnery as his last duty as a knight of the Round Table. On the night before they were to leave, Tom is incensed at the sight of a spider web on King Arthur's chair. While he tries to remove the web, the spider weaves another around him. Bound hand and foot in the spider's web, Tom is tempted one last time by Puck, who offers to free him if he will acknowledge his own impish nature. Tom refuses, preferring to die an honorable Christian death.

1863. Mulock (Craik), Dinah Maria (1826-1887). Tom Thumb. Taken from The Fairy Book. The Best Popular Fairy Stories Selected and Rendered Anew. London: MacMillan and Co., 1863.

A prose version of Tom Thumb that is part of a collection of English fairy tales for children. Mulock did not condense or revise this version of Tom Thumb in order to make it more suitable for a younger audience. It does include additions to the original version in which Tom dies and returns to life with the help for the Fairy Queen, has an unfortunate encounter with the royal cook and a cat, and dies after a valiant battle with a poisonous spider.

?1880-1885. M., C. The Merry Ballads of Olden Time. Ill. Emrik & Binger. London: F. Warne & Co., [?1880-1885].

A metrical version of Tom's adventures with a cow, a raven, and a fish that brings him to King Arthur's Court where he becomes a favorite of the King.

?1880-1889. The Story of Tom Thumb. Familiar Stories Picture Book. New York:

McLoughlin Bros.,[?1880-1889].

The history of Tom is told in a short metrical version for children. Each verse is followed by a captioned illustration.

1888. Tom Thumb. From the Cock Robin Series. New York: McLoughlin Bros., 1888. An illustrated picture book written in prose and mounted on linen. Merlin and Mab, the fairy queen, work together in this version to grant the wish of the ploughman and his wife for a child.

1908. Sir Thomas Thumb, or, The Wonderful Adventures of a Fairy Knight. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1908.

This lengthy version combines Tom's adventures with a number of Arthurian stories and fairy myths. The book begins with Merlin's background and his association with Mab, the Fairy Queen. They conspire to grant the ploughman's wish for a son in order to remove the elf, Pigwiggan, from King Oberon's jealous reach even though by becoming mortal the elf will become subject to all human ailments. After Tom is born, he retains his elfin nature and has adventures in a cow's mouth, a giant's castle, and a fish's stomach where he gains entry into King Arthur's court. There, he meets and is befriended by Gareth, the kitchen-boy, after being released from the fish. He meets his old friend, Puck, on his way home with money for his parents, and receives news from fairyland. He embarks on a new set of adventures with Puck and other fairies until his return to Arthur's court where he is knighted. After a cat injures Tom, while on a hunting trip with the king, he lies unconscious in Arthur's court while his spirit returns to fairyland. The fairy knight challenges King Oberon to a fight. They battle until they are given water that induces forgetfulness. Oberon and Mab are reunited, and Tom returns to Camelot only to learn that Arthur and his loyal knights are off fighting Mordred's rebellion, Guinevere is in a nunnery, and Sir Lancelot is at Joyous Gard. Tom faints. When he awakens once more, he learns that there is a new monarch, King Thunston. The new king takes a liking to Tom, but Thunston's queen becomes jealous. To escape being put to death, Tom hides under a snail shell, flies out of the palace on the back of a butterfly, and is almost drowned in a pail of water. He is imprisoned in a mousetrap and when a cat accidentally sets him free, King Thunston takes pity on him and pardons him. Soon after, Tom is attacked by a giant spider in the king's garden and dies.

1912. Tom Thumb. Chicago: M.A. Donohue & Co.,1912.

An illustrated picture book written in prose relating Tom's many adventures with a cow, a raven, a fish, and his being knighted by King Arthur. After his death from over-exertion in jousting tournaments, he is taken up to Fairy Land to recover. When he returns to Arthur's court he immediately angers the king's cook, is tried for high treason, and must be rescued by the Queen of the Fairies. The third and last time he returns to earth, he hides in a snail shell until he can jump on the back of a butterfly that brings him to King Thunston's court where he lives happily until he is overcome by a spider's poisonous breath.

1923. MacLeod, Charles Stuart. Tom Thumb. Ill. Margaret Campbell Hoopes. Philadelphia: Henry Altamus Co., 1923.

In this story, written in verse, an angry Merlin makes Tom as small as his mother's thumb because she refuses to give him food and shelter. Later, a naughty Tom is exiled from Arthur's court because he cannot control his mischievous behavior.

1934. Gentry, Helen and Bruce. *The History of Tom Thumb*. San Francisco: 1934. A miniature (3"x3") prose version that relates the story of the life and death of Tom Thumb in the days of King Arthur.

1934 *Tom Thumb*. N.p: The Platt & Monk Co., Inc., 1934.

Merlin is excluded from this short and condensed story. No explanation is given for Tom's size but his adventures include falling into a bowl of batter, being snatched from his father's field by a crow that drops him on a giant's castle, and being swallowed by a fish that brings him to King Arthur's court. This version also includes Tom's return to Earth after his death, aided by the Queen of the Fairies.

1934. Johnson, Clifton. *Tom Thumb*. Ill. Harry L. Smith. Chicago: The Goldsmith Publishing Co., 1935.

A very different version relating a new series of adventures for the mischievous Tom who is kidnapped by travelers who want to display him in a freak show, his escape down a mouse hole, his outwitting of two thieves, being swallowed by a cow, being thrown into a garbage heap then swallowed by a wolf. The story does retain the character of Merlin who grants the farmer his wish for a son.

1940. *Tom Thumb and Drakestail*. Ed. Katherine Lee Bates. Ill. Margaret Evans Price. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co., 1940.

In this adaptation, Merlin goes to the queen of the fairies and asks her to grant the ploughman's wish for a son. This retelling retains Tom's mischievous nature, his perilous adventures with a red cow, a giant, and a fish that brings him to King Arthur's court where he becomes the court dwarf. When Tom becomes ill, he is taken back to Fairyland to recover. He is sent back to earth, but immediately has an unpleasant encounter with the king's cook and is sentenced to be beheaded. He jumps down a miller's throat then escapes by jumping into the river where he is swallowed by another fish that is brought to King Arthur's cook. Tom is brought before the king who forgives him and then knights him. He is given a mouse to ride, and a tailor's needle for a sword. When the mouse is attacked by a cat, Tom is injured trying to protect the mouse and is taken back to Fairyland to recover. The Fairy Queen sends him back to earth again, but the time of King Arthur has passed. He becomes a favorite of King Thunston where he lives happily for many years until his death.

1988. *The Adventures of Tom Thumb*. Designed and illustrated by Gerda Muller. London: Treasure Press, 1988.

This version also excludes Merlin. Instead, Tom's father finds him in a flower. This adaptation portrays Tom as a kind, thoughtful child who likes to read and write rather than as the sly, mischievous child of earlier versions. He is brought to King Arthur's court after being swallowed by a fish but is hated by the courtiers who refuse to help him when he is attacked by a cat. He is taken to fairyland to recover, then returned to

his parents where he remains only visiting the king and queen.

1989. Watson, Richard Jesse. *Tom Thumb*. Ill. Richard Jesse Watson. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich Publishers, 1989.

A modern version which adapts the original version of Tom's mysterious birth and his perilous adventures. Tom becomes a hero and earns his place at the Round Table when he saves King Arthur and his Knights from the giant Grumbong. The king is so grateful that he offers Tom all the gold he wants to take back to his parents. Tom returns home triumphantly riding his mouse and following a tiny cartful of gold coins.

2001. Mayer, Marianna. *The Adventures of Tom Thumb*. Ill. K.Y. Craft. New York: SeaStar Books, 2001.

Merlin grants Tim and Kate a son who is no bigger than Tim's thumb. Despite protection by his fairy godmother, Tom endures a series of unfortunate accidents before he saves the land from Gembo the giant. He is knighted by King Arthur for his bravery then returns home to his parents because he misses them.

ANIMATION

1959. "Tom Thumb," *Fractured Fairy Tales*, *Rocky and His Friends* series, 1959.

"Tom Thumb story with Arthurian references; satirically explores the problem of juvenile delinquency." (Not viewed). Description taken from Michael N. Salda's bibliography of Arthurian animation on The Camelot Project, The University of Rochester.

1963. *I Was A Teenage Thumb*. Warner Bros., 1963.

"Tom Thumb story with several Arthurian references." (Not viewed). Description taken from Michael N. Salda's bibliography of Arthurian animation on The Camelot Project, The University of Rochester.

1963. *Tom Thumb in King Arthur's Court*. Cornonet, 1963.

A retelling of Tom's adventures in King Arthur's court where true valor is not determined by size but by spirit and resolve.

1991. *Tom Thumb*. Gary Delfiner Productions; World-Vision Home Video, Inc., 1991.

"Retelling with Tom saving Arthur's court from a giant; based on Richard Jesse Watson's story." (Not viewed). Description taken from Michael N. Salda's bibliography of Arthurian animation on The Camelot Project, The University of Rochester.

SECONDARY BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Camelot Project. The University of Rochester.

A database of Arthurian texts, images and bibliographies.

Carpenter, Humphrey and Prichard, Mari. *The Oxford Companion to Children's Literature*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1984.

Briefly mentions changes made to the narrative especially in the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth century versions for children. Also includes suggestions for further reading.

The London Stage 1660 - 1800. Part 3: 1729-1747. Ed. Arthur H. Scouten. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1961.

A history of plays, afterpieces, and casts with commentaries and box office receipts. Taken from playbills, newspapers, and theatrical diaries of the period. Tom Thumb is listed as the afterpiece on Friday, April 24, 1730 playing at the Haymarket Theater and on Saturday, April 25, includes the comment, "Prince of Wales present."

Nicoll, Allardyce. A History of English Drama 1660-1900. Vol. II. Early Eighteenth Century Drama, Third Edition. Cambridge: The University Press, 1955.

A hand-list of plays with a register of performances that include plays written by Henry Fielding and Eliza Haywood. Opening dates for Fielding's Tom Thumb in 1730, and The Tragedy of Tragedies in 1731, as well as subsequent performances of The Tragedy of Tragedies in 1737, 1743, 1751, 1765 and 1776 are listed. Entries for Eliza Haywood are dated from 1721 to 1733, with a register of performances from 1733-1740. The burletta, The Opera of Operas; or Tom Thumb the Great, co-authored with William Hatchett, credits the music to Arne. A later alteration to the text, retains the title but credits the music to Mr. Lampe.

Perceval, John. Manuscripts of the Earl of Egmont. Diary of Viscount Percival Afterwards First Earl of Egmont. Vol. I. 1730-1733, pg. 97. London: His Majesty's Stationary Office, 1920.

In his diary, the Earl of Egmont mentions his attendance at the Haymarket playhouse to see Fielding's play, Tom Thumb, on Friday, April 24, 1730. In his remarks, he notes that while the play ridicules poets and their work, modern tragedians, and operas, it is full of humor and some wit. The entry also includes a personal comment on Henry Fielding, saying that he is one of "Mr. Fielding's sixteen children and in a very low condition of purse."

Prescott, Ann Lake. The Odd Couple: Gargantua and Tom Thumb. Printed in Monster Theory. Ed. Jeffrey Jerome Cohen. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1996: 75-91.

This article examines cultural perceptions regarding size. The fascination with the humor and terror associated with those perceptions are presented through the encounters and juxtapositions found in literature between the giant, Gargantua, and the pygmy, Tom Thumb.

Rivero, Albert J. The Plays of Henry Fielding: A Critical Study of His Dramatic Career. Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1989.

Contains a critical essay on the chaotic language and misuse of language employed by Fielding in his satirical plays, Tom Thumb and The Tragedy of Tragedies, as methods of deconstructing the structure of tragedies and heroic plays.

Storytelling Encyclopedia. Historical, Cultural, and Multiethnic Approaches to Oral Traditions Around the World. Ed. David Adams Leeming. Phoenix: Oryx Press, 1997. Short synopsis on the history of the legend and the different versions including Fielding's and Yonge's. Also includes later English versions that are based on German folk-tales and its establishment by the mid-eighteenth century as a children's story.

Weiss, Harry B. "Three Hundred Years of Tom Thumb." *The Scientific Monthly*, Vol. 34. (Jan. to June 1932): 157-66.

A three hundred year history of the legend of Tom Thumb that examines many of the changes and adaptations made to the tale.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/trismenu.htm>

21 captures

3 Feb 1999 - 12 Nov 2004

Oct AUG Oct

08

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

TRISTAN and ISOLT

Tristan and Isolt are second only to Lancelot and Guinevere as the great lovers of the Arthurian legends. The story of their tragic love has been the subject of numerous medieval and modern retellings. The medieval versions of the story are sometimes divided into two branches, called the courtly and the common versions. The former is represented by the *Tristan* of the Anglo-Norman poet Thomas, which was written in the latter part of the twelfth century. His version in turn influenced Gottfried von Strassburg, whose *Tristan*, written in the first decade of the thirteenth century, is one of the great romances of the Middle Ages, and the Old Norse *Tristrams* saga (1226). In this version, love is loftier and more courtly than in the common version. The love potion is of unlimited duration and Tristan's courtly skills are emphasized. The common version, represented by Béroul's late-twelfth-century *Roman de Tristran*, which like Eilhart von Oberg's Middle High German *Tristrant*, also written in the late twelfth century, has some elements considered less than courtly. For example, the love potion in these versions is of limited duration; and Isolt is turned over by Mark to a colony of lepers as punishment for her infidelity. There were many other medieval versions of the tale, including a long French prose romance, the Middle English poem *Sir Tristrem*, which was edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1804, and the account of the lovers' deeds in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, where the Tristan-Isolt-Mark triangle is a foil for the Lancelot-Guinevere-Arthur triangle. The story has been equally popular in the modern period. Matthew Arnold, the first of the Victorians to treat the story, wrote his *Tristram*

and Iseult in 1852. Tennyson's moralistic and condemnatory account of the lovers in the idyll "The Last Tournament" inspired Algernon Charles Swinburne to write *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882), which he considered to be more medieval in tone because more sympathetic to the lovers. Numerous twentieth-century poets, playwrights and novelists have taken up the theme, including Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, Martha Kinross, Don Marquis, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, John Erskine, John Updike, and many others. (See the Bibliography of Modern Tristan and Isolt Literature in English for a complete list of these retellings.) It is also the subject of Richard Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*, which was inspired by Gottfried's *Tristan*.

TEXTS:

Medieval:

Sir Tristrem (© TEAMS)

Introduction Part I Part II Part III

Modern:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Pleasaunce of Maid Marian" (1906)

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Rape of the Tarts" (1886)

Arnold, Matthew (1822-1888), "Tristram and Iseult" (1852)

Bartlett, Gertrude (1876-1942), "The Ballade of Tristram's Last Harping" (1916)

Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "Isolt"

Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "Tristram and Isolt"

Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "Tristram to Isolt"

Dobson, Austin (1840-1921), "Palomydes" (1885)

Emra, Cyril, "The Love-Song of Tristram and Iseult" (1905)

Emra, Cyril, "When Tristram to Tintagel Came" (1905)

Hayne, Paul Hamilton (1830-1886), "Tristram of the Wood" (1882)

Lounsbery, G[race] Constant, "An Iseult Idyll" (1901)

Manning, Frederic (1882-1935), "Tristram" (1910)

Money-Coutts, F. B. (Francis Burdett) (1852-1923), "A Ballad of Cornwall" (1896)

Morris, William (1834-1896), "Palomydes' Quest" (c. 1855)

Morris, William (1834-1896), "St. Agnes' Convent" (c.1855)

Prince, Ælian. *Of Joyous Gard*. London: E. W. Allen, 1890

Prince, Ælian. *Of Palomide*. London: E. W. Allen, 1890

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "Joyeuse Garde" (written 1859)

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "Queen Yseult" (written 1857-58)

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909), "Tristram of Lyonesse" (1882)

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "The Last Tournament" from *The Idylls of the King*

Ormerod, James "Tristram's Tomb" (1928)

Whitney, Helen Hay (1875-1944), "When Tristan Sailed" (1907)

Young, Ella (1867-1955), "A Song That Trostan Made" (1922)

Young, Ella (1867-1955), "Trostan Made This" (1922)

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How King Mark and Sir Dinadan Heard Sir Palomides Making Great Sorrow and Mourning for La Beale Isoud" (1894)

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How King Marke Found Sir Tristram" (1893)

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How La Beale Isoud Nursed Sir Tristram" (1893)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How La Beale Isoud Wrote to Sir Tristram" (1893)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Morgan le Fay Gave a Shield to Sir Tristram" (1893)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Sir Tristram Drank of the Love Drink" (1893)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "La Beale Isoud at Joyous Gard" (1894)
 Brown, Ian (b. 1962), "Tristan's Leap" (2002)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Clash of Weapons Brought Isolde to the Walls" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "He Severed the Cords by Which Bragwaine Was Bound" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "King Mark and All His Barons Came Out to Meet Him" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Queen, Seizing His Arm, Pulled the Goblet From His Lips" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Sir Tristram Gave Her a Ring" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "With All Due Rites Sir Palamides Was Baptised" (1921)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969),
 "As She Was at the Fire to Take Her Execution, Young Tristram Kneeled afore King Meliodas, and Besought Him to Give Him a Boon" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "He Gave Him Such a Buffet upon the Helm with His Sword that King Arthur Had" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'Madam,' said Sir Tristram, 'This is a Fair Shield and a Mighty'" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "They Fought for the Love of One Lady, and Ever She Lay on the Walls and Beheld Them" (1927)
 Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "This Espied King Mark, How She Kneeled down and Said: 'Sweet Lord Jesu, Have Mercy upon Me, for I May Not Live after the Death of Sir Tristram de Liones'" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Tristan Harping" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "For seven days and seven nights the sea so drew him; at times, to charm his grief, he harped." (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Tristan Returns to King Mark" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Tristan Slays the Beast" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "The Queen drank deep of that draught and gave it to Tristan." (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Brewing the Love Potion" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "The Dwarf Pouring Flour" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "He watched them as they lay." (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Guenelon's Head" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Ogrin the Hermit" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Iseult's Ring" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "The Beggar Carries Iseult" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "Then tell me what is the manner of the sail?" (1927)
 Harshberger, Mac (1900-1975), "The Death of Tristan" (1927)
 Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Tristram and Isoud Drank the Love Drink" (1917)

Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Tristram was Known by the Little Brachet in the Garden of King Mark's Castle" (1917)

Sleigh, Bernard (1872-1954), "Tristram and Iseult" (1896)

Smith, John Moyr, "Isolt" (c. 1875)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Isolt with Tristram's Sword" (1919)

Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Tristan and Isolt Drink the Love Potion" (1919)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Blakeslee, Merritt R. *Love's Masks: Identity, Intertextuality, and Meaning in the Old French Tristan Poems*. *Arthurian Studies* XV. Cambridge: D. S. Brewer, 1989.

Bromwich, Rachel. "The Tristan of the Welsh." In *The Arthur of the Welsh*. Ed. Rachel Bromwich, A.O. H. Jarman and Brynley Roberts. Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1991. Pp. 209-28.

Curtis, Renée L. *Tristan Studies*. München: Wilhelm Fink, 1969.

Eisner, Sigmund. *The Tristan Legend: A Study in Sources*. Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1969.

Loomis, Gertrude Schoepperle. *Tristan and Isolt: A study of the Sources of the Romance*. 2 vols. Second ed., expanded by a bibliography and critical essay on Tristan Scholarship since 1912 by Roger Sherman Loomis. New York: Burt Franklin, 1963.

Lupack, Alan. "Acting Out an Old Story: Twentieth-Century Tristan Plays." In *Popular Arthurian Traditions*. Ed. Sally Slocum. Bowling Green: Bowling Green State University Popular Press, 1992. Pp. 162-72.

Shirt, David J. *The Old French Tristan Poems: A Bibliographical Guide*. London: Grant & Cutler, 1980.

Tristan and Isolde: A Casebook. Ed. Joan Tasker Grimbert. New York: Garland, 1995.

You may also view a Bibliography of Modern Tristan and Isolt Literature in English.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/UIMenu.htm>

2 captures

10 Aug 2002 - 22 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

10

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Uther and Igraine

By Teresa Lopez

INTRODUCTION TEXTS and IMAGES
OVERVIEW ESSAY BIBLIOGRAPHIES

This project was an Undergraduate Research Internship at the University of Rochester in the Spring of 2002 by sophomore and English major Teresa Lopez. Supervised and guided by Alan Lupack, director of the Robbins Library, she undertook this project to increase her knowledge of Arthurian legends as well as her experience with literary research and web page design. Additional assistance for this project was provided by the Sibley Music Library at the University of Rochester, Rosemary Paprocki, and Anne Zanzucchi.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/UIText.htm>

1 capture

14 Aug 2002

Jul AUG Sep

14

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Uther and Igraine Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

UTHER AND IGRAINE: TEXTS AND IMAGES

TEXTS:

Buckley, Reginald R. (b. 1882), and Rutland Boughton (1878-1960)
The Birth of Arthur: Choral Drama (1914)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911)
"The Story of Uther and Igraine" from The Story of King Arthur and His Knights (1903)

IMAGES:

Alexander, Ann D.
Coat of Arms (1927)

They Rode All Night to Their Own Castle (1927)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911)

Uther-Pendragon (1903)

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/UIEssay.htm>

2 captures

26 Jun 2002 - 14 Aug 2002

Jun AUG Sep

14

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Uther and Igraine Page of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

UTHER AND IGRAINE: THE MAKINGS OF A LEGEND

by

TERESA LOPEZ

"the narrative is a whole, and it deals with the reasons why the young man came to grief at the end...It is a tragedy, the Aristotelian and comprehensive tragedy, of sin coming home to roost."

--The Once and Future King by T.H. White

Arthur Pendragon was the greatly prophesized and long awaited man who would be a great king. Everything about Arthur screams of mystical intervention and divine predestination, especially his conception. In most chronicles, books, and movies, the parents of Arthur are Uther (Uter, Vter, Vther) Pendragon and Igraine (Igerne, Igrayne, Igera, Ygraine, Ygera, Ygerne, Eigyr) of Cornwall. The general story is that while Igraine is married to the Duke of Cornwall Uther greatly desires to be with her. Through some trickery of Merlin, Uther enters the castle Tintagel and satiates his desire for Igraine, conceiving Arthur. The two are the conduits for the coming of Arthur. Their magical consummation is the beginning of the entire Arthurian saga.

There are many movies, novels, plays, poems, romances, comic books, and children's books that deal with the affair between Uther and Igraine. Characterizations vary from story to story, as does the relationship between the characters. Not all of the stories of Uther and Igraine follow the basic pattern. Some delve into matters of love between the two and others point to the lack of anything but lust. Sometimes the story is changed or cleaned up and even excludes a connection between Uther and Igraine. In some variations, the illicitness and the sinfulness of their union is a great issue.

Descriptions of Uther vary throughout the many versions of the story. The

chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth is one of the first accounts of King Arthur and his father Uther Pendragon. Uther is described as a great warrior. He fights valiantly and even when poisoned and near death he marches into battle against the Saxons. He is, however, characterized as having a short temper. Depictions of Uther usually make him a strong warrior with a tendency towards anger and an impatient nature. Warwick Deeping differs from this characterization in the novel *Uther and Igraine*. Disguised as Pelleas, a wandering knight, Uther shows his compassion for others when he saves Igraine. He is also depicted as warm natured and pious. Even when he knows that Igraine loves him, he will not let her make the decision to leave the convent he believes she entered. Gentle and kind, Uther's longing for Igraine drives him into being a great leader in battle. Uther's childhood and training are presented in Jack Whyte's *Uther*. In this story, Uther is determined and very intelligent. His one downfall is his quick temper and his tendency towards savageness. Uther has internalized battles with his civilized and barbaric upbringings. He is driven to impress his father, grandfather, and his mother who fears his savageness. These three depictions represent most of the characterizations of Uther.

The portrayals of Igraine, like those of Uther, vary from author to author. Most choose not to give her character much depth. Geoffrey describes Ygerna only as beautiful. It is not until John Hardyng's chronicle that Igerne is depicted as faithful and virtuous woman who believed her affair with Uther "was so done in clene spousage" (line 475, p. 78). Thomas Malory describes Igrayne as a good and a fair woman. One of the few authors to characterize Igraine very deeply is Warwick Deeping. Igraine courageously leads the nuns and novices of Avangel to safety and holds back the Saxons by herself. She is very self-reliant and extremely independent. Her spirit cannot be broken even by her cruel husband, Gorlois. Marion Zimmer Bradley's *The Mists of Avalon* creates a more in depth picture of Igraine as well. Igraine is a very lonely and isolated character in the beginning. She has followed the orders of her sister and married Gorlois, ultimately she fights against the fate revealed to her. When she finally accepts her love for Uther, she is an extremely devoted and loyal wife.

Descriptions of Uther and Igraine's relationship varies much more greatly than their characterizations. In the earliest accounts, their union is driven by Uther's lust. Geoffrey of Monmouth, John Hardyng, and Thomas Malory describe his feelings as a great desire to lie with her. But this is true not only in early accounts. In John Boorman's *Excalibur*, Uther stares at Igraine with lust in his eyes. When he finally has her, he is impatient and takes her in an almost animalistic way. The Uther of Jack Whyte's story strongly desires to be with Ygraine. The two engage in a physical relationship while she is held captive. Love is not discussed until Ygraine finds herself pregnant.

On the other hand, some of the stories show how great their love can be. Deeping's novel depicts the great love that blossoms between the two on their journey. Even when separated for years, they still long to be together. John Conlee's article highlights the fact that neither Igraine nor Pelleas is aware of the other's true identity. They both fall in love with each other's true selves. Uther loves the fearless and gentle nature of Igraine and Igraine loves Uther's caring and self-sacrificing attitude. The story

ends with the reunion of Uther and Igraine without describing a consummation. Marion Zimmer Bradley portrays the love of Uther and Igraine as so great that it follows them throughout their lives. Inexplicably drawn to one another, Igraine thinks that her feelings for Uther are some trick of Viviane's to push her into fulfilling her destiny. It is not until she dreams of life long past, that Igraine realizes that she and Uther were great loves in another life. Even in Geoffrey's chronicle there is some hint that the two really did have feelings for one another. The account of Uther and Ygerna ends by saying "from that day on they lived together as equals, united by their great love for each other" (208). Perhaps they had the kind of love that grew over time. One thing, however, that is not mentioned in most stories, is whether or not Igraine discovers Uther's deception and how she feels about it.

An interesting thing about some stories is the way in which the relationship between Uther and Igraine is cleaned up. In children's books like *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table* by Henry Frith, Uther does fall in love with Igraine who is already married to the Duke of Cornwall. However, he does not attempt to be with her until the Duke is slain in battle. The same thing happens in Sir James Knowles *King Arthur and His Knights*. The basic problem that requires Merlin's assistance is the fact that Igraine is locked up in Tintagel. It is for this that Merlin helps Uther and Uther promises his first-born son. While it is mostly children's books that clean up the story for their audiences, other works change the story in a similar fashion. Lord Alfred Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* suggests a completely different origin for Arthur. Tennyson's version has Merlin finding baby Arthur who is brought to the shore by the ninth wave that crashes down aflame in the dark night. This variation makes Arthur a much more divine and mystical character. Perhaps Tennyson devised this story because of the illicitness of the affair seemed a bit too shocking to Victorian readers.

Within most of the accounts of the affair of Uther and Igraine, there is usually some reference to the legitimacy of their union or of the Arthur's birth. Some stories say that Gorlois died before Uther lies with Igraine while others claim he was not slain until after his wife was deceived into making love to Uther. Often, at the same time that Uther comes to Igraine, Gorlois is killed in battle. Deeping's novel differs quite a bit from most other accounts in this regard. Uther does not trick Igraine into thinking he is Gorlois. In fact, it is Gorlois who uses Merlin's magic to look like Pelleas and fools Igraine into marrying him. Gorlois is killed before the pair are reunited. In the Scottish chronicle of John of Fordun, Arthur's conception is declared illegitimate and, thus, Anna and Loth's sons are the rightful heirs to the throne. In his article on the Scottish Chroniclers, Karl Goller mentions the prevalence of this opinion among Scottish chroniclers. He writes that there were very few chroniclers in Scotland who believed in Arthur's right to be king. By presenting Arthur's birth as illegitimate, they defend the rebellion of Mordred as an attempt to claim the throne that was rightfully his.

One element of the tale of Uther and Igraine has important ramifications for some authors. Gorlois, the Duke of Cornwall, is slain and his wife and land are taken from him because of Uther's desire for Gorlois's wife. Some authors suggest that effect of the unfair treatment of the Duke can be felt throughout Arthur's life. The reign of King

Arthur, who is the product of what is sometimes called an illicit and sinful affair, ends in tragedy because of the offense against Gorlois. Michael Fraley's comic book *Arthur: King of Britain* follows the text of Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle. At the end of the first book of his series, he writes that it that Uther and Ygerne were haunted by the death of Gorlois. T. H. White tells the story of Uther and Igraine in an interesting way. The young sons of Lot tell the story to one another and swear to avenge their wronged granny. The eerie storytelling seems to foreshadow the ultimate defeat of King Arthur. Thomas Hughes's tragic play *The Misfortunes of Arthur* opens with the ghost of Gorlois telling his sorrowful tale and calling for revenge. The play depicts Arthur's tragic fall, which results from Gorlois's curse. At the end of the play, Arthur and Mordred fight in Cornwall, the same place where Gorlois was betrayed. The sin of Uther had come back to his son and led to his ultimate demise.

Although tales of Uther and Igraine are not as common as some Arthurian stories, the story prevails throughout time. There are several reasons why this story remains an important part of the Arthurian legend. First, it is an intriguing story with sex and violence. Great battles rage on between Gorlois and the armies of Uther while Uther deceives Igraine into sleeping with him. Another reason is that this beginning to the tale of Arthur is the cause for the king's tragic end. The basis of Thomas Hughes's play is the revenge of the wronged Gorlois on the son of Uther Pendragon. Arthur pays the price for his father's sins. Most importantly, the story of Uther and Igraine is where the legend begins. Without their encounter, King Arthur would not exist nor would the wealth of stories about him.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/vivmenu.htm>

22 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 7 Aug 2007

Jan APR Aug

02

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

VIVIEN (NINEVE, NIMUE, NINIANE)

Vivien, sometimes called Nineve, Nimue, Niniane, etc., is best known as the woman who seals Merlin in a cave or a tree. Despite foreseeing his fate, Merlin is unable to prevent being captivated and captured by the woman Richard Wilbur has called "a creature to bewitch a sorcerer." Vivien is an ambiguous character. In Malory, for example, even though Nyneve, who is one of the Ladies of the Lake, deprives Arthur of Merlin's service, she rescues him twice, first by saving him from Accolon who has been given Excalibur by Morgan le Fay to use against Arthur, and then by preventing him

from donning the destructive cloak sent to him by Morgan. She also uses her enchantments to punish Ettarde for her mistreatment of Pelleas. In the end she and Pelleas "lovede togedyrs duryng their lyfe." The character is ambiguous even in her earliest appearances. In the French Vulgate *Estoire de Merlin*, she loves the enchanter and seals him in a beautiful tower, magically constructed, so that she can keep him always for herself. She visits him regularly and grants her love to him. In the continuation to the Vulgate *Merlin*, known as the *Suite du Merlin*, the relationship is very different. When Merlin shows her a tomb of two lovers, magically sealed, she enchants him and has him cast into the tomb on top of the two lovers, whereupon she reseals the tomb and Merlin dies a slow death. Tennyson turns Vivien into the epitome of evil. Though borrowing much from Tennyson, Edwin Arlington Robinson, in the poem, *Merlin*, makes Merlin's "captivity" voluntary, and his Vivian is less of an enchantress than an interesting woman whom Merlin truly loves.

TEXTS:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "Thomas and Vivien" (1886)
Buchanan, Robert (1785-1873), "Merlin's Tomb" (1859)
De Beverley, Thomas (pseudonym of George Newcomen), "The Story of Nimue" (1925)
Mumford, Ethel Watts (1878-1940), *Merlin and Vivien: A Lyric Drama* (1907)
Robinson, Edwin Arlington (1869-1935), *Merlin* (1917)
Seeger, Alan (1886-1916), "Vivien" (1916)
Sneyd, Ralph de Tunstall (1862-1947), "Vivian and Merlin" (1929)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "Merlin and Vivien" from *The Idylls of the King*
Yeats, William Butler (1865-1939), "Time and the Witch Vivien" (1889)

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "Merlin and Nimue" (1893)
Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Elaine, Guinevere, and Vivien" (1911)
Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Merlin and Viven" (1911)
Brickdale, Eleanor Fortescue- (1872-1945), "Vivien" (1911)
Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Vivien and Merlin" (1875)
Cameron, Julia Margaret (1815-1879), "Vivien and Merlin" (1875)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "Vivien Enclosed Him, Living, Within a Magic Circle" (1921)
Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Vivien Encloses Merlin in the Tree" (188-)
Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Vivien and Merlin Disembark" (188-)
Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Vivien and Merlin Enter the Woods" (188-)
Doré Gustave (1832-83), "Vivien and Merlin Repose" (188-)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Merlin and Vivien" (1902)
Herter, Albert (1871-1950), "Merlin, Changed into the Appearance of a Fair Young Squire" (1899)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "Merlin and Nimue. How by her Subtle Working she Made Merlin to Go Under the Stone to Let her Wit of the Marvels There: and she Wrought so There for him That he Came Never Out for All Craft he Could Do" (1917)
Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Guinevere with Enid and

Vivien" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Lightning Frightens Vivien" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Merlin and Vivien" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Vivien" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Vivien Smiles Saucily" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Vivien's Accusations of Those at Camelot" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Vivien's Spell" (1898)
 Rhead, George Wooliscroft (1854-1920) & Louis (1857-1926), "Vivien's Triumph" (1898)
 Smith, John Moyr, "Vivien" (c. 1875)
 Speed, Lancelot (1860-1931), "Merlin and Vivien" (1919)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Nitze, William. "An Arthurian Crux: Viviane or Niniane?" *Romance Philology* 7 (1953-54): 326-30.

Paton, LucyAllen. *Studies in the Fairy Mythology of Arthurian Romance*. 2d ed., Enlarged by a Survey of Scholarship on the Fairy Mythology since 1903 and a Bibliography by Roger Sherman Loomis. 1903; 2d ed. New York: Burt Franklin, 1960.
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/yvnmenu.htm>

12 captures

30 Sep 1999 - 6 Jun 2002

Dec JUN Jul

06

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

YVAIN

Yvain is the cousin of Gawain and the son of Morgan le Fay and Uriens. As Owain, he appears in the Welsh tale of *The Dream of Rhonabwy* and is the hero of the Welsh analogue to Chrétien de Troye's *Yvain or the Knight of the Lion*. Both Chrétien's tale and the Welsh *Owain* tell the story of Yvain's (or Owain's) adventures as he defeats a knight guarding a fountain and then takes over the protection of that realm himself when he marries the slain knight's wife. Persuaded by Gawain, in the French version, to seek adventure more widely, he leaves his new realm and has a series of adventures which include saving a lion from a serpent. The grateful beast then befriends Yvain and helps him against some of his adversaries. Chrétien's tale inspired the Middle High German

Iwein by Hartmann von Aue and was translated into Old Norse as Ivens Saga. The English romance Ywain and Gawain is adapted from Chrétien's Yvain but is much less interested in courtly love. Yvain figures in the French Mort Artu; and in Malory's Morte D'Arthur when Arthur banishes Ywain from court because of Morgan le Fay's attempts on Arthur's life, Gawain rides off with him and they are joined by Marholt. The knights meet three ladies who lead them to adventures. In his retelling of Malory, John Steinbeck radically rewrites this section and has Ewain instructed in knightly combat by the lady with whom he rides.

TEXTS:

Medieval:

The Dream of Rhonabwy (translated by Lady Charlotte Guest)

Owain (translated by Lady Charlotte Guest as The Lady of the Fountain)

Ywain and Gawain (© TEAMS)

Introduction Text

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Rushing, J., James A. Images of Adventure: Ywain in the Visual Arts> Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1995.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/grlmenu.htm>

38 captures

18 Apr 2000 - 5 Sep 2015

May JUN Aug

06

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

THE HOLY GRAIL

The Holy Grail is generally considered to be the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper and the one used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch his blood as he hung on the cross. This significance, however, was introduced into the Arthurian legends by Robert de Boron in his verse romance Joseph d'Arimathie (sometimes also called Le Roman de l'Estoire dou Graal), which was probably written in the last decade of the twelfth century or the first couple of years of the thirteenth. In earlier sources and in some later ones, the grail is something very different. The term "grail" comes from the Latin gradale, which meant a dish brought to the table during various stages (Latin "gradus") or courses of a meal. In Chrétien and other early writers, such a plate is intended by the term "grail." Chrétien, for example, speaks of "un graal," a grail or platter and thus not a

unique item. Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* presents the grail as a stone which provides sustenance and prevents anyone who beholds it from dying within the week. In medieval romance, the grail was said to have been brought to Glastonbury in Britain by Joseph of Arimathea and his followers. In the time of Arthur, the quest for the Grail was the highest spiritual pursuit. For Chrétien, author of *Perceval* and his continuators (four works take up the task of completing the work that Chrétien left unfinished, two of which are anonymous, one is by Mannesier, and a fourth is by Gerbert de Montreuil), *Perceval* is the knight who must achieve the quest for the Grail. For other French authors, as for Malory, Galahad is the chief Grail knight, though others (*Perceval* and Bors in the *Morte d'Arthur*) do achieve the quest. Tennyson is perhaps the author who has the greatest influence on the conception of the Grail quest for the modern English-speaking world through his *Idylls* and his short poem "Sir Galahad". However, James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal", one of the most popular of nineteenth-century American poems gave to generations a democratized notion of the Grail quest as something achievable by anyone who is truly charitable. The notion that the Grail story originated in fertility myths was popularized by Jessie Weston in her book *From Ritual to Romance*, which was used by T. S. Eliot in the writing of *The Waste Land*. Eliot's poem, in turn, influenced many of the important novelists of his and succeeding generations, including Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

TEXTS:

Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Return from the Quest" (1886)
 Adams, Oscar Fay (1855-1919), "The Vision of Sir Lamoracke" (1886)
 Alford, Henry (1810-1871), "The Ballad of Glastonbury" (1853)
 Cawein, Madison J. (1865-1914), "Waste Land" (1913)
 Cooke, Rose Terry (1827-1892), "The New Sangreal" (1888)
 De Beverley (Pseudonym of George Newcomen), "The Achievement of the Sangraele and the Death of Sir Galahad" (1925)
 De Beverley, Thomas (Pseudonym of George Newcomen), "Sir Percival's Vision" (1925)
 Field, Eugene (1850-1895), "The Vision of The Holy Grail" (1905)
 Fowler Wright, S[ydney] (1874-1965) *The Song of Arthur* (Part 4: Carbonac) (from the S. Fowler Wright Website)
 Gareth, David (b. 1946), "Sir Mador Seeks the Grail" (1987)
 Hawker, Robert Stephen (1803?-1875), "The Quest of the Sangraal" (1864)
The History of That Holy Disciple Joseph of Arimathea (?1770)
 Hylton, J. Dunbar (1837-1893), *Arteloise: A Romance of King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table* (1887)
 Jewett, Sophie (1861-1909), "The Dwarf's Quest: A Ballad" (1905)
 Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891), "The Vision of Sir Launfal" (1848)
 Machen, Arthur (1863-1947), *The Great Return* (1915)
 Morris, William (1834-1896), "The Chapel in Lyonesse" (1858)
 Morris, William (1834-1896), "Sir Galahad, A Christmas Mystery" (1858)
 Payne, John (1842-1916). "The Romaunt of Sir Floris" (1870)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "The City of Sarras" (1905)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "The Quest of the Grail: On the Eve" (1905)
 Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "Sir Launcelot and the Sancgreal" (1905)

Rhys, Ernest (1859-1946), "Timor Mortis" (1905)
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (1828-1882), "God's Graal" (written 1858; published 1911)
"The Sangreal" (from Six Ballads about King Arthur) (1881)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord (1809-1892), "The Holy Grail" from The Idylls of the King
Trask, Katrina (1853-1922), "Kathanal" (1892)
Tennyson, Alfred Lord (1809-1892), "Sir Galahad" (1834)
Weston, Jessie (1850-1928), "Knights of King Arthur's Court" (1896)
Young, Ella (1867-1955), "The San-Grail" (1920)

IMAGES:

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "The Achieving of the Sangreal" (1894)
Chapman, William Ernest, "The Departure of the Knights [on the Quest for the Grail]" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "The Golden Girdle" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "The Marvelous Appearance of the Sangreal at Camelot" (1908)
Chapman, William Ernest, "Sir Galahad Beholds the Sangreal Uncovered" (1908)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Holy Vessel Appeared in Their Midst" (1921)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'Ah, Sir Bors, Gentle Knight Have Mercy on Us All'" (1927)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "And Then They Put on Their Helms and Departed, and Recommended Them All Wholly unto the Queen; and There Was Weeping and Great Sorrow" (1927)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "And Therewith on His Hands and on His Knees He Went so Nigh that He Touched the Holy Vessel" (1927)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'As Soon as I Wist that This Adventure Was Ordained Me I Clipped off My Hair, and Made this Girdle in the Name of God'" (1927)
Flint, William Russell, Sir (1880-1969), "'My Knights, and My Servants, and My True Children, Which Be Come out of Deadly Life into Spiritual Life, I Will Now No Longer Hide Me from You'" (1927)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Launcelot Beholds the Towers of Castle Carbonek" (1901)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Three Angels Bear the Holy Grail" (1901)
Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), "The Grail Maiden" (1912)
Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Sir Galahad Brought to the Siege Perilous" (1880)
Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Sir Launcelot at the Castle of the Holy Grail" (1880)
Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "'And Down the Long Beam Stole the Holy Grail'" (1912)
Paul, Evelyn, "It Is Indeed the Cup" (1913)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How at the Castle of Corbin a Maiden Bare in the Sangreal and Foretold the Achievements of Galahad" (1917)
Willy Pogány (1882-1955), Titirel and the Grail (1912)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), The Grail Is Manifested, and Sir Lancelot Sleepeth (1910)
Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "The Communion of the Holy Grail" (1903)
Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Montsalvat, the Castle of the Grail" (1903)

Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal in Quest of the Holy Grail" (1903)
Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal Healing King Amfortas" (1903)
Stassen, Franz (1869-1949), "Parsifal Revealing the Holy Grail" (1903)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Jung, Emma and Marie-Louise von Franz. *The Grail Legend*. Trans. Andrea Dykes. 2d ed.; Boston: Sigo Press, 1986. (Originally published in 1960 as *Die Graalslegend in psychologischer Sicht*.)

Loomis, Roger Sherman. *The Grail: From Celtic Myth to Christian Symbol*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1963.

Owen, D. D. R. *The Evolution of the Grail Legend*. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1968.

Waite, Arthur Edward. *The Holy Grail: The Galahad Quest in the Arthurian Literature*. New Hyde Park, NY: University Books, 1961.

Weston, Jessie L. *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. 1913; rpt. New York: Haskell House, 1965.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/spmenu.htm>

9 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 15 Aug 2002

Apr JUN Aug

19

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

THE SIEGE PERILOUS

The Siege Perilous is the seat (from the French *siège*) at the Round Table in which none but the chosen Grail knight may sit without disastrous consequences. Malory tells us that it was made by Merlin (II, 907 in Vinaver's ed.). When Galahad arrives at Camelot, his name appears on the seat destined for him.

TEXTS:

IMAGES:

Kappes, Alfred (1850-1894), "Sir Galahad Brought to the Siege Perilous" (1880)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/swrdmenu.htm>

8 captures

16 May 2000 - 15 Aug 2002

Dec AUG Sep

15

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

EXCALIBUR AND THE SWORD IN THE STONE

The Sword in the Stone, sometimes a sword in an anvil, is drawn by Arthur as proof of his birthright and of his nobility. It is both a test and a miraculous sign of his royalty. The sword drawn from the stone is different from the one given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. The latter is always referred to as Excalibur; the former is called by that name only once, when Arthur draws the sword at a crucial moment in the first battle to test his sovereignty (Vinaver I, 19): "thenne he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so breyght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke thirty torchys."

TEXTS:

Cram, Ralph Adams (1863-1942), *Excalibur: An Arthurian Drama* (1893; published 1909)

Westwood, Thomas (1814?-1888), "The Sword of Kingship" (1866)

IMAGES:

Beard, Dan (1850-1941), "Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles" (1889)

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Sir Bedivere Cast the Sword Excalibur into the Water" (1894)

Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "The Lady of the Lake Telleth Arthur of the Sword Excalibur" (1893)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "All the People marvelled at the Stone" (1921)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "She Snatched the Empty Sheath From Its Place" (1921)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Youth Pulled it Out Easily" (1921)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), *Excalibur Returns to the Mere* (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), *How Arthur Drew the Sword* (1902)

Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), *Morgan le Fay Casts away the Scabbard* (1902)

Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Sir Bedivere Throws Excalibur into the Mere" (1901)

Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), *Excalibur* (1912)

Maclise, Daniel (1806-1870), "Arthur Receives Excalibur" (1857)

Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Excalibur the Sword" (1903)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "How Arthur Drew Forth the Sword" (1903)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Queen Morgana Loses Excalibur His Sheath" (1903)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Arthur Drew His Sword Excalibur for the First Time" (1917)
Smith, John Moyr, "Excalibur" (c. 1875)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/swrdmenu.htm>
8 captures
16 May 2000 - 15 Aug 2002
Dec AUG Sep
15
2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

EXCALIBUR AND THE SWORD IN THE STONE

The Sword in the Stone, sometimes a sword in an anvil, is drawn by Arthur as proof of his birthright and of his nobility. It is both a test and a miraculous sign of his royalty. The sword drawn from the stone is different from the one given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. The latter is always referred to as Excalibur; the former is called by that name only once, when Arthur draws the sword at a crucial moment in the first battle to test his sovereignty (Vinaver I, 19): "thenne he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so breyght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke thirty torchys."

TEXTS:

Cram, Ralph Adams (1863-1942), *Excalibur: An Arthurian Drama* (1893; published 1909)
Westwood, Thomas (1814?-1888), "The Sword of Kingship" (1866)

IMAGES:

Beard, Dan (1850-1941), "Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles" (1889)
Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Sir Bedivere Cast the Sword Excalibur into the Water" (1894)
Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "The Lady of the Lake Telleth Arthur of the Sword Excalibur" (1893)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "All the People marvelled at the Stone" (1921)
Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "She Snatched the Empty Sheath From Its Place" (1921)

Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Youth Pulled it Out Easily" (1921)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Excalibur Returns to the Mere" (1902)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "How Arthur Drew the Sword" (1902)
Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Morgan le Fay Casts away the Scabbard" (1902)
Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Sir Bedivere Throws Excalibur into the Mere" (1901)
Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), "Excalibur" (1912)
Maclise, Daniel (1806-1870), "Arthur Receives Excalibur" (1857)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Excalibur the Sword" (1903)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "How Arthur Drew Forth the Sword" (1903)
Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Queen Morgana Loses Excalibur His Sheath" (1903)
Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Arthur Drew His Sword Excalibur for the First Time" (1917)
Smith, John Moyr, "Excalibur" (c. 1875)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/swrdmenu.htm>

8 captures

16 May 2000 - 15 Aug 2002

Dec AUG Sep

15

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

EXCALIBUR AND THE SWORD IN THE STONE

The Sword in the Stone, sometimes a sword in an anvil, is drawn by Arthur as proof of his birthright and of his nobility. It is both a test and a miraculous sign of his royalty. The sword drawn from the stone is different from the one given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. The latter is always referred to as Excalibur; the former is called by that name only once, when Arthur draws the sword at a crucial moment in the first battle to test his sovereignty (Vinaver I, 19): "thenne he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so breyght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke thirty torchys."

TEXTS:

Cram, Ralph Adams (1863-1942), *Excalibur: An Arthurian Drama* (1893; published 1909)

Westwood, Thomas (1814?-1888), "The Sword of Kingship" (1866)

IMAGES:

Beard, Dan (1850-1941), "Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles" (1889)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "How Sir Bedivere Cast the Sword Excalibur into the Water" (1894)
 Beardsley, Aubrey (1872-1898), "The Lady of the Lake Telleth Arthur of the Sword Excalibur" (1893)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "All the People marvelled at the Stone" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "She Snatched the Empty Sheath From Its Place" (1921)
 Dixon, Arthur (fl. 1893-1920), "The Youth Pulled it Out Easily" (1921)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Excalibur Returns to the Mere" (1902)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "How Arthur Drew the Sword" (1902)
 Ford, H. J. (1860-1941), "Morgan le Fay Casts away the Scabbard" (1902)
 Garrett, Edmund H. (1853-1929), "Sir Bedivere Throws Excalibur into the Mere" (1901)
 Harrison, Florence (1884-19--), "Excalibur" (1912)
 Maclise, Daniel (1806-1870), "Arthur Receives Excalibur" (1857)
 Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Excalibur the Sword" (1903)
 Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "How Arthur Drew Forth the Sword" (1903)
 Pyle, Howard (1853-1911), "Queen Morgana Loses Excalibur His Sheath" (1903)
 Rackham, Arthur (1867-1939), "How Arthur Drew His Sword Excalibur for the First Time" (1917)
 Smith, John Moyr, "Excalibur" (c. 1875)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/cram.htm>

8 captures

10 Dec 2000 - 15 Aug 2002

Jun AUG Sep

15

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

Return to the King Arthur Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

Return to the Merlin Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

Return to the Excalibur Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

EXCALIBUR: AN ARTHURIAN DRAMA

by

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Advertisement:

Excalibur is the introductory drama of a contemplated trilogy founded on the Arthurian legends as the perfect embodiment of the spirit and impulse of that great

Christian epoch we call Mediævalism. The attempt is again made - however inadequately - to do for the epic of our own race, and in a form adapted to dramatic presentation, a small measure of that which Richard Wagner achieved in an allied art for the Teutonic legends.

Excalibur was completed, and in its present form, in the year 1893. Since then no other than verbal changes have been made. This is said for the reason that during the last fifteen years several new dramatic versions of the Arthurian epic have appeared, and the correspondences between them and the present attempt must of necessity be somewhat marked. In every case, however, these are due to the nature of the subject and the compulsion of established and indestructible ideas.

-- THE AUTHOR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Arthur Pendragon: afterwards King of England.

Vassals of England:

Uriens, King of Gore,

Nentres, King of Garlot,

Leodegrance, King of Cameliard,

Duke Lucas of the Southfolk,

Duke Brastias of Estsex,

Rience, King of North Wales,

English Knights.:

Sir Launcelot du Lake,

Sir Tor,

Sir Pelleas,

Sir Ector,

Sir Breuse saunce Pité,

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sir Kay, the Seneschal.

Merlin.

Morgan le Fay, Queen of Gore.

Guenever, Daughter of King Leodegrance.

Dame Columbe, Wife to Sir Kay.

Ettard.

Ysed.

Nimue.

Roman Ambassadors, Barons, Knights, Esquires, Citizens, Priests, Monks, Heralds, Pages, and Lake Girls.

Scene, England and Wales.

Excalibur

Prologue

The curtains open on impenetrable darkness.

Merlin (invisible).

Pendragon passes; now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne.
A kingdom passes; now a kingdom's king
Shall raise a kingdom for the King of kings.

(Merlin's figure becomes faintly visible, poised in mid-air.)

Morgan le Fay, rise from the riven rock,
Rise through the waters of the Magic Mere,
Merlin, thy master, calls.

The night is done.

I hear the trumpets of the trampling day,
I see the glimmer of the torch of dawn
Dance like the northern fires along the sky.
The curse is lifted, England wakes again.

Angelic Voices (above).

Night passes,
the darkness breaks:
see how the curse
is wafted away!
Down from Heaven,
a beam of light,
Sinks the smile of the Lord.
England, awake!
Rouse to the cry!

Day is at dawn for the land
for God is aweary of wrath.

Merlin.

Hark! how the marshalled choristers of God
Proclaim the dawn that burgeons on the world.
Now falls thy kingdom, Morgan, all awrack,
For Uther dies, and England waits a king.
The rune is written: "Now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne."

Whereby God's kingdom grows in England.

Rise,

Morgan le Fay! Pendragon passes. Rise!
Pendragon passes, and the night is done.

Morgan le Fay (below, invisible).
Pendragon passes, but the darkness holds,
And England sleeps: her dawn shall never come
The while I rule the Magic Mere. The day
Is not for her until I loose my hand;
Until the sunken sea and all the gods
That dwell therein, shall fail and fall away,
Dissolving as the mist that meets the sun.

Merlin.
The sun, the sun! Look where the flaunting host
Of blazing minions mounts the steep of Heaven.
Morgan, thy reign is ended!

Morgan.

At whose word?

Merlin.
The word of God, and here I give it thee.
What time King Uther lived, His hand was stayed,
While England paid the grievous penalty
Of evil done, and thou wast given leave
To scourge us with the curse of paynim gods.
Pendragon passes and the ban is raised;
Pendragon's seed is lord.

Morgan.

Is lord not yet!

Deep in the Magic Mere I hold the Sword:
Take it, magician, if ye have the hand,
Pendragon wins no worship if ye fail.

Merlin.
While Uther lived, the Sword was in thy hold;
Pendragon passes, and the Sword is won.

Morgan.
Thou liest, Merlin, for the Sword is lost!

Merlin.
Thou liest, Morgan, for within my hand

I hold the proof.

Morgan.

The proof?

Merlin.

Excalibur!

(Merlin is illuminated with a dazzling radiance. Four shafts of light shoot upward, downward, and to either hand, as he draws Excalibur, brandishing it aloft in the light.)

Morgan.

Here to me, all ye dwellers in the mere!
Excalibur is won! Cry treason, cry
Unto the uttermost and deepest depth,
Unto the farthest bounds of all the world,
"Excalibur is won!" Black treason stalks
Stark in the sunken sea: your bootless blades
Rust in their scabbards, hingeless hang the doors
That closed my Castle Terrabil, the walls
I reared to ward Excalibur are cleft
In sunder hopelessly. The Sword returns!

Voices.

Queen Morgan calls! Who reft the sleeping Sword
From out our holding? Treason!

Morgan.

All is lost,

And we ourselves hurled from our high dominion
Unless ye win him back. Gain me the Sword!
All hangs on this, the night is broken else.

(Dark phantoms dash across the light, assailing Merlin, who rests motionless. A tumult of cries and of low thunder.)

Merlin.

Pendragon passes, and Excalibur
Is for Pendragon's seed. Morgan le Fay,
The sun is bursting from the black abyss;
Give thee good night, the day breaks on the land.

Morgan.

Spirits of darkness from the Magic Mere,
Win me the Sword!

Voices.

Excalibur is lost,
Our hands are helpless: mighty Merlin conquers.

Morgan.

Win me the Sword!

Voices.

Excalibur is lost;
Woe to the people of the Magic Mere!
Woe to thee, Morgan, crownless queen,
Woe!
Woe!

(The spirits vanish downward. Morgan's voice is heard afar off.)

Morgan.

Hold the Sword, Merlin, guard it with thy craft:
The day is breaking, but the day will die:
Night follows close. The rune is written. Hear!
"Pendragon passes. Now Pendragon's seed
Shall slay Pendragon for Pendragon's lust.
A kingdom passes, now a kingdom's king
Shall lose a kingdom to the lord of hell."

Merlin.

Not while Excalibur is in his hand.

Morgan.

Morgan le Fay shall gain Excalibur.

Merlin.

Not while gray Merlin guards Pendragon's seed.

Morgan.

Gray Merlin passes, and the night befalls.
Magician, guard thyself! the Sword returns.

Merlin.

So runs the rune, but God shall gain the day!
Excalibur is won, and England's dawn
Is breaking: cry adown the winds, "All hail,
Arthur Pendragon, King of England, hail!"
Build thou God's city in the wilderness,
Trample the paynim underneath thy feet

And raise the Cross above a thirsty land.
All hail, Pendragon, servant of the Lord!

Angelic Voices (above.)

Hail, Pendragon,
Lord of the Sword!
Crowned of England
saviour and king.
Come forth, thou servant of God,
for the dawn is white on the world,
and Christ shall arm thee to-day
The Sword is won,
hell is confounded,
back from England
cowers the curse.
The Sword Excalibur comes;
follows fast the Kingdom of God!

Merlin.
So answers Heaven and hell is dumb. The bell
Sounds for the day; go then, Excalibur,
Hold in the heavy rock until the king,
Great England's king, shall gain thee for his own.
So do I send thee, Sword of Avalon,
Down to the waiting world. Pendragon comes!

(He brandishes Excalibur thrice, then hurls it downward: the light vanishes.)

Act I

SCENE I. London. The cloisters of St. Paul's. In the midst of the garth is a great runic cross, in the base of which the Sword is buried to the hilt. Merlin is standing beside it. Without is heard the chanting of the Miserere.

Enter: the funeral procession of Uther Pendragon, the body of the king borne in the midst upon a bier. Before walk many monks, priests, and acolytes. Following comes the Archbishop of Canterbury, attended, and behind him King Nentres, King Uriens, Duke Lucas, Duke Brastias, Sir Launcelot, Sir Breuse, and other Knights and Barons.

Men's Voices.
Benigne fac Domine in bona voluntate tua Sion,
Ut aedificentur muri Jerusalem.

Merlin.
Pendragon passes, now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne.

Men's Voices.

Justificeris Domine in sermonibus tuis,
Ut vincas cum judicaris.

(The procession crosses the front of the stage: as the bier comes in the centre it is set down and the Archbishop raises his crosier and speaks.)

Archbishop.

Lords of the realm and gentlemen at arms,
From all the farthest borders of the land
I summoned ye to answer, under pain
Of ban and interdict of Holy Church.
Uther is dead, and 'gainst his heritage
The ravening kings are leagued. In jeopardy
Lies England, kingless, prey to whoso comes.
Pendragon dies, and dies the last of them
That ruled England by the grace of God.
The House is fallen, and there is no heir.
Nor law nor custom meets this woful plight
Wherein we sink: yet needs must that a king
Rule over us, lest England be disrupt
And parcelled out in shameful vassalage.
To-day is Easter: on this blessed morning
Lord Jesu rose, wherefore of His great mercy
Perchance this day He may give certain sign
Who by His will shall reign. The love of God
Passeth our wisdom. For a miracle
Fall on your knees, besiege the King of kings
With lusty prayer.

Sir Launcelot.

Dear God, a miracle!

Omnes.

O Jesu, hear us!

Archbishop.

By thy Mother's love,

Lord Jesu, answer!

Omnes.

For thy Mother's love!

Merlin.

God hears His children, and the word is said.

Archbishop.

Now speak, magician, if thou hast a tongue,
For in thy words is somewhat ominous
Of welfare to Pendragon's kingdom. Speak!
Where is the sign of God?

Merlin.

Beneath the cross.

Gather, ye barons and ye knights at arms,
Gather, ye commons from the farthest fields,
And look upon the mercy of the Lord!

(He mounts the steps of the cross.)

See ye the Sword that grows in living rock,
Thrust to the hilt within the closing stone?
See ye the scripture writ around it? Read!
Read ye the rune, and reading, rise and do.
This very night, ere yet was day conceived,
Whilst grimly darkness gripped the cringing earth,
I heard a Voice that cleft the sombre night,
And thus it spake, and speaking died away.
"Pendragon passes, now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne."
And all the night grew white with leaping light
As down the heavenly glory flashed a star,
A streaming fire that thundered to the earth
Riving the rock. Excalibur is come.

Omnes.

Excalibur is come!

Archbishop.

Now unto God

Be laud and honour, that has shown a sign.

Duke Lucas.

Pendragon's seed shall reign? What word is this?
Pendragon's seed is ended. Uther died
Void of all heir, and helpless of his House;
How then shall reign his seed?

Duke Brastias.

How reign his seed

When barren lies his field? Shame shows her head:

No bastard reigns in England!

Merlin.

Peace, ye fools!

A rune is written 'round the rigid hilt,
The which I gain, and straightly give it thee,
Most holy father. Read! and reading, rest.

Archbishop.

"Whoso shall pull this Sword forth of the stone
Is rightwise king, born of all England."

Merlin.

Hear!

Barons and knights and commons; come, essay!
Hale the steel forth, for England lies enwrapped
Around the blade of great Excalibur.

King Nentres.

By right I claim the Sword. Have I to wife
Queen Igraine's daughter? Then to her, Elaine,
And so to me, comes England!

King Uriens.

Traitor king,

Morgan le Fay is mine! From Queen Igraine
I gain the daughter's dowry. Give me place,
For so to me comes England.

Sir Breuse.

Hold your hand!

How runs the rune? Pendragon's seed shall reign,
And not Duke Cornwall's daughter, gotten first
On Igraine ere she lay with Uther. Hold!
Nor look to gain a kingdom with a wife.
I win the Sword that am King Uther's son.

Duke Brastias.

No bastard reigns in England!

Sir Breuse.

In thy teeth,

Thou damnèd duke, I cast thy scornful word!
Bastard or no, I reign, Pendragon's seed:
Heave up thy sword, for Breuse shall send thee hence!

Duke Brastias.
Have at thee, boaster, that would fain be king!

Archbishop.
Now by authority of Holy Church,
I bid ye cease, else underneath the ban
I cast ye, traitors. Who shall win the Sword
Is rightwise King of England, and none else.
Strike back your swords! What! dare ye hesitate?
Then so I damn ye! -

Good: Now hold your peace!

Merlin, guard thou the Sword: my lords, essay!

King Nentres.
England is mine, and thus, -

What craft is here?

The brand is frozen in the iron rock,
Cursèd magician, by what evil spell -

Merlin.
Give place, King Nentres, England is not thine.

Duke Brastias.
But mine, and so I lightly win the crown, -
Hell and hell's angels hold thee!

Duke Lucas.

For my hand.

Excalibur and England!

Merlin.

Are not thine.

Sir Breuse.
Pendragon's seed shall reign. Said so the rune?
Here to me, Sword! What, firmer than the hills?
By God I'll rive the ground up from the rock,
The rock from nether hell, but thou shalt come.
What demons hold thy blade? Unsheathe thyself!
Know'st thou not me? It is Pendragon's seed
That grips thee! Devils rend ye Merlin -

Archbishop.

Peace!

Fall back, Sir Breuse, the Sword is not for thee.

(Enter: unperceived, Morgan le Fay.)

Sir Breuse.

Now now, but after: Merlin, mark me well,
I seize the Sword and England, maugre thy spell.

King Uriens.

Then ask me for them, fair Sir Breuse, for now
I claim them. Morgan, aid me, that I gain
Thy dowry and a kingdom.

Merlin.

Stand thou back,

Morgan le Fay, thy gods are helpless here.

Morgan.

Wait for the proof! King, grasp Excalibur
And cry: "Here to me from the Magic Mere
Gods of the sunken sea! Queen Morgan calls,
Win her Excalibur!"

Merlin.

The charm is void.

Morgan.

Wait for the proof!

Merlin.

The charm is void, for so

I shield the Sword and England from thy spell.

(He makes over Excalibur the sign of the cross.)

King Uriens.

So now thou'dst prop thy magic with the sign
Of thy Redeemer when the magic fails;
As men deny their Lord to win the cast
And failing, fall on Him for final aid.
So, I defy thee, black blasphemer, so,
I seize my kingdom. From the Magic Mere
Here to me, demons of the sunken sea!
Queen Morgan calls! Win her Excalibur,
Yield me a kingdom!

Omnes.

See, the Sword is fast!

Merlin.

Morgan le Fay, thy magic lacks the prop
Of righteousness. God gives to whom He will
Knowledge of laws, dominion of unseen,
Unfathomed powers that yet are His alone.
Fools mutter "Magic!" cross themselves aghast,
Granting to God no wisdom save their own,
The which to Him is lisping of a babe,
To Him who made the world, and fixed the laws
Of its endurance. Of His sovereign will,
From time to time, that men may have the light
Wherewith to guide their footsteps through the dark,
He grants some glimpsing vision of that Truth
That in His Being, unto us who stand
As His ambassadors; but know ye well
That whoso wields this wisdom without God
Falls to the nethermost hell.

Morgan.

Where thou art summoned

A little while, mayhap, thou dost prevail,
But swell not with conceit and orgulite,
For thou shalt play the fool. The Sword returns!

(Tumult and confusion without. Enter: Sir Kay and Sir Ector, followed by many people in great disorder.)

Sir Kay.

Lord Bishop, barons, noble knights, to arms!
King Lot of Orkney and King Carados,
The King of Scotland and a myriad knights
Beat down the gates of London. Like a flood
They surge against the ramparts, cresting high
A breaking wave of death. The people quail
Cowering, kingless, in a kingless land,
With none to lead them. Who is chosen?

Merlin.

None.

Sir Kay.

Christ help us! for King Lot is at the gates
Claiming the kingdom for Queen Margawse.

Choose!

For God's love, choose!

Sir Launcelot.

Stand not upon the form
While dolorous peril menaces the land.
Beat back the tide of treason! Follow Gore,
Or Nentres, Brastias, or any knight
That dares to lead us.

Duke Brastias.

Follow me afield,
The crown may rest with Uther.

King Nentres.

Follow me!
While Merlin keeps the Sword, I gain the crown.

Duke Lucas.

Is England won upon the field to-day?
Stand by me, lords, for I will lead the fight.

Omnes.

Who heads us, Merlin?

Merlin.

He who hails the Sword:
None other.

Sir Launcelot.

Merlin, art thou leagued with them
That shatter England?

Merlin.

No, Sir Launcelot.
The king shall come.

Sir Launcelot.

Must we abide thy jest
And stand here waiting while the city falls?
I hear the kings hale down the grinding gates,
And traitor knights prick through the screaming streets
To bait us in this trap.

Sir Kay.

Black traitors all,
For God's love choose!

We may not. He has sent
Excalibur to England, Joseph's Sword
Left long in Avalon, lost ages since,
And held unransomed in the Magic Mere
While Uther lived. Whoso shall draw the Sword
Is rightwise king of England, and none else.

Sir Kay.
So England falls, for Lot is king anon!

Merlin.
So England falls not, for the king shall come.

Sir Kay.
To rule a desert waste!

Archbishop.

God give us aid

As He has given sign. Fall on the Sword,
Barons and knights, who hailes him forth is king.

(The Knights cast themselves about the cross, striving for the Sword. Enter, Arthur.)

Merlin.
"Pendragon passes, now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne."

Arthur.
Lords of the realm, King Lot is on the walls!
Our knights fall from him like the mangled dogs
That roll before a foaming boar at bay.
Sound thou the onset, herald; lords, to arms!

Sir Kay.
They may not answer, for there is no king.

Merlin.
Their eyes are blinded, Arthur, by the hilt
Of some fair Sword that holds within the rock
And comes not forth.

Arthur.

Contend they, sir, for that,
While England falls?

Sir Kay.

Aye, boy, while England falls.

Arthur.

What shame is this? Shall men dispute a sword
Nor use their own to save a kingdom? Fools!
Sir Kay, I pray thee leave, these women folk
Have softened into children, that a sword
Should blind them, baffle them. Sir, give me leave,
I am Sir Ector's squire, I lack a sword.
But give me leave and I shall lightly win
Knighthood, and fight beside thee: give me leave!

Sir Kay.

And blessing, boy.

Merlin.

The hour is on the stroke.

Arthur.

Stand back, ye puling sluggards, is your brawn
Grown fat and futile with your wantonness?
The devil makes men women, now may God
Make men of boys, England is fallen else!

Merlin.

"Pendragon passes, now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon on Pendragon's throne!"

(The Knights about the cross fall back.)

Arthur.

Good Jesu, help me! Come, reluctant Sword!

(He hales the Sword forth, and brandishes it in air.)

Omnes.

The Sword is won, and by a beardless boy!

King Nentres.

The Sword is won! Elaine, thy dowry falls.

Morgan.

The Sword is won! Magician, guard thy craft.

Duke Brastias.

The Sword is won! What bastard gains the goal?

Arthur.

The Sword is won, and lightly, by this arm.
Why stare ye all astonied, good my lords?
Is it so hard to hale a biting blade
From rock that grips it with but half a hand?
Your arms are women's arms, that like your hearts
Halt quaking! Holy father, cry them on,
The toy is mine and I can heave it well.
Now let these whining children draw their swords,
Full heavy for their futile hands. A king
Baleful, black-hearted, hammers at our gates.
I call a challenge, shall I fight alone?

The Commons.

Hail to the King of England!

Arthur.

Where's the king,

Save Uther's corpse? Nathless a rotting king
Best leads dead warriors.

The Commons.

Hail to England's king!

Excalibur is won! Lead us to war!

Arthur.

Who wins Excalibur?

Merlin.

Look in thy hand.

Arthur.

What Sword is this?

The Commons.

Excalibur!

Arthur.

Ye lie!

Lie in your teeth: magician, name this Sword.

Merlin.

Excalibur.

Archbishop.

Who art thou?

Arthur.

Arthur.

The Commons.

Hail,

Arthur of England, rightwise king and lord!

Arthur.

Call ye me king?

The Commons.

Aye, King of England.

Sir Breuse.

No!

I challenge thee!

King Nentres.

I challenge thee!

King Uriens.

And I!

The Barons.

King Uther's seed shall reign, no lowborn knave
Propped with the magic of a sorcerer.

The Knights.

A squire for England's king? What shame is this?

Duke Brastias.

No bastard reigns in England!

Arthur.

Hold thy cry,

Thou foul-mouthed carrion crow! My blood is clean
And with this Sword I'll prove it. Fair Sir Kay,
Thou art my father: tell him, ere I cleave
His mocking mouth and feed my hungry blade.

The Commons.

Arthur is king: we'll have none other!

Archbishop.

Peace!

Merlin, thou art the warder of the Sword,
Speak, if thou know'st an answer. Is this he
That reigns in England as Pendragon's son?

Merlin.
Sir Kay, give thou the answer.

Sir Kay.
King and liege,
Upon my knees I swear thee fealty.

Sir Ector.
And I, O King of England.

Arthur.
How, to me
Thou kneelest father, and thou, Ector? Speak!
Why yield ye homage to the youngest born?

Sir Kay.
For that thou art Pendragon's son, and lord.

The Commons.
King Uther's son!

The Barons.
The king's son!

Sir Launcelot.
How is this?
King Uther died, and passed, devoid of heir.

Duke Brastias.
No bastard reigns in England!

Merlin.
Cease your clamour,
While from the misty caverns of the night
I raise a vision that shall wash your eyes
Of cloudy sleep. Arthur is rightwise king,
For by his hand Excalibur is drawn
To carve a nation from the wreck of worlds.
Son to King Uther, got on Queen Igraine
Ere yet the Church had blessed the king's great love,

Arthur Pendragon holds Pendragon's throne.

Duke Brastias.

So now I see two bastards in the field,
Arthur Pendragon, Breuse saunce Pité,
Choose, lords and commons, bastards have the day.

The Commons.

Arthur for England!

The Barons.

We'll no baseborn king!

The Commons.

Arthur for England!

The Knights.

Out upon his name!

Arthur.

Have I no word in this? I win the Sword.
Uther Pendragon was my father. Well,
England is mine. Will any meet my stroke?
Here stand I ready.

Sir Breuse.

If my father's lust
Sowed thine untimely seed in others' fields
Ere yet my day was come, his blood is mine.
"Pendragon's seed shall reign." 'Tis mine or thine,
Brother, I need thy life. Hurl up thy blade!

Archbishop.

Once more I charge ye under pain of ban
Strike home your swords! Merlin, is there no choice?

Merlin.

Aye, between son and bastard; Breuse, thy claim
Is null and void, Arthur is Uther's son.

Sir Breuse.

And I as well.

Merlin.

Born out of wedlock. Hear,
Ye men of England. When the king was hot

With fire of love for Igraine, Cornwall's duke
Lay far afield, and Uther had his will.
But ere befell the crowning of his love
The Duke of Cornwall died upon the field
And Uther knew it not. But when Igraine
Grew great with England's hope and gave him birth
Tintagail stood beleaguered of the gods
That Jesu Christ had prisoned in the Mere,
For well they read the rune that gave them word
How on a day should come Pendragon's seed,
The which would lightly cast them deep in hell
And ransom England. By their subtile hands
Was Igraine reft of Arthur, and the child
Hurled downward to the sea. The friendly waves
Softly received him, bore him to my feet
And laid him scathless in my shielding arms;
So then I lightly gave him to Sir Kay
To rear him as his son. Anon, the king
Wedded Igraine, and she was England's queen,
So Arthur stands, Pendragon's lawful son.

Arthur.

So stand I, men of England, Uther's son,
And rightwise king from sea to crawling sea.
Swear me allegiance! While we parley here
Like old wives chaffering scandal, Orkney's king
Leaguers the walls of London. When the waves
Rack the tough timbers of a sinking ship
And hell gapes wide where howling breakers yawn,
Do men contend who shall be master? On!
I cry you, On! Arthur for England, On!

King Nentres.

Better that England falls than Arthur reigns.

King Uriens.

Merlin, thy magic wins no men to-day.

Sir Breuse.

No bastard brother shall command my sword.

King Nentres.

Give us a true king, Bishop, or we fail.

Sir Kay.

Stand by me, Ector! King, our swords are thine.

Certain Knights.
And mine, and mine! King, marshal us for war.

The Commons.
Arthur for England!

A Citizen.
Bishop, give us word,
That we may arm us from these traitor knaves.

The Barons.
Treason!

King Uriens.
The churls lift hands against our lives!
Thou jester king, hale thou thy nobles home.

Arthur.
Shall I fight Lot alone, ye traitor brood?

Sir Kay.
No, for I fight beside thee!

Sir Ector.
Sir, and I!

Sir Launcelot.
And I, King Arthur: for that thou art king
My soul gives answer. But wert thou the last
Of villains with a barred and blotted shield
I'd fight beside thee, for thou art a man
Amongst black traitors.

The Commons.
Hail to Launcelot!

Merlin.
Now do I know that I must work alone
To save this land and give it back to God.
There was a day when wives gave birth to babes
And nurtured them for heroes: not to rats
That waxed to bloated vermin. Fat with spleen,
Yellow with jealousy, ye barter life,
England and honour for your belching pride.
What would ye have?

The Barons.

A proof, foul Merlin, proof!

Arthur.

And ye shall have it, if the Lord will speak
In otherwise than by a thunderbolt
To hurl ye back to hell, whence came ye forth
To do disworship to your chivalry.

(He kneels before King Uther's bier.)

O thou, that gav'st me life, thou king of men,
My father, hear me! From that awful land
When thou art walking with the saints of God
Hear me and save thy kingdom. Speak to these
Thy liegemen; tell them that I am thy son,
Nor knave nor bastard, but great England's king.
Save thou thy people!

(The dead king lifts his hand, removes the crown from his brow, and with it crowns Arthur.)

Omnes.

Look! Christ Jesu! Look!

Archbishop.

To Thee, O Christ, and to Thee, Lord of Hosts,
Be praise forever!

Merlin.

Are ye satisfied,
That hounded God until He gave ye proof?

Duke Lucas.

It is enough. With all my men at arms
I yield thee, king, liege love and loyalty.

Arthur.

My honour take for guerdon. King of Gore,
Dost thou confess me rightwise overlord?

Morgan.

Deny him, king, and thou shalt wear the crown.

King Uriens.

Shall Gore be vassal to a changeling, crowned
By sorcery with England's coronet?
I solemnly deny thee.

Arthur.

Go thy ways;
Anon I'll meet thee in the reeking field,
And on thy body prove thy treason. Speak,
Nentres of Garlot!

King Nentres.

I have spoken, fool!
Now comes the deed. I join with Scotland's king,
With Gore and Carados. The stolen crown
Falls from thy head ere sunset.

Arthur.

Brastias,
Dost thou deny me?

Duke Brastias.

I am sworn to fight
For England, and I stand beside thee, king,
If that thou art. I tell thee to thy face
If, when the fight is won and England free,
I find thee but a crownèd bastard, then
By God, I'll hurl thee headlong from the throne
And ask no priest to shrive me of my sin!

Arthur.

Well spoken, Brastias: give me thy hand,
And if Pendragon's blood flows not to-day
From out my sundered veins, I give thee leave
To snatch the crown I reached no hand to win.
Garlot and Gore, lightly avoid our sight
Until we meet ye, traitors, in the field.
Now, herald, sound the onset. Knights, to arms!
Arthur for England!

(Flourish of trumpets. The Barons and Knights kneel before Arthur, swearing
allegiance.)

Sir Breuse.

But not yet for me.
Queen Morgan, art thou helpless in the blaze
Of Merlin's mockery? Hast thou no spell

To blast this folly?

Morgan.

Wait a little, Breuse;

I know no spell to match with marching time
To wash men's minds of madness. Follow me,
Wait patiently. Thou know'st I love thee, knight,
And I do swear the crown shall clinch thy brow
When Arthur rots.

King Nentres.

My lord of Gore,

Why dally we among these daffish dupes?
The road is open for us. Follow, knights!
We fight with Orkney, Arthur fights alone.

(Exeunt King Nentres, King Uriens, Sir Breuse, and certain of the Knights.)

Merlin.

Bright in the blazing zenith flames the sun
Of England's dawn. King, cry the onset!

Arthur.

Come,

Liegemens of England's crown; for England's king,
And so for England, let your impatient swords
Menace the sun with lightnings; let the horns
In brazen clamour hurl the word abroad
That England's king brooks no disloyalty
Of prince or peasant, while his faithful knights
Die, if God wills, but suffer no disdain
To fall upon their lord who is their land.
War waits us; England watches; God has heard.

(Exeunt Arthur, the Barons, Knights, and Commons, singing the war song. The Archbishop and Monks re-enter the cathedral chanting, "Te Deum laudamus." Merlin remains standing on the steps of the cross, regarding Morgan, who remains by Uther's bier, gazing on him with defiance.)

WAR SONG

Sun, see us,
Wind, hear us,
Earth, feel us hurling on.
God, free us,
Who near us

brings foemen whirling on.

Christ, guide us,
saints, arm us,
Lady Mary, lead us now!
None abide us
hurt or harm us:
King and kindred need us now!

Merlin.
Pendragon passes, now Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne.
A kingdom passes, now a kingdom's king
Shall raise a kingdom for the King of kings.

Curtain.

SCENE II. Carlion. The crown of a low, wooded hill: the royal pavilion in the midst. In front Sir Pelleas, lying wounded, Ettard nursing him. Around are other Knights with Monks dressing their wounds. Sunset: the sound of battle without. Enter at a galop, Sir Tor.

Sir Pelleas.
How goes the fight?

Sir Tor.
As some enormous flood
That thunders down the mountain, rolling on
Inexorable.

Sir Pelleas.
Stay, for God's love, Tor,
And ease my wounds with word of victory.
The king prevails?

Sir Tor.
Thou speakest as a fool!
The boy fights even as St. Michael fought,
And rebel kings fall headlong from his stroke
As fell the devil's angels. Stay me not,
I ride with word for Launcelot.

(Exit)

Sir Pelleas.

Sir Tor!

He goes, and all my wounds burst out afresh.
Ettard, I follow him! Give me my shield!

Ettard.
Nay, sweet, fair knight, bethink thee of thy case,
Thou could'st not lift a sword; see how thine arm
Turns rebel to thine whole, unwounded will.
Abide a little.

Sir Pelleas.
Aye, and house me here
Like any whining churl, the while the fight
Roars loud and lusty, howling in mine ear
To rise and follow. Give me drink! My shield!
Ettard, bring me my shield! If I must die
At least I'll die where steel is biting steel,
Not in a woman's arms.

Ettard.
Thou shalt not die,
For here I hold thee, maugre thy headlong will.
See, dear my lord, thou canst not rive the clasp
Of my two arms, and wouldst thou lead the fight?
Content thyself.

Sir Pelleas.
Out on the scurvy knave
That did me this disworship!

(Enter Duke Lucas, wounded.)

Who is come,
Forspent, and gaping with such grimly wounds?
Sir knight, what word?

Duke Lucas.
The day is well-nigh won,
But for this vile and most felonious wound
I needs must lose the glory of the end.
Certes, the villain that did me this trick
Fell, cleft in halves unto the saddle bow,
But all too late.

Sir Pelleas.
Look thou to him, Ettard,
He falls. Sir monk, come hither: look afield,

Canst thou see ought?

Monk.

Naught, save a whirling storm
Of dust that rolls in dun and sullen clouds
Along the meadows. Think not of the battle
But of thyself: perchance thou art to die.
Art thou assoiled?

Sir Pelleas.

Death lingers not for me,
Do as I bid thee: tell me of the fight.

Monk.

The cloud is broken: towards the sinking sun
A thousand - nay, ten thousand men drive on
Dismayed, disordered.

Sir Pelleas.

Whose the banner? Speak!

Monk.

I mark no banner, but the shields are round.

Sir Pelleas.

St. George, an altar for thee, 'tis the Scots!
What else?

Monk.

The dust is lifted like a fog:
East, north, and south men hurl across the plain,
And on their flanks swords flash as lightning. Ha!
I mark the crest of Garlot.

Sir Pelleas.

Fleeing, monk?

Monk.

Aye, like a champion coursing down the lists,
So fast.

Sir Pelleas.

The king, canst see the king?

Monk.

Not yet.

Hold! by the Mass, the fight is at an end.
A mighty shout comes winging on the wind,
And down the field the dragon-crested knights
Come spurring wonderly.

Sir Pelleas.

God save the king!

Duke Lucas.
What cry is that? Quick, lift me higher, girl!
Who says the fight is won?

Monk.

The king, the king!

The pageant opens, and I see him ride
With whirling sword before the shouting knights;
God save King Arthur!

Sir Pelleas.

Grip me round the waist
And lift me, so, good monk: I see the king!

Omnes.
God save King Arthur!

Hail Pendragon!

Hail!

(Enter: King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Sir Tor, Sir Ector, Sir Kay, Duke Brastias, and Knights, mounted.)

King Arthur.
So fight the saints for England, and the tide
Of treason that rose darkling on the land
To 'whelm Pendragon's House and heritage,
Is halted, broken, utterly dispersed
In shallow ripples sobbing o'er the fields.
Now soars the Dragon to the shouting sky,
Exalted high, unchallenged, undismayed;
England is free, for God has won the day!

Sir Launcelot.
By thee, King Arthur, for thy royal hand
Struck down the enemies of England's crown
As I thought not to see the like thereof.
Thine was the victory, for since he rode,
The king, thy father, in the latest fight,

And heaved his mighty sword, with palsied arm
Made iron by the grace of England's God,
Such prowess has not been.

Sir Pelleas.

King Arthur, hail!
God save the man that saved a kingdom!

Omnes.

Hail!
God save the king!

King Arthur.

Give me no honour, lords;
What brought I, save the brawn of rugged arms?
If ye would glorify the holy thing
That won the day, look on this awful Sword
That hews untrammelled victory, whoe'er
May hap to wield him. Hail Excalibur,
And heap your thanks on Merlin, not on me.

Sir Launcelot.

On thee and Merlin and Excalibur
All England casts the tribute of her praise,
But thou art first for that thou art the king,
And he that climbs to clutch the royal crown
From off thy riven helmet, from this day
Must reckon first on dolorous debate
With every man that backed thee in the field.

Sir Brastias.

And first with me; I want the trick of words,
That am for fighting, not for parliament,
But I confess thee king. My sword is thine;
What Brastias gives he takes not back again.

King Arthur.

As I am king, I pledge Pendragon's name
Thou gainest, Brastias, no cause from me
To ask it ever.

Sir Launcelot.

Come, victorious king.
Avoid thy steed for easing of thy limbs,
The while thou dost refresh thy taxed strength
With meat and drink: we fight no more to-day.

Rest on thy victory.

King Arthur.

Give me thine hand,
And for a narrow space I'll halt me here
The while my hounds shall harry to their holes
The crownèd wolves of treason. Fair Sir Tor,
Look thou that all the knights and men at arms
Be well disposed. Of thy good grace, Sir Kay,
I pray thee see that all who are on live,
Yet sorely wounded, have such ministry
As fits their case; and thou, Sir Launcelot,
Hold thou by me: I need thy councilment.

(Exeunt all but King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, Duke Lucas, and Monk.)

Duke Lucas.

Death frights me not, now I have seen the sun
Go down upon this wondrous victory.
Lift me, good monk: king, I am sore bested
With searching wounds. I may not see thee fight
Again for England, but if I must die
I die thy vassal.

King Arthur.

'Tis Duke Lucas's voice
That hails me from a mask of sorry wounds!
The sun of victory is in eclipse
If thou art sinking towards a grievous end.
Grip hard upon the hilt of life, my lord,
And thou shalt brandish it against the foe
On many fields ere yet thy day is done.

Duke Lucas.

I fear me, king, my sun is on the rim
Of death's horizon. Let it go: content
Am I to follow, now the field is won.

King Arthur.

That shalt thou not. Good father, guard him well,
And thou shalt be an abbot for thy pains.
Would well my Merlin followed in the field,
For he is skilled in cunning medicine.
Has any seen him?

(Exit Duke Lucas and Monk.)

Sir Launcelot.

Aye, King Arthur, horsed
Upon a frightful steed as black as hell,
That gnashed with foaming teeth and bloody jaws
Against the horses whilst his master fought:
A baleful spectacle.

King Arthur.

Did Merlin fight?
Meseemed his weapons were the fateful stars,
His hauberk fearsome magic.

Sir Launcelot.

Aye, he fought,
And wonderly, for whereso'er he rode
The traitors opened from him in amaze,
Nor could endure the lightning of his eye.

King Arthur.

'Tis very strange: but marvels fall as rain
Each day in England. Tell me, Launcelot,
The while we drink and quench the flame of fight,
Bore I myself as fits Pendragon's son
There in the press of battle?

Sir Launcelot.

Good my lord,
St. Michael in the charge of heavenly hosts
Against the devil fought not in such wise.

King Arthur.

Nay, answer not with any courtier's tongue,
I crave no words of fawning flattery.
Speak as a provèd knight unto a squire
That feutred maiden spear along the lists
And rides victorious. Was is it rightly done?
Pardie! I know not.

Sir Launcelot.

Aye, 'twas bravely done.
And thou hast routed, not alone the foe,
Orkney and Carados, the King of Scots,
The traitor Garlot - God alone can tell
The number of the kings - but more than all
Thou hast o'erthrown the last of them that mocked

Against thy majesty.

King Arthur.

God grant 'tis so,
But flame stamped out oft bursts again anew.
I would the day were ten good years ago
When I did gain the crown.

Sir Launcelot.

Ten years of years
Could fix it no more firmly on thy brow.
Pendragon's blood confirms Pendragon's seed.

King Arthur.

How runs the rune, Sir knight? "Pendragon's seed
Shall slay Pendragon:"

Sir Launcelot.

Nay, "Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne."

King Arthur.

I think me of the other.

Sir Launcelot.

Why, my lord?

King Arthur.

For that the fire of fight within my veins
Is fading, and the dark of coming things
Looms close upon me. Tell me, Launcelot,
Wouldst thou be king?

Sir Launcelot.

Aye, sir, an' thou wert not.

King Arthur.

Take thou the crown!

Sir Launcelot.

What jest is this, King Arthur?

King Arthur.

No jest, good Launcelot, as I do find.
Seven days I've called it mine, and on each day
It waxed a pound in weight. A weary thing,

An irksome, weary thing, a royal crown;
Yet men would sell their souls to feel it cling
Around their brows, and hate it when 'twas won.

(Enter Merlin at back.)

Sir Launcelot.
This sadness likes me not.

King Arthur.

'Tis gone again.

A passing mood begotten of the mist
That blots the future: think no more of it.
My Launcelot, a most untoward thing
Is this that meets me: for a maiden joust
Fierce war with mighty kings, and for the prize
A crown and kingdom.

Merlin.

It is well contrived

To match the marvels that shall follow, king.
Upon the deep foundation thou hast laid
This day, shall rise a fabric such as men
Saw not, nor shall again. Great England's crown
Shall widen in its circuit till it rings
An empire that would blind with sore amaze
High Cæsar thronèd in the crowding walls
Of awful Rome. For such high destiny
Most meet it is the crown come on this wise.

King Arthur.
I give thee greeting, Merlin: knight thou art
And no more wizard, but a man of war,
Therefore, Childe Merlin art thou. Gentle knight,
How like ye warfare? Were the stars unkind
That thou should'st flout them for a naked sword?
Nathless I thank thee, for upon the oath
Of chivalry, I do believe the day
Was won by thee.

Merlin.

Mock me no jest, Sir king,
For years and wisdom cannot curb the hand
That itches for a sword when steel and steel
Are clanging music in the listening ear
No more of that; thou art anointed king

With traitors' blood: the chrism of my lord
Of Canterbury can avail no more.
So now, to horse, and ride for Camelot!

King Arthur.
And let the traitor foxes find their holes,
Nor scourge them for their treason?

Merlin.

Let them be.

Already on their borders press the foe,
And flame and slaughter hotly call them home;
They may not hinder thee. The war is done,
Now statecraft clamours for thee.

King Arthur.

I am fain

To harry them a little - Ha! Sir Tor,
What tidings of the chase?

(Enter Sir Tor.)

Sir Tor.

The sky is clear.

Like fleeting mist before the rising sun,
The foe has melted into little clouds
That, driven by the wind of victory,
Scud aimless, formless, blind with blanching fear.
Shall we pursue?

Merlin.

Bethink thee well, King Arthur.

King Arthur.
Call back the knights, we rest here till the dawn;
To-morrow we will lie at Camelot
And call a Parliament.

(Exit Sir Tor.)

Merlin.

'Tis well resolved.

Thou hast approved thy right to wear the crown,
Upon the field. Prove thou the sceptre thine,
The sword of justice and the golden orb,
As thou shalt prove them in thy Parliament,

And thou art king indeed.

(Enter Sir Kay.)

Sir Kay.

My lord, a vassal
But lately fighting 'gainst thy majesty
Is come, repentant of his evil mood,
To do thee worship.

King Arthur.

We will greet him kindly;
Bring him before us.

Merlin.

King, be on thy guard!
There's more of treason than the bearing arms
Against thee in the field.

King Arthur.

I am the King
Of England, - all of England, - and I hold
No hatred 'gainst a vassal that repents
Of treason, asking pardon.

(Enter King Uriens and Queen Morgan.)

King of Gore,
And thou, our sister, welcome!

Merlin (aside)

Loathly witch,
I scent thy craft in this! Now Merlin, watch,
For danger climbs the steps of Arthur's throne.

Morgan.

King Arthur, here we yield us to thy grace.
Thou art approvèd king: in vassalage
We humbly kneel and swear liege loyalty.

King Arthur.

Thou art our sister, Morgan, but not king:
So let him speak.

King Uriens.

I do confess the proof

And hail thee King of England.

King Arthur.

On thy knees
Thou shalt swear fealty at Camelot
To-morrow. Seneschal, into thy charge
We give the King of Gore, and Morgan, queen,
And sister unto England.

Merlin.

Guard them shrewdly,
Sir Kay, but look thou to the lady
With double cunning.

Morgan.

So, the sorcerer
Still props the throne! We do confess the king,
But not his master, Merlin.

Merlin.

As thou shalt!

(Enter: Sir Ector and Duke Brastias.)

Sir Ector.

My lord, Sir Ulfius is well returned
From hounding Lot adown the western wind,
And with him bruit of war hard here at hand
By Rience, King of Wales, 'gainst thine ally,
Leodegrance, King of Cameliard.

Sir Launcelot.

How say'st thou, sir?

King Arthur.

Is Rience loose again?
I hate him well, the wolfish King of Wales.
A most felonious, false-hearted knave,
While King Leodegrance held by our House
In hearty friendship. How says Ulfius
Touching the battle, Ector?

Sir Ector.

King Rience
Prevails most wonderly. Leodegrance
Is prisoned in his castle, close beset

By howling hoards of lewd and savage men
That cease not from the siege. The king is lost
If succour comes not swiftly.

Sir Launcelot.

Jesu Christ,
Hold back the hasty sun!

King Arthur.

How say ye, lords?
We are forefoughten, but the peril looms
Close on Leodegrance. Shall we essay
This brave adventure?

Duke Brastias.

Wait until the morrow,
We cannot fight with bodies that cry out
For mercy. March at dawn; Leodegrance
Must hold a little longer.

Sir Launcelot.

Good my lord,
In God's name grant this boon that on my knees
I ask of thee! March for Cameliard
This night, this very hour! Thou knowest not
That all my life is prisoned with the king,
And even now, mayhap, the black Rience
Is bursting through the walls to hale them forth,
Thine ally, and the lady Guenever
That I do love. King Arthur, give no heed
To cautious council, but be moved by me
If thou dost love me.

King Arthur.

Fair Sir Launcelot,
Thy love leaps with my liking. Sound the horns,
And strike the camp as lightly as ye may.
On to Cameliard!

(Trumpet without. Enter many Knights.)

Sir Launcelot.

My life is thine,
King Arthur, ask it of me when ye will.
On to Cameliard!

King Arthur.

My lords, my knights,
My hardy men of England, King Rience,
The which we loath since he doth hate us well
And holds against us, strikes Leodegrance,
Our sworn ally. Around the castle walls
A rabble army all disworshipful
Howls loud for blood and booty. We are knights,
Sworn by our knighthood ever to afford
All aid to them that suffer evil hap.
For high adventure march we forth to-night
Into Cameliard. To-morrow's sun
Shall see us well discharged of our devoir,
And Rience beaten back into his lair.
Let honour stay our hunger, ease our limbs,
Here rest we not. Cry, "Death to King Rience!"
On, for the worship of our chivalry!

(Exeunt, leaving Merlin standing before the pavilion, King Uriens and Queen Morgan at back. The stage is quite dark.)

Merlin (seating himself beneath the pavilion.).
All passeth as an ordered pageantry,
And without hinderance the great design
That gathered perfect form within my brain
Takes shape and substance. So I stand with God,
Who did conceive the project of a world
And give it being, in that I may weave
A splendid fabric where the warp and woof
Are little lives that, like a tangled web
Of knotting threads, would break and haul awry
Did I not play the part of destiny.

Morgan.
See where the grim magician sits him down
Upon the throne of his poor puppet king
In guise of majesty. 'Tis well devised;
He is the king!

King Uriens.
And must we bear with this
That hold the throne of right from Queen Igraine,
Nor lift a hand against this trickery?

Morgan.
Thy sword is by thee, strike for England now!

King Uriens.
The king is gone.

Morgan.
The king is in thy reach!

King Uriens.
How mean ye, Merlin?

Morgan.
Hush! he speaks again.

Merlin.
What man is there would crouch beneath a crown
And be the target of a thousand swords,
When he might stand unseen behind the throne
To marshal armies, overthrow estates,
And fashion kingdoms by his sovereign will?
There lies the potency of royalty
Hid in a little word. Prevailing will,
The essence of the Godhead, and the sign
That shows in man the imagery of God.

King Uriens (aside).
Shall I not strike him now?

Morgan.
Unless thine arm
Is palsied with thy years. Give me the sword!

King Uriens.
I am no dotard, topling on the brim
Of black eternity.

Morgan.
Then strike thou home!

(Uriens approaches Merlin from the back of the pavilion and lifts his sword to stab him.)

Merlin.
What menace threatens me?

(He rises: Uriens strikes him from behind, the sword turning blunted from the stroke.)

Fool! I kill thee not,

For that thou art none other than the tool
Of one that is hell's proxy in the fight
Betwixt us. Morgan, lightly stand thou forth
The while I give thee council.

Morgan.

Mark me, then,

For like a bloodhound nosing down the trail
I follow thee, Sir Merlin, to the end.

Merlin.

With weapon such as this? I would not move
An hand's breath from my course for fear thereof.
Thy wit forsakes thee, Morgan, dost thou think
To cope with Merlin? Marshal in their might
The quaking spirits of the Magic Mere
And hurl them on me, they shall fright me not
Nor let me from my labour. I am he
That God has made His deputy on earth.
I am incarnate will, and I abide
Forever scathless. Thou art futile craft
And this thy tool is blind and senseless force.
Shall either match me that am perfect will
Untrammelled, unconditioned? Get thee gone
And sink thy deep dishonour in the sea,
Nor sally forth to mock me with the jest
Of potent hinderance. I am thy lord,
For I am will and wisdom, and I stand
Unhampered of thine idle enmity
Until my task is ended: until God
Reigns absolute in England, and the day
Of righteousness shall lighten on the land.
My will prevails: content thee with thy doom.

Curtain.

SCENE III. Cameliard. Before the castle of King Leodegrance. Enter: King Rience, mounted, and with him Knights, Men-at-arms, and Bowmen. Before dawn.

King Rience.

Now breaks the day of triumph to our arms!
Too long, my men of Wales, Leodegrance,
Chased like a fox to cover, flouts our might
And holds his haughty castle that uprears
A menace to our kingship. Once again
Assail the dragon's nest, and hale him forth

To die disworshipfully. Sound the horns,
And hurl against the rocky fastness, doomed,
Ere yet the laggard sun lifts on the world,
To fall in ragged splinters round the king
That thinks to halt Rience with stony walls.
This day is mine. Good herald, sound the horns!

(Trumpets. Enter above: King Leodegrance and Knights.)

King Leodegrance.
Hold back thy men, Rience, and give thy tongue
To gentle parley, ere the dreadful shock
Of grimly war distains the breaking day.
Declare thy quarrel, that with savage arms
Thou wagest battle 'gainst my kingdom.

King Rience.

So!

The orgulous monarch turns to mellow speech
When warfare helps him not. Leodegrance,
I fight thee for that I do loathe thy name
All blazonèd with epithets of praise,
For that thou dost revile me for a knave,
For that thou art a vassal to the fool
Uther Pendragon.

King Leodegrance.

Uther lieth dead:

Pendragon dieth never. I am sworn
In loyal friendship to that royal House,
Wherefore I die if God so wills my death,
But never shall forget my knightly oath.

King Rience.

Why then, thou diest, king. Cameliard
I hold in fee before the lifting sun
Hangs in mid-heaven. Archers, bend your bows!

King Leodegrance.

Once more, King Rience, answer my appeal;
What then befalls me if I swing the gates
And yield my castle?

King Rience.

Four flame-branded steeds

To rend thy carcase! This for thee, Sir king,

And for thy squeaking women, each a man,
A stalwart wolf of Wales, to dry their tears
And give them joy before their death to-night.
For me thy scornful daughter, Guenever;
So now, swing wide thy gates!

King Leodegrance.

Thou damnèd cur,
Hell howls to grip thee in its grinning jaws!
An' we must die, we die not by thy hand.
The castle thou dost covet is a tomb
Heaped high with corpses, if ye breach the walls
In black despite of God.

King Rience.

A brave reply,
Thou wintry-pated miscreant. Think well
Before thou holdest longer. Strike a blow
Once more to-day against my majesty
And I will crucify thee on the walls
And shame thy daughter in thy dying eyes!

King Leodegrance.

Bring forth thy legions out of yawning hell
And ring my castle with consuming flame
Until it melts, and pours in blazing streams
Along the screaming meadows. I endure,
And flaunt Pendragon's banner in thy teeth!

King Rience.

See, wolves of Wales, the dragon, drunk with dole,
Crawls fearsomely upon his battlements
Intent to stay my hand. Give me a bow!
By God, I'll nail the dotard to his shield
With this my mighty arm. Give me a bow!

(Trumpets. The ramparts above fill with bowmen. Rience's force bring scaling ladders
and mount and fight on the walls.)

King Leodegrance.

God fights with us against unrighteous Wales.
Hurl on them, knights, the day is lost not yet.

King Rience.

Heave up the catapult and breach the walls!
Bring in the ram and split the guarding gates!

One little hour, my wolves, and ye shall lie
With glutton maws, beneath the drowsy shade
Of blooming orchards.

(Enter: King Nentres of Garlot, mounted.)

King Nentres.

Hail, great King Rience!

Nentres of Garlot am I, and I come
To fight with thee if thou wilt league with me
Against the wittol that has filched the crown
Of England, backed by scurvy sorcery.

King Rience.

Marshal your shields along the leaping ram
For cover of the men. So, now essay!
Garlot, I need thee not, but for the hate
I bear Pendragon I will stand with thee.
Back, men, and to't again! How came ye here,
Nentres of Garlot?

King Nentres.

From a grim debate

With traitor knights that back the bastard king.

King Rience.

That did thee hurt? Gramercy for thine aid!
Ha, well sped! Sirrah, to the catapult,
And bid the captain load with blazing brands;
Once more against the gates!

King Nentres.

Nay, King Rience,

The rebels fled along the hiding night
Distraught with dole.

King Rience.

Crave thou no booty, king;

This castle is for me and for my men;
Ye gain no part thereof.

King Nentres.

Nor ask the same.

For guerdon give me aid to overthrow
Pendragon.

King Rience.

Not for guerdon, but for hate.
Thou winnest worship not of me to-day
That standest prating while we toil amain.
Get thee within the fight!

(Enter: A Welch Knight.)

How now, thou fool?
What sears thy face with fear?

A Knight.

My lord, my lord!
The forest turns to grim and armed knights
Fierce, dragon-crested, raging on our flank
With savage fury!

King Rience.

Damn thee, traitor king!
Is this thy work?

King Nentres.

I swear I knew it not!
God's wounds, it is King Arthur! We are done:
The heavenly host 'gainst him may not prevail.
Save thou thyself, King Rience!

(Exit.)

King Rience.

Turn, my knights!
Give o'er the siege until we stay the fool
That hinders us when our enhungered fangs
Are at the quarry's throat. Come on, my wolves,
And make a mock of England!

(Exeunt, King Rience and the Welsh Knights. Enter, above: King Leodegrance.)

King Leodegrance.

Jesu Christ,
Thy hand is stretched to save! A miracle!
My men, a miracle! Who does God will?
Mine eyes are lightless and I scarce can see.
Tell me, Sir knight, who by the grace of Christ
Has turned the tide of battle?

All is hid
 Within a rolling cloud. A myriad men
 As they were like a plague of summer gnats
 Fall on Rience.

King Leodegrance.
Canst thou not mark their crest?

A Knight.
By all the saints, 'tis England aids us, king!
The dragon flashes through the seething storm,
Pendragon comes!

Omnes.
God save Pendragon's name,
All hail, great England, hail! Pendragon comes!

(Enter: English and Welsh Knights fighting. They pass across the stage.)

King Leodegrance.
Down to the port and swing the labouring gates!
On, for the worship of Cameliard,
And smite the wolves of Wales in open field!
God wins the day, Cameliard is free.

(Exit: from above, King Leodegrance and the Knights. The gates open. Enter: From the castle, many men, who exit shouting, -)

Omnes.
Leodegrance, Pendragon, and set on!

(Enter, mounted: King Arthur and King Rience, fighting.)

King Arthur.
This day wipes out the shame on Uther's name,
Rience, thou diest!

King Rience. Damn thee, villain!

(Enter, above: Guenever, Ysed, and other women.)

Guenever.

See!

Rience is mastered by a doughty knight.

God save thee, sir, strike down the mocking knave!

King Arthur.

My worship to ye, gentle ladies. King,
Yield thee a recreant!

King Rience.

Not if thou wert God!
Guard thyself!

Guenever.

Sweet Ysed, it is the king
That reigns in Uther's stead, for see, the crown
Clings 'round the Dragon.

Ysed.

Oh, the king is slain!
He falls along his steed!

(Enter: Sir Launcelot. He rushes against Rience. Arthur reels in the saddle.)

Guenever.

God sends him succour.
What favour flutters round the bruised helm
Of him that presses hotly on Rience?
My favour! Launcelot, 'tis Launcelot!

(Rience falls.)

Ysed.

He falls, King Rience falls!

King Arthur.

Nay, Launcelot,
Thou dost unkindly by me. I was fain
To win this worship.

Sir Launcelot.

Art thou wounded, king?

King Arthur.

Whole, hardy, and unscathed. 'Twas but a blow
That blotted reason for a little space.
The day is won!

Guenever.

God save thee, gentle king,
Thou hast delivered us! Sir Launcelot,
Look hitherward, dost know me, Launcelot?

Sir Launcelot.
Aye, lady, as I know the favour twined
Around my helm, and I do love thee well.

Guenever.
Hold thou thy station! Follow me, Ysed,
While with the king my father we do come
To lay our woship before England's feet.

(Exeunt.)

King Arthur.
Why now I win a fight and thou a maid!
Give me thy guerdon and I yield thee mine.
How say'st thou, Launcelot?

Sir Launcelot.
My noble king,
Were all the world within thy proffered hand
I'd cast it from me, resting well content
With that I have.

(Enter: from the castle King Leodegrance, Guenever, Ysed, and many Knights and Ladies. Enter from the field: Sir Kay, Sir Ector, Sir Tor, Duke Brastias, and many Knights. King Arthur dismounts.)

Omnes.
God save great England's king!

King Leodegrance.
Where is the servant of the living God
Come down from Heaven to save Cameliard?
Let me behold him.

King Arthur.
King Leodegrance,
Arthur Pendragon is Pendragon still,
And holds by them King Uther loved withal;
Give me thy hand.

King Leodegrance.
Upon my palsied knees

I thank thee, King of England.

King Arthur.

God forbend

That thou shouldst kneel, that art so reverend
And white with years.

King Leodegrance.

My daughter Guenever,

Do homage unto England!

King Arthur.

Lady fair,

My homage unto thee in place thereof,
For, by mine oath of knighthood, fair thou art
And matched by none in all the crowded world;
Wherefore take thou my worship. Launcelot,
I pray thee, come! Sir knight, the crown is thine
Upon condition.

Sir Launcelot.

Sir, I crave it not,

But only this.

(He kneels, kissing Guenever's hand.)

King Arthur.

Why now the sun is gone,

And victory is but a hollow name.
My brother of Cameliard, we two
Will sit forlorn about the patient board
And talk full sadly of the emptiness
Of martial triumph. Who would win a fight
And find the guerdon gained the fame thereof,
While others reap the booty? Come, my lords,
We will within, and while we ease us well,
Drink deep the health of King Leodegrance
And of the flower of women, Guenever.

Curtain.

ACT II

SCENE I. - Camelot. The shore of the Magic Mere, seen close at hand through tall, slim trees. In the midst a silken pavilion open on all sides. Dame Columbe,

Guenever, Ysed, and Ettard; Sir Launcelot, Sir Pelleas, Sir Tor, and Sir Kay, lying on the grass.

Columbe.

Sweet damozel, sing me that song again:
Full dolorous it is and wet with tears,
Yet glad withal, as one should weep with joy
Of life that is too sweet with brimming bliss.

Guenever.

Nay, Lady Columbe, pray you let it pass,
A true thing said rings false if said again.
Sang I not true?

Columbe.

Aye, Guenever, in faith
Ye sang me true, and even as my heart
Calls gently when the night is very still.
How think ye, lords?

Sir Kay.

Dame Columbe, prythee say
If still my beard be grizzled, for the maid
Sang me so softly of the sweet, dead days,
When all my blood leaped like a noble stag
Through golden, gleaming forests, that meseemed
Twoscore of years had vanished with her song;
I was a squire again.

Ettard.

As thou art now,
Sir Kay, and shall be ever, for the years
Are not for thee; the silver in thy beard
Turns traitor to the fire within thy blood.

Sir Kay.

Out on the knave that gives me evil name!
Sir beard, I charge thee with high treason -

Columbe.

Hold!

Wreak not thy vengeance on a silly rogue
That deals in futile lies that none believes.
Thy heart, my Kay, gives answer to the lie:
Sir Tor, liked thou the song?

Sir Tor.

As sinners love
The hand that shrives them, makes them clean for God.
Fair lady, while ye sang I saw the wind
Grow bright with angels leaning near to learn
The why men seem to love this paltry world
More than the courts of heaven.

Columbe.

Well said, Sir Tor.
Speak, Pelleas, what saw ye in the song?

Sir Pelleas.

I saw the milky blossoms of the May,
Ripe roses bursting into honeyed bloom,
And every flower that burgeons on the bough
When summer winds are warm with summer love;
And all these melted, as the music moved,
Into one face -

Columbe.

That thou didst call?

Sir Pelleas.

Ettard.

Columbe.

Fair sir, thou speakest as a loyal knight.
Now Launcelot, hast thou no word of praise?

Launcelot.

No word that I may say.

Columbe.

False, craven knight,
Dost yield thee recreant?

Sir Launcelot.

With all my heart.

Columbe.

Then kneel and sue for mercy.

Sir Launcelot.

Guenever,
Unhorsed and vanquished, wounded unto death

Kneeling I crave thy mercy. Give me life,
Nor send me back into the dolorous dark
Whence came I forth to find thee. Let me live
Thy loyal knight, and by Sir Jesu's wounds
I swear to yield true service unto thee,
And stainless worship.

Guenever.

Fair Sir Launcelot,

I pray thee, of thy knighthood, do not kneel.
How should I give thee life, that art so strong
And lusty? Wit ye well, most gentle knight,
Thy life lies not within my holding hands.

Sir Launcelot.

Of thy good grace, I pray thee, reach them forth
Close clasped before my sight. O Guenever,
Within the tender cup of these white hands
That I do worship as the Holy Grail,
Thou holdest that which is too poor a thing
For me to cast beneath thy slender feet,
Yet is it all I have, for 'tis my heart.

Guenever.

And will it break if I uncloset my hands
And let it fall?

Sir Launcelot.

Aye, lady, it will break.

Guenever.

I will essay!

Sir Launcelot.

I pray thee!

Guenever.

See, 'tis fallen.

Sir Launcelot.

And it is shattered in such grievous wise
It may not beat again.

Guenever.

Poor, broken heart!

But if I lift it from the couching grass

And nurse and warm it in my heart of hearts, -

Sir Launcelot.

Then like the phoenix from the fawning flame
It will arise, transfigured with new life.

Guenever.

Now wit ye well, I know not what to do.
See how it lies like some soft, wounded bird
Among the primrose buds that nestle close.
Certes, I fain would warm it in my breast,
But I do fear me it would change, mayhap,
Into a serpent.

Sir Launcelot.

Never, by my sword,
And by my faith I owe my knighthood!

(Enter, on the banks of the lake: Morgan le Fay)

Columbe.

See!

Where through the quaking trees Queen Morgan goes,
Ill hap betides us if she lifts her eyes
And looks upon us.

Ysed.

Jesu, mercy! Why?

I do beseech thee, why?

Columbe.

Thou art not wise,

Ysed, in all the lore of Arthur's court,
Else wouldst thou ask not such a foolish thing.

Ysed.

Yet tell me, lady: I am newly come
From out Cameliard.

Columbe.

Queen is she of Gore,
And wife to Uriens, but men say well
One kingdom likes her not, and she has won
By crafty magic and unchristian lore
Dominion over all the paynim gods
That fled from England when Christ Jesu came.

And now beneath the waters of the Mere
In golden caverns, wonderly beseen,
She holds her court.

Sir Pelleas.

Look, how she lifts her head
And gazes on us with her serpent eyes.

Guenever.

Methinks she brings a chill, ungentle wind
From out the hollows of the Magic Mere,
For I am cold, and shrink with creeping dread.

Sir Launcelot.

Look not upon her, she may harm thee not
Whilst I stand ready.

Columbe.

She is gone again,
But I do fear the malice of her eye.

Sir Kay.

One only man in Arthur's kingdom curbs
Her wanton witchcraft, for old Merlin holds
Her hard in leash, in that the craft of God,
Whereby he works, is potent to command
Queen Morgan's damnèd magic.

Sir Tor.

If the king
Were not an headstrong boy that knows not fear,
He would give ear to Merlin, and the witch
Should burn right merrily.

Sir Kay.

See where he comes
In guise full knightly on a royal quest,
The pride of chivalry, great England's king,
Arthur Pendragon, that did overthrow
King Lot of Orkney and King Carados
And all that leagued them 'gainst the high estate
Of Uther's kingdom.

Guenever.

Is it, then, the king?
Full fain am I to look upon his face,

For since I came from far Cameliard
To Camelot, I only hear his name
Go rushing by me as a whispering wind,
Nor ever have I seen him.

Columbe.

Guenever,

The king is hungry for a knightly quest;
For certain is it that the golden crown,
So lightly won, sits restless on his brow;
We may not hold him in the narrow court,
Where gray-beard councillors wag learnèd heads,
Or wanton girls with sleepy, longing eyes
Creep softly 'round him with sweet, subtle words.
Nor dalliance nor statecraft lure him now,
He rides afar afield.

Guenever.

I fear me, then,

He is indeed the thing that all men say,
And so I hold him most unworshipful.

Sir Kay.

What thing is that?

Guenever.

A man without a fault.

Such manners like me not. Give me a man
Content with that, nor greedy for the crown
The blessèd saints achieve when they are dead
And men no longer.

Columbe.

Fie upon thee, girl!

Thy words are peevish, and unmaidenlike
The thought that prompts them.

Guenever.

Thou art thrice mine age,

And that much nearer sainthood, lady mine,
Nathless ye liked my song. Ah, well-a-day!
We maids be nought but bratchets in a leash,
Give you good hunting! Hush, the king, the king!

(Enter: King Arthur, mounted, with him Sir Ector. Guenever stands aside among the trees.)

Omnes.
Hail to the King of England!

King Arthur.
Give ye joy,
Sir knights and ladies fair. How now, Columbe,
Art weary of tall Camelot?

Columbe.
My lord,
The springtime beckoned, and my heart was fain
To leave the courtelage of Camelot
And track the footsteps of the questing king.

King Arthur.
The while he followed where the springtime led,
Was that thy thought? Well, it was even so.
Maid April starts a quickening in the blood
That when the winds of June are on the fields
Is ill gainsaid. Come, Ector, let us rest
And crave refreshment of these gentle folk;
I would be weary were I not a king.

Columbe.
Will ye not drink, my lord? the sun is high,
And heavy hangs the harness of a knight.
Quaff thou this goblet: when thou art assuaged
Then shalt thou tell us of thy latest quest.

King Arthur.
I thank thee, dame, yet have I nought to tell
Save of a Questing Beast I followed far
And won disworship of him in the end.

Sir Kay.
Of thy good grace, King Arthur, tell the tale.

King Arthur.
'Twas in this wise, and ye may laugh at will.
When we had fought King Rience, and had freed
Leodegrance, King of Cameliard
(The which has one most wondrous daughter, hight
The Lady Guenever, more passing fair
Than saw I ever, even in my dreams.)
I rode in quest of some adventure. Noon

Was hot upon us, and I lay me down
Beside a fountain in a drowsy wood,
And if I slept I know not, but anon
Deep thunder rolled and I did see in sooth
The forest filled with griffins, gaunt and grim,
And slimy serpents, slaving as they crawled
On scaly bellies through the cringing grass.
High in the midst of all, as he were king,
I saw a beast beyond all mortal ken,
Huge, humped and horrible, with scaly sides
And twisted talons fierce with rending claws.
Winged was he with the pinions of a bat,
And either side his harsh and horny beak
Blazed baleful eyes that blinked and rolled amain,
While over all I saw as on his helm
The Dragon of our House.

The while I lay

And marvelled on this strange and grizzly thing,
Meseemed the wood grew thick with myriad knights
From all my kingdom. Then the raging Beast
Shrilled wonderly: right so the serpent brood
Hurled on my knights, and in such grievous wise
That in a little none was left on live.
And all the forest darkened as the Beast
Went howling onward. "Now Pendragon's seed
Shall slay Pendragon!" And I saw him not.

Sir Launcelot.
By Holy Rood, a grim, ungentle dream.

King Arthur.
So thought I, but I saw the Beast again.

Columbe.
With thine own waking eyes?

King Arthur.

I saw the Beast.

No word said I unto Sir Ector here
Of that I thought a dream, but on a day,
The while we rode athwart a savage wood,
Sir Ector cried: "Sweet Jesu, be my aid!
What thing is that?" I looked, and lo, the Beast
Came hurling with the sound of many hounds
Adown a forest path until he spied
A little fountain, where he stayed to drink.

Sir Launcelot.
And didst thou slay him?

King Arthur.

Listen, Launcelot.

Certes I pricked full hotly on the Beast,
But when he marked the onset, on he rolled
The while I followed fiercely. Weary leagues
I tracked him till my steed was clean forspent
And fell beneath me. Then the Questing Beast
Turned like a labouring carrack, and I dressed
My shield, for I did think a sore debate
Lay twixt us, but the Beast gave tongue and spake:
"Hail, king and father! Seekest thou for death?
Not now, but after, comes the dolorous day."
Wherewith he vanished like a flash of light,
And so I won disworship of my quest.

Columbe.

By all the saints of God, an evil Beast!
Wilt quench thy thirst again? Come, Guenever,
Serve thou the king.

King Arthur. (leaping up).

How say ye, Guenever?

Art thou the daughter to Leodegrance?
King of Cameliard?

Guenever.

No other maid,

I do protest, Sir king.

King Arthur.

Nay, by my sword,

I need no oath to prove me what thou art.
The day I freed thy father of Rience
Thou stood'st before me, matchless in my sight,
So like the splendid sun I fell abashed
And veiled mine eyes for worship of thy face.

Guenever.

And did my lord the king learn gentle speech
From this same Questing Beast? In Camelot
Men say he knows not how a maiden's face
Looks other than the visor'd visage grim

Of armoured knights.

King Arthur.

A murrain on the Beast!

In fair Cameliard I learned it well,
Nor slept a sennight for the wisdom gained.

Guenever.

Why, now I know they were but sorry japes
Wherewith the Court did mock me, for the king
Is not so faultless that he may not mark
A damsel's face, and tell her so withal.

King Arthur.

As thou shalt know, anon, my lady fair;
Come, sit beside me, let me see thine eyes
Look into mine, and let me hear thy voice
That lingers like the gentle summer wind
Among the yearning trees. Give me thy hand
And tell me of Cameliard - and thee.

(He leads her beneath the pavilion.)

Ysed.

Look where Sir Launcelot, the dolorous knight,
Stands ringed with thunder.

Ettard.

'Tis a grievous thing

To match a king in contest for a maid;
I do bemoan his fortune.

Sir Pelleas.

Launcelot, -

Why, how now, Launcelot! Have speech with us,
Sir knight, be merry!

Sir Tor.

Art thou then unhorsed,

Forefoughten with the first rude shock of fight
That hurtles down the lists?

Ettard.

Out on thee, Tor!

That thou shouldst mock a knight so all forlorn.

Columbe.

This likes me not: I would the king would ride
Upon some other quest.

(Exit Sir Launcelot.)

Ysed.

Sir Launcelot!

He lightly leaves the field! Who follows on?
A merry chase; come, sirs, the hunt is up.

(Exit, followed by Sir Tor and Sir Ector.)

Ettard.

I have no heart for such a scurvy jest;
Alas, poor Launcelot!

Sir Pelleas.

Bewail him not,

I back him 'gainst the king.

Ettard.

Nay, Pelleas,

Back no man 'gainst King Arthur.

Sir Pelleas.

Come away,

I do beseech thee, sweet, if thou dost say
"Back no man 'gainst King Arthur."

Ettard.

Save thyself,

For well thou knowest, Pelleas, my heart
Is like a stubborn fortress, strong and true,
Whereof thou hast the key.

Sir Pelleas.

Yet let us go

A little way along the water's rim,
For by his glances Arthur needs us not.

Ettard.

Poor Launcelot!

Sir Pelleas.

Think not of him, Ettard,

Or follow, and I'll teach thee to forget.

(Exeunt.)

King Arthur.

Sir Kay, I pray thee, wait not on us here,
I would not hinder thee.

Sir Kay.

I do protest,
No hinderance, my lord.

King Arthur.

I do protest,
Most grievous hinderance, my fair Sir Kay:
We follow straitly.

Columbe.

Sir, we must away.
Come thou with me, I fear the fruit of this.

(Exeunt Sir Kay and Columbe.)

King Arthur.

My bonds are riven from me! They are gone,
And I may give my tongue full liberty
To voice the surging of my teaming heart.
I love thee, Guenever!

Guenever.

And on the word

Thy sport o'ersteps the limits of a jest.
I am at fault that I did venture close
Upon the brink of danger. Come, my lord,
Let us go hence: this peril claims us not.

King Arthur.

I love thee! Give me back thy gentle hands
And let me see the wonder of thine eyes
Upturned to mine. I lack all mode of speech
For pleading with thee, for my words are rude
And hardly tempered to the cause of love,
For that I am unlearned in the field
Where any courtier matches me unscathed,
That am for fighting, not for dalliance;
And so I know not any form of words

That is more potent than, I love thee, sweet!
I love thee!

Guenever.

With such love as princes feign
To lightly lead them to the end thereof.
That usage likes me not.

King Arthur.

With such a love

As never yet was known of any man
Were he the truest knight of all the world!
I knew not why my father gave me life,
I knew not why I came by England's crown
Nor why I marched to free Leodegrance,
Thy father, till I saw thee, Guenever,
And then I knew!

Guenever.

How lightly lies the oath
Of knighthood on thee. What of Launcelot,
Aye, what of Launcelot? High chivalry
Thou showest, king! Hast thou no thought for him?

King Arthur.

Nor him, nor yet for anything that lives,
Save only thee. The lightning of thine eyes
Blots out all memory, all honour, all
That guided, governed me. Sir Launcelot?
I know him not! Is he then overlord
Of thee and me, that I should wait on him
And crave his pleasure? Am I not a man,
A knight, a king? Shall I not match with him
In contest for thy favour? Art thou his?
How came he by thee? Is his title proved?
By God, I challenge it!

Guenever.

I know thee not

In this unwonted humour. Let me go,
Thou art distraught!

King Arthur.

Aye, to the perilous edge

Of perfect madness! In my fevered veins
The seething blood cries out for recompense

And hot requital!

Guenever.

Of thy gentleness

Unloose me, king!

King Arthur.

Not though the sword of God

Were brandished in mine eyes! I love thee, sweet,

Give me thy lips, thyself!

(Enter Merlin.)

Merlin.

King Arthur, hail!

And to thee, lady, my most high devoir.

My lord, I wait upon thee.

King Arthur.

Get ye gone!

Avoid my sight and lightly. Guenever!

(Exit Guenever.)

Merlin.

Stay thou with me, if thou indeed art king,

And other than thy folly doth denote.

King Arthur.

What malice drove thee hither?

Merlin.

England, sir,

That hardly brooks divided loyalty.

Thou art the king. Let that enlightening torch

Shine ever on the road thou treadest in,

For by that light alone shalt thou avoid

Rude misadventure. I will chide thee not,

That thou hast played the fool. Thou art a boy,

And therefore prone to vain and wanton things;

But like a torrent raging lawlessly,

I'll turn thine ardour in an wholesome course

Until it serve God's ends.

King Arthur.

Must I abide

In vassalage to thine o'erriding spleen,
That am a king?

Merlin.

Abide a little yet
And shortly shalt thou reap the high reward.
No wanton humour leads me, but a cause,
A giant purpose, meet for England's king
To make his own. Endure me, good my lord,
And I shall set thee on the awful throne
Of universal majesty. But now
I missed thee from the council of the kings
That are thy vassals, and I find thee meshed
Within the springes of a wanton girl.
Yet will I chide thee not, but bid thee come
The while I show thee labour fit for kings,
And doubly fitting for thee, that shall reign
The lord of monarchs. Come, thy place is there
In Camelot, upon great England's throne.

(Curtain.)

SCENE II. Camelot. The terrace of Arthur's castle. Morgan le Fay is standing alone, gazing on Merlin's tower, which rises solitary in the background.

Morgan.

Thou black magician of the enchanted keep
Built of dreams by subtle sorcery
To win dominion over all the world,
How shall I baffle thee?

Ringed 'round with cloud

Thy frowning tower, four-square, impregnable,
Fit symbol of thy pride, defies my will.
High on the giddy ramparts of the keep
Thy fell and fatal visage bends unseen
Above the mystic lore of perished worlds
For thou art sore bested. The puling boy
Thou fain wouldst make thy catspaw, fails, thee sore,
Most mighty Merlin, and thou knowest not
What engine Morgan fashions for thy fall;
Wherefore, affrighted, thou dost grope for aid.
Strive thou amain, rive spell on evil spell
From out the murky caverns of thy lore,
Thou shalt not hinder me.

(Enter Nimue)

Ha, Nimue!
I need thee, girl: art ready to my hand?

Nimue.
As restless sword that clamours for the fray
Within the sluggard sheath of errant knight.

Morgan.
I'll hale thee shortly from thy scabbard; look!
Where in his magic tower old Merlin sits,
A bloated spider, spreading wide the web
Wherein he thinks to catch us.

Nimue.

Like a fly

I'll buzz and blunder 'gainst his very fangs,
And when he springs, turn to a dragonfly
And stab him!

Morgan.
Thou shalt spread thy wings anon,
Thou subtle Nimue, for to my cost
I know that we may trap the silly king
Until our wit is withered, nor abate
As by the weight of one least little cloud
The curse that lets us, if we rest with that
And curb not Merlin.

Nimue.
Merlin fears us not,
For that the armour he has wrought him well
Of spells and magic gives him leave to laugh
At that we do.

Morgan.
I'll match him in his craft,
Else know I nought of sorcery, and bind
Him helpless in a sleep of living death.
There is a potent spell the fayter knows,
And only he, that grips in heavy sleep
Beyond all power to waken, whosoe'er
It falls on.

Nimue.
And thou'dst have me learn the rune

To-night?

Morgan.

To-night, or after, if ye fail at first.
This thing we must achieve, there is no choice.
Win me the rune and England falls awrack.
The way I leave to thee, but guard thyself;
Thou tiltest not against an orgulous boy
But in the front of awful wisdom.

Nimue.

Good:

I sound my challenge! In the lists of life
Flame-favoured Love has ever overthrown
Sir Wisdom.

Morgan.

But not Merlin. He is armed
In supple harness that will turn the point
Of weapons deadly to the cringing king.
Be wise and wakeful; strike with subtler tools
Than serve against a man.

Nimue.

Is he not that?

Mayhap the cloak of wisdom clothes him well
But underneath is man. I strike at that.

Morgan.

Meanwhile I lime the twigs to catch a king, --
But look ye where she comes! The savoury bait
Wherewith I lure him: Guenever.

Nimue.

Farewell,

The night is moonless: ere the east is gray
I'll cope with Merlin, and I win the rune!

(Exit.)

Morgan.

How best to use this knotted skein of love
Where Launcelot, the king, and Guenever
Are sorely tangled? If the knight shall win
What follows but the fixing of the king
More strongly in his purpose to obey

The crafty Merlin. But if Arthur gain
And Launcelot yield nothing: --
Through the night
That was so dark I see a little star,
A little, distant star that waxes great
And brightens to a ball of shrieking flame
That shall with shame and slaughter overwhelm
The king, the Court, and Merlin: Guenever
I'll give the king, -- and later, Launcelot.
A merry game and I can play it well; --

I call a greeting to thee, Guenever.

(Enter Guenever.)

Guenever.
Who hails me from the dusky twilight dim?
I cry thee pardon, lady, but the light
Befriends me not.

Morgan.
It is the Queen of Gore.

Guenever.
Oh, ho! and Empress of the Magic Mere,
The lady of two kingdoms.

Morgan.
Now, indeed,
I know thou givest ear unto the tales
Loose-hanging tongues set free in Camelot,
But this I tell thee, girl; the shameless knights
And wanton women wag forbidding heads,
Miscal me witch and mock me with their japes,
For that their witless folly likes me not
And I am wise in lore of many things
They know not of. Gray Merlin strikes them dumb,
With bated breath they pass him fearsomely,
But I, that am a woman, rouse their wrath
For matching Merlin.

Guenever.
And I blame them not;
Were I to couch a lance along the lists,
A she-knight thrusting in a fighter's field,
I'd give them leave to mock me. Well content

Am I that God has made me what I am,
Content that He has made men as they are;
My kingdom is mine own, I ask none else.

Morgan.
The which is folly. Yet I like thee well,
And so let call a truce to warring words
The while I counsel thee. Thou art a girl;
An headstrong filly, heedless of the curb;
Lawless, impatient; learn a thing of me
That am well broken to the harness, wise
In diverse things that thou shalt know anon.

Guenever.
That I may reign beneath the Magic Mere
A queen of goblins? Keep thy learned lore,
An earthly crown contents me.

Morgan.

Grasp it, girl,

And thou art Queen of England!

Guenever.

First, meseems,

I'd see it proffered. Thieving likes me not,
Nor yet a beggar's usage, when a crown
Is held for guerdon.

Morgan.

Hear me, Guenever!

Witch am I, if it please the prating Court;
Wise am I, maugre Court and king and thee;
And this I know: thou art assoted, girl,
If thou dost think King Arthur loves thee not!

Guenever.

Fool am I, if it please the learned queen;
Maid am I, maugre Court and king and thee;
And so I knew King Arthur loved me well
When first he saw me in Cameliard.

Morgan.

Then seize the crown he proffers with his heart.

Guenever.

The heart I see, but not as yet the crown.

Morgan.
Nathless he holds it forth. I know the king,
And for a word thou shalt be crownèd queen.

Guenever.
Of England.

Morgan.

Aye, of England: of the world!
Flout thou my wisdom if it pleaseth thee,
But well I know that on before the king
Stretches a path that rises to a height
Of glory and dominion such as men
As yet have never seen. Be thou the queen,
Walk thou with Arthur toward the blinding flame
Of fame and honour blazing in his path,
And thou shalt reign the Queen of Christiantie!

Guenever.
And pay the hateful price!

Morgan.

Why dost thou gaze
With wistful eyes into the crowding dark?
The while with heavy sigh thou sayest slow
"And pay the hateful price." Can'st read the crest
Above the helmet of the drooping knight
That mounts the steep upon a jaded steed?
Nay, now I know! 'Tis Launcelot returned
To Camelot from riding on the quest
That quickly called him when the king returned
And found thee come from far Cameliard.
Dost sigh for him? Out on thee, Guenever!
That weighs a king against a wanton knight.

Guenever.
Be silent, witch, and lightly quit my sight!
Mock me no more, nor tempt me with the tale
Of crown and kingdom purchased with the blood
Of this my heart; I need thee not!

Morgan.

I leave thee to Sir Launcelot, but mark
The thing I say: the crown is for thy brow,

Farewell!!

Nor shall a knight let Arthur from his own.

(Exit.)

Guenever.

Ah me, unhappy, that am like a ball
Tossed back and forth across the tennis court;
Forbid to rest in any friendly hand,
But made the sport and pastime of a game.
Would well I knew so much of Morgan's lore
Or Merlin's, as would tell me why the heart
And brain were made of God fierce enemies,
Nor ever in accord.

The crown is mine

And at the price of one least little word,
For Arthur loves me, fain would make me queen,
To reign unchallenged; but Sir Launcelot
Would make me wife, and bend me to his will
A fawning slave.

What woman halts for choice

'Twixt service and dominion? So, the crown
Goes spinning down the vasty waste of night,
A mocking bauble, meet for envious fools.
The joust is over and the favour won,
Sir Heart, thou art the victor in the lists,
Sir Brain the recreant, I the warison!

(Enter: below the terrace, Sir Launcelot. He remains for a time seated on his horse.)

Sir Launcelot.

Although the night were darker than the depths,
Long since forgotten, of the nether hell
Where damnèd souls, forsaken, howl for light,
Yea, for the blazing of tormenting flame
So that 'twere light --I'd know thee, Guenever!

Guenever.

And were the world resounding with the din
Of rending heavens on the Judgment Day,
I'd hear thy voice if thou didst call my name,
O Launcelot!

Sir Launcelot.

Hide not within the night,

I know the king is with thee. Hale him forth
That I may see thy lover.

Guenever.

Launcelot!

Sir Launcelot.

So thou didst call me when I won thy love,
Playing the maid to mock me for a churl;
But now that thou art wanton to a king,
Call me Sir fool!

Guenever.

I know not what thou art
Or knave or madman, for thy words are wild
As one assotted.

Sir Launcelot.

Wouldst thou have me deal
In honeyed words to match thy honeyed breath?
I call thee as thou art.

Guenever.

Thou liest!

Sir Launcelot.

Peace!

Nor think to mesh me in a web of words.
Thou art the lightest lady in the Court,
And I will prove it 'gainst whoever comes,
Be he the king.

Guenever.

Thou layest in the glare
Of some malignant moon, and thou art mad!
Avoid my sight, I look on thee no more,
Thou art distained forever.

Sir Launcelot (dismounting and coming on the terrace).

Guenever,

'Tis thou that art distained. I thought thee mine,
Unsoiled, faultless, and I find thee false
As rotting death's head grinning through the casque
That outwardly doth show the noble knight.
Unwrast my helm, my hauberk rent away,
My sword all shattered and my spear forhewn;
A craven knight, forlorn I walk the world,
Nor fall on worship whereso'er I go

For that I loved her that betrayèd me.

Guenever.

Am I a wanton that I stand at speech
And chaffer mouthings with a daffish churl?
This is the end. If I do look on thee
One only time in Camelot, beware!
I'll charge thee with black treason to thy face,
And call on every knight that loves the king
Or holds me worshipful, to prove me clean,
Upon thy craven body.

Sir Launcelot.

Stand thou there!

I have a thing to say. I loved thee well
And wore thy favour twined about my helm,
Wherefore I grew a jest for all the Court.
Thou wert King Arthur's, and they knew it well
The while I doted, heeding not the fame
That ran so lightly of thine evil ways.
Girls mocked me, curled their lips and laughed me down;
Knights tossed the shameful jest from hand to hand;
The very pages round the royal throne
Shrilled scornful laughter when I passed them by,
And still I loved thee.

Then upon a day

Meseemed I could no longer 'dure the Court
And rode for silence in the tongueless wood.
Right so I met a maid that bade me stay,
And plucked me by the mantle, saying so,
With railing words: "Wouldst thou then find the king?
I pray thee of thy gentleness, Sir knight,
Molest him not; he lies with Guenever
Among the ferns beside a little brook,
He needs us not."

A quarrel from the bow

I sped along the forest, drunk with wrath,
Believing naught, yet half believing all:
And then I saw thee. Through the leaning trees,
Beside the king I marked thee moving slow,
With willing eyes uplifted to his face.
White lightning seared mine eyeballs, heavy night
Shut down impenetrable, but I knew.

(Enter King Arthur.)

Guenever.

For that thou art a faithless, miscreant knight,
And like a buzzard fain of filthy food,
All gorged with slander, I do owe thee nought,
But this I tell thee, I am blameless here.
By neither word nor act, nay, by no thought,
No little fawning fancy has the king
Done me disworship.

King Arthur (coming forward.).

It is soothly said,
And I will prove the lie with mine own sword,
Upon his body that with shameful tongue
Says that thou art not spotless before God.
What knave missays thee, Guenever?

Guenever.

Sir king,

I pray thee, harm him not: a blighting spell
Is over him, he knows not what he says,
For e'er by magic he was driven mad,
Thou knowest, king, he was a stainless knight.

King Arthur.

Speak, traitor to thy king and chivalry,
That dost with bawdy mouth revile a maid!
The darkness cloaks thee, let me see thy face,
Stand forth, thou art no knight of Camelot!

Sir Launcelot.

My lord,

I am no traitor!

King Arthur.

Launcelot!

By Jesu's wounds, I would a thunderbolt
Had riven Camelot and hurled it wide
In rocky rain upon the blasted fields
Or ever I had seen this dolorous day!

Sir Launcelot.

So say I, king, and hadst thou taken heed
Of thine own knighthood, and the scarlet shame
That like a brodered mantle thou hast cast
Upon the body of thy paramour,
Thou wouldst have halted in thy faithless quest.

King Arthur.

I know not by what dark and devious road
Thou camest, Launcelot, unto this pass,
But that thou art a false, felonious knight
Distained of treason, foul with calumny,
Alas, I know. Deny thine evil words,
Upon thy knees beseech of Guenever
That she assoil thee of thy damnèd sin
Or thou dost fight thy king.

Sir Launcelot.

Right so, and now!

King Arthur.

A spell is cast around Pendragon's House;
How other should a knight fight fierce and grim
Against his brother? For I loved thee, sir,
Aye, more than any man of all the Court,
Yet I do love mine honour over all,
Save only that of Guenever. Assay!
Unsheathe thy sword and dress thy heavy shield,
I have no harness; shieldless, void of helm,
Armed only with my sword I meet thy stroke,
For righteousness is hauberk to a king.

Sir Launcelot.

And to a knight in equal measure. So,
I cast my helmet and my shield away,
Naked I stand before thee. Kill me, king,
Or thou shalt die for thy sins warison.

Guenever.

For God's love, hold! My honour cannot weigh
Within the balance 'gainst one little drop
Of royal blood, nor yet against thy life,
Sir Launcelot! --

King Arthur.

Art ready?

Sir Launcelot.

Cry you on!

(They fight.)

Guenever.

If ye do love me, sirs, I pray ye, stay!

(Enter Sir Kay: with him pages bearing torches.)

Sir Kay.

Who dares defy the laws of Camelot
And with rude weapons war against the peace
Of Arthur, King of England? Stay your swords,
Or rightwise shall I charge ye with offence
And treason 'gainst the king. Ha, Guenever!
What knights are these?

Guenever.

Woe to me, Seneschal,

It is the king and Launcelot.

(Enter: Sir Pelleas, Sir Tor, Ettard, and other Knights and Ladies, with them torch-bearers.)

Sir Kay.

Alas!

I know not how to speak for dole and woe;
Lord Arthur, of thy grace I pray thee stay!
Sir Launcelot, give way before the king,
Nor peril England with thy faithless blade.

Guenever.

Lords, make an end of this! My heart is torn
That I, unhappy, am the sorry cause
Of this forlorn debate.

Sir Tor.

What evil star

Has risen over England?

Sir Pelleas.

How befell

This wicked warfare twixt the hasty king
And Launcelot?

(Enter: Sir Ector, Morgan le Fay, Columbe, Ysed, and others.)

Columbe.

God's mercy, 'tis the king!

Sir Kay, bestir! Let not this awful shame

Fall blackening on the land.

Sir Kay.

Lord Arthur, see!

Upon my knees I cry thee mercy. Hold!
For God's love, hold. Think that thou art the king,
Nor hazzard England for a traitor's blood.

Morgan (aside).

Too soon I see the fruit of my design
Fall all untimely, yet I grasp it now.

Ysed.

See, see! King Arthur bleeds, and Launcelot
Is pressing on him sorely!

Sir Tor.

Ha! the king

Is smiting wonderly. The knight is lost,
He falls!

Sir Pelleas.

No, no! He struck that blow aside;

Look there!

Sir Kay.

My lord!

Sir Ector.

My God, this endeth here!

(He draws and rushes on Launcelot.)

King Arthur.

Who lets me from the fight or strikes my foe,
Hangs dead to-morrow on the castle wall!

(Merlin has entered: he strides through the crowd, seizes Ector's sword, and with it strikes down the weapons with such force they fall on the ground.)

Merlin.

Then so I die, for so I end the fight.
Lord Arthur, thou art king and thou art law;
Thou art incarnate England, and thy word
Is backed with all the majesty of God.
Nathless through me speaks all the awful line

Of perished kings that gave thee life and crown,
And with a voice that brooks of no reply.
Save thou thy sword for England's enemies!

Morgan (aside).
Again I meet thee; Merlin, thou shalt die!

King Arthur.
Am I the king, or thou, bold sorcerer?
One word from me and I may see thee torn
In horrid gobbets here before mine eyes!

Merlin.
That word knells England's doom. No earthly king
Although he hold dominion streight from God,
Sits on a steadfast throne unless he learn
The wisdom that God gives not with a crown.

King Arthur.
And this I learn from thee, my master?

Merlin.

Aye,

From me, King Arthur. I was grim with years
When first thou gavest tongue, and when the king
That did beget thee mouthed his mother's breast,
Still aged was I. Be persuaded, king,
By Merlin that did give Excalibur
Into thy hand.

King Arthur.
 So all my royalty
Is but a pageant. I must let thee reign,
Most potent master!

Merlin.
 Ring thyself with knights
And daunt the world with show of dreadful arms,
Thou art a crownèd jester, if thou lack'st
The prop of wisdom for thy majesty.

King Arthur.
Thou speakest well, and I am sore distained
That with unwatchful heart I did forget
The solemn warning thou didst bid me heed,
Yet, by my knighthood, I could find no choice,

For Launcelot did blacken Guenever
With most ungentle slander, and the crown
That guards the head clings not about the heart.

Sir Launcelot.
Thou hast not proved the slander on me, king,
Nor blotted out the shame with thine own blood;
Wherefore I stand my ground. Before the Court,
Yea, Arthur, before God, with brimming tears,
For that my heart is broken that my king
Should deal dishonourably with a maid
I loved with passing worship, once again
I do impeach thee of unknightly shame.

Sir Tor.
I challenge thee!

Sir Ector.
God's blood, I'll prove the lie
Upon thy body!

Omnes.
Treason, treason!

King Arthur.
Hold!

Gramercy for your loyalty, my knights,
But neither words nor blood blot out a lie,
The deed is all. Hear, lords and knights at arms,
Sir Launcelot impeacheth me of shame;
Take ye the answer. Lady, of thy grace
I do beseech thee hear me. Thou art she
That I do love in loyal, knightly wise,
As I have loved thee since the blessed day
When first I saw thee in Cameliard.
God knows, and thou, there is no bond of shame
Betwixt us, maugre the scandal of the Court,
And therefore, Guenever, wilt thou be queen
Of Arthur and of England?

Merlin.
Stay!

Guenever.
My lord
As I am stainless and all clean of sin --

I will be Queen of England.

Morgan (aside).

I have won!

King Arthur.

Bid all the trumpets blow, and let the flame
Of flaunting beacons paint the sombre sky.
England, thou hast a queen!

Omnes.

Hail, Guenever!

Sir Launcelot (aside).

Christ Jesu, of thy mercy, let me die!

Merlin.

So comes the terror stalking through the night.

Morgan.

Merlin, the fight is lost, and England falls.

Merlin.

Not in thy hands, black witch!

King Arthur.

Come, Launcelot:

Thou hast impeached thy king and drawn a sword
Against his sacred body. Stand thou forth;
What chastisement befits thee?

Sir Launcelot.

Let me die.

Guenever.

In God's name, dear my lord --

King Arthur.

Peace, Guenever.

It needs not that thy heart should intercede
For Launcelot. I am no orgulous fool
To slay the knight that guards my lady's fame.
Give me thy hand, the hand that heaved a sword
Against thy king to shield a maid. I swear
Thou didst win greater worship of me, sir,
Than found I ever in all Camelot.

I know thee now, a fearless champion
Of maiden's honour, and a noble knight.
Look thou, Sir Launcelot, that when the crown
Of England tops the head of Guenever,
Thou dost defend her honour to thy death,
Yea, 'gainst the king himself.

Sir Launcelot.

I pray thee now

Let me depart, my heart is like to break.

King Arthur.

Yet would I have thee by me, Launcelot,
I need thy knightly heart. Come, Guenever.

Merlin.

One only word, King Arthur. When the sands
Have told an hour of the passing night,
I wait for thee upon the battlements
Of Merlin's Tower.

Arthur.

Lightly will I come.

And now, lead on, Sir Kay. Unsheathe your swords,
Hurl them in the air, my knights, and let the horns
Declare the tidings unto all the world,
The while with lusty voices ye acclaim
Queen Guenever!

Omnes.

God save Queen Guenever!

(Exeunt.)

Morgan (alone).

So passes Arthur to his destiny
And I abide. Queen Morgan, thou art free!

Curtain.

SCENE III. Camelot. The ramparts of Merlin's tower. Merlin is seated in the
midst of the platform. Midnight.

Merlin.

How silent lie the purple fields of God
Above the troubled earth. Since time began,

When, by the fiat of Omnipotence,
The howling chaos, without form, and void,
Swelled to this awful vault, the hollow dome
That prisons us upon this little world
Has hung inexorable. Like a bird
That beats with futile wing against the roof,
The soul soars through the cavernous abyss
To smite impatient pinions 'gainst the sky
And falls back, vanquished. On the farther side
Of that impenetrable firmament
Lies Wisdom absolute, wherein the saints
And shining angels have a part with God.
Yet we that need so grievously the light
Of knowledge, were it but a slender ray
No larger than should filter through the chink
Of any little star, must live our lives
Unholpen, undirected.

What is this

That I have won of wisdom but the blind
And devious gropings of a creeping worm
Hid in the heavy earth? The world of men
He knows not, as I know not what is hid
Forever by that roof of adamant.
And yet, such learning as I win must serve
To make me master of these little men
Whereof I build a kingdom. Oh, how frail
The stones that I must work withal, how small
The craft that aids me, and when all is done
How unenduring is the fabric raised.

I may not think of this, but for the time
As other men, see that which lies to hand,
For wisdom works inaction in the blood
By showing forth the dread futility
Of that we do. How darkness chills the will
And halts the hand. Come, disenchanting flame,
Dispel my langour!

(He kindles the brazier. Enter: Nimue.)

Nimue.

Prythee, chide me not

That I have clomb with unfamiliar feet
Unto thy rocky fastness. Let me rest
Above the world with thee, a little space,
I will not hamper thee.

Merlin.

Were I a boy

All flushed with ardours, I would think a dream
Encountered with me in some dusky pass
Of unsubstantial sleep.

Nimue.

Why stare ye, sir,

And bend your solemn brows upon my face?
Is it so strange a thing to meet a maid
Within thy frowning stronghold?

Merlin.

Wit ye well

You are the only lady of the court
That would forgather with the sorcerer
Upon his tower. Streightway give me word
Of that thou needest, for the night is old
And thou must lightly go.

Nimue.

Dismiss me not!

The boon I crave leaves thee no poorer, lord,
Yet may it make me rich.

Merlin.

Ye lack the spell

To win unwilling love?

Nimue.

'Tis soothly said;

My love returns to me with empty hands.

Merlin.

I may not aid thee. Potions like me not,
Nor silly spells. Go thou to Morgan, girl,
That she may ease thee.

Nimue.

Out upon the witch

That deals with pagan demons in the Mere!
I will not speak with her.

Merlin.

Then thou art wise,

Yet shalt thou lack thy philtre.

Nimue.

Better so

Than that I peril mine immortal soul
In most unchristian commerce with a witch.
I am content to couch me at thy feet
The while with potent hand thou dost control
The straying stars, compel the elements
That with unkindly malice hinder us
And let us from our goal. Deny me not,
But suffer me to crouch against thy feet
Most mighty master.

Merlin.

Nay, thou silly child,

Thy vigil gains scant comfort. What have I
To give thee, that am but a surly seer,
While thou art --

Nimue.

But a woman! Say ye so?

Nay, Merlin, I am more, for perfect love
Ennobles e'en a woman.

Merlin.

What a thing

Is woman, then, without the gift of love,
That with it is but hell's ambassador.

Nimue.

I cannot hear thee, Merlin, let thine eyes,
Aweary of their scanning of the stars,
Look less unkindly on me. Read my heart
And learn what I would tell thee.

Merlin.

Mock me not!

I am no lusty knight. Love's apples grow
In other fields, not on the barren crest
Of Merlin's Tower. Lightly get ye hence,
I am aweary.

Nimue.

Nay, I leave thee not.

Art thou forspent? I'll pillow thee in sleep

Upon my bosom. Art thou sad withal?
Then shall I make thee laugh for joy of life,
And cradle thee in dreams that shall dispel
The lurking visions of adversity.
My lord, my love, look deep into mine eyes
And see my secret!

(Soft music.)

Merlin.

Dreams assail me, dreams
Of days that are not: dreams of laughing love,
And dreams of love that wept for very joy.
Why should I dream?

Nimue.

I love thee, Merlin!

Merlin.

Stay!

I heard a voice that spake an unknown tongue,
The which did say "I love thee."

Nimue.

Lift thine eyes

And look upon my face!

(The night slowly flushes with rosy light, and all the sky turns to a flowery pleasaunce.)

Merlin.

Who art thou?

Nimue.

She

That loved thee long ago.

Merlin.

I know thee not

And yet, -- I love thee! --

Nimue.

Crush me to thy breast,

Thou lord of all the world. Give me thy lips
And drink the wine of life that brimming high
Shall quench thine anguish!

Merlin.

Dreams assail me, dreams

Of days that may be nevermore.

Nimue.

My lord,

See how the forest opens for our feet
This day of June. It is the Land of Love,
Come follow, follow --

(She mounts the battlements. Merlin follows slowly.)

Merlin.

Dreams assail me, dreams

That baffle me --

Nimue.

Give my thy groping hand!

We two will lie beneath the little leaves
The while they whisper sleepy songs of love,
And noon melts into night.

Merlin.

A mocking spell

Is over me: my heart has ceased to beat:
My brain is in disorder. Help me, God!
My craft is broken!

(He makes the sign of the cross: the vision vanishes.)

Damn thee, witch of hell!
I know thee now!

Nimue.

Have mercy, master!

Merlin.

Go!

(He hurls her down from the battlements, then slowly descends and seats himself by the table.)

How better am I than the least of these
Ignoble creatures that I make my pawns
Upon the board where I do play at chess
With destiny. Am I no more than they

That I should be beguiled of sorcery?
Merlin, thou art a wittol! Mend thy wits
Or England crumbles.

(Enter: King Arthur.)

Thou art welcome, king;
So like a cloud I find thee, changing form
With every little wind, unstable, frail,
I durst not count upon thee. Being come
I crave thy patience. I'll have speech with thee.

King Arthur.
Meseems thou art ungentle in thy words
And scant of courtesy. I am thy king
While thou art -- Merlin.

Merlin.

Merlin am I still

When thou art crownless and a naked soul
Abashed before the Lord, an' thou dost flout
The aid I offer thee.

King Arthur.

Say on.

Merlin.

Sir king,

I am thy servant if thou dost obey,
Thy master else. Before thee, face to face
I tell thee this. Exalt thy feeble will,
Cry scorn upon the burrowing sorcerer
And magnify thy royal majesty,
Thou shalt not balk me. I will make thee king
Despite thee.

King Arthur.

Do I let thee from thy goal?

If thou hast any ground for chiding me,
If any way I fail of my devoir,
Name me the deed, nor stretch authority
Until it snap, with arrogant reproach.

Merlin.

So be it. Arthur, look upon this scroll
Wherein is traced the circle of the skies

At thy nativity. In each its place
Are posited the planets and stars,
The sun, the moon, the constellations, all
The fortunes and infortunes as they held
When thou didst see the light. Now mark them well.
For never stood the stars in this array
For any man before. So marvellous
And all unwonted is their strange design,
A word, a breath, a thought may tip the scale,
Make thee immortal, make thee infamous.
And dost thou marvel that I watch thee well
When thou art walking on the dizzy rim
Of fortune, that is like a naked sword
Set edgewise over hell?

King Arthur.

Act thou thy part

As guardian of the State, if so thou art;
Oppose me not in mine. I am the king,
And royalty strikes deeper than the crown.
Give me thy council, aid me with thy lore,
But hold in mind I am no puppet king
Content with empty majesty. I reign!
And while the crown is mine I shame it not
By playing pupil to thy mastership.

Merlin.

I hear Pendragon speaking through thy mouth
And am content, but only with thy words.
Act as thou speakest, king, and I am dumb,
But while thy words are grave thy deeds are wild
And wanton. Ruin crouches close at hand
Where thou dost walk, and for a paltry whim
Thou'dst barter England.

King Arthur.

Name thy grievance, sir!

Merlin.

Did I not hold thee from thy doltishness
Thou'dst lightly make a queen of Guenever.

King Arthur.

By God, I make her queen despite thy will!
This leaps the bounds of reason. Must I crawl
On supplicating belly to thy feet

And crave thy grace to wed with her I love?
I will not!

Merlin.

Listen: in the seventh house,
Yea, in the cusp thereof, in square of Mars,
The Great Malefic, grim, implacable,
Frowned on thy birth, and therefore shalt thou swear
To have no part in love forevermore;
For if thou takest to thy throne a queen,
Were she as pure as flame, thou shalt descend
Into thy grave a cuckold, and I read,
Alas, too clearly, in thine evil stars,
That England is entangled in thy fall.

King Arthur.

I know not why I do abide thy speech,
Thou foul-mouthed slanderer, nor hurl thee down
Incontinently from the battlements
For speaking thus of Lady Guenever.
I give my life in hostage for her faith,
Content thyself with that.

Merlin.

Thou art o'er bold.
Dost thou not know that with a whispered word
I could weave round her such a subtle spell
That thou shouldst see her not forevermore?
No man wins aught of me by haughty words,
For as the sword leaps baffled from my breast
So threats fall from me.

King Arthur.

Thou dost daunt me not.
Lay by thy magic for the quaking girls
That throng the Court. I marry Guenever!

Merlin.

Not while I live.

King Arthur.

Then shalt thou shortly die,
For, by God's wounds, I will!

Merlin.

Wait for the proof;

I have a hand in this. I made thee king,
And king I'll keep thee 'til the doleful day
When England totters, and Pendragon's seed
Shall slay Pendragon for Pendragon's lust.

King Arthur.

Mock me not, Merlin, with an idle rune,
For magic is no medicine for love.
Within the ordered limits of thy sphere
Be thou my guide, but look ye leave them not,
For there is yet another province, meet
For other councillors, and there I bar thee, sir.
Molest me not, for love brooks no control
Of wisdom or of magic or of fear.

Merlin.

Swear on thy knighthood and the holy Cross
That thou wilt cast away all love and lust.

King Arthur.

Lust will I cast away, but never love;
Who mocks thereat is damned for blasphemy.

Merlin.

Who plays with either perils all things else.
I tell thee, boy, this kingdom is not won
Save by him only that shall thrust away
All thought of love. The brand Excalibur
Carves not a kingdom if the wielding hand
Is tethered to a maiden's silly heart,
And therefore I forbid thee.

King Arthur.

Save thy words,

For here I act alone. Withhold thine aid
Since so it pleases thee. I call on God,
And He who gave me leave to live and love
Shall guard me.

Merlin.

Go thy ways, thou silly fool!

I builded on a false and shifting sand
When I did build on thee. The hour is gone,
And once again shall England split with strife
Until the wrath of God comes hurling forth
To strike thee by the hand of thine own son,

For so the doom shall fall.

King Arthur.

I know the rune
And heed it not, my life I leave with God,
And He shall take it when and how He will.
But if He call me not before the spring
Come burgeoning o'er England, once again
Pendragon's seed shall sprout in virgin fields,
To reign when God shall cast me from the throne.
So, thou art answered.

Merlin.

In such dolorous wise
That I am fain of death. I pray thee, go!
Nor seek me ever when thou art bested.
So splits the golden dream!

King Arthur.

I will not go
With wrath and malice. Merlin, I must live,
My life, not thine, and even as my soul
That I revere as God's ambassador
Commands me. Thou art withered with thy years
And may not know the majesty of love,
Therefore, my heart must be a sealed book,
Clasped, clamped, and locked before thy failing sight,
Yet I may read it well, and in the words
I see the tracing of the hand of God.
By this I walk. I can no other thing.

(Exit.)

Merlin.

How like my life is this forlorn abyss
Of empty air that rings me with a wall
Of unrelenting iron. All alone,
Unaided, unbefriended, I abide
In solemn isolation, toiling on
To build a nation of the headstrong boys
That feign man's grave estate. Why should I strive
To wrench incompetence to dignity
Against its will?

Fool! for that thou art wise
With lofty learning men know nothing of:
Thou art of them that rule the childish world.

Thou art the king.

Ye silent, baffling stars,
Give me your aid! How shall I win the cast,
Despite the headlong folly of the boy
I crowned with England's crown? From sore defeat
Shall I not win abundant victory?
That thing I do, but by what subtle means?

King Arthur weds with Guenever. I heard
Pendragon speaking, and I know the blood.
What follows after? King Leodegrance
Henceforth is England's vassal. Small reward
I find the fact, but -- King Leodegrance!

Merlin, thou art assoted! Rouse thy wits
That art not used to such base treachery.
Queen Guenever? Aye, let her wear the crown,
And let the king be lapped in dalliance
If so he please. Out of Cameliard
The daughter of Leodegrance shall bring
A dowry that will disenthral the State,
Release it from dependence on the king,
And guard it with invincible defence.

So cometh victory from overthrow,
So wisdom matches folly. So I win
Dominion absolute. Leodegrance
Yields the Round Table into Arthur's hand!

Curtain.

ACT III

SCENE I. Camelot. The great hall of the castle. Sir Tor, Sir Ector, Sir Pelleas,
Sir Breuse, and other Knights.

Sir Pelleas.
Now drain a beaker to Lord Arthur's love
And England's queen that shall be, on a day;
The fairest mistress and most worshipful
Betwixt the borders of the Scottish king
And grim Tintagail by the southern sea.
The Lady Guenever!

Omnes.

Hail, Guenever!

Sir Breuse.

Forget not Launcelot! Come, good my lords,
And drink oblivion to Launcelot
Lest he rebel. 'Twere safer for the State.

Sir Tor.

Missay him not. As any loyal knight
He yields before the king, not stretches forth
A hungry hand to grasp the thing he gave.

Sir Breuse.

A noble knight! yet may the gift return
For very liking; he will scorn it not.

Sir Pelleas.

Out on thy lewd and bawdy tongue, Sir Breuse,
That dares missay a maid with scurrile japes;
Thou art forsworn, thou false, felonious knight!

Sir Breuse.

Meseems I hear the voice of Launcelot,
But by the Mass, I look not on his visage;
Yet is he champion of Guenever
By right of earliest holding, and I crave
His pardon that I mocked his paramour.

Sir Pelleas.

That word against thy teeth, thou lying knave!

Sir Breuse.

How now, 'tis not Sir Launcelot that speaks,
But Pelleas? Why, thou most orgulous boy,
Art thou then of the blest? This makes amaze
Fall heavy on me.

Sir Pelleas.

Draw thy cankered sword,
Thou shame of knighthood, for I prove the lie
Upon thy body!

Sir Breuse.

Must I fight with babes?
Strange portents loom in England, when a maid
Forgets to favour men, and for a whim

Is fain of boys and makes them champions.

Sir Pelleas.
Will't fight or no?

Sir Tor.

Stand back, good Pelleas!

Breuse saunce Pit  this overleaps a jest:
Guard thou thy tongue: we brook no calumny
Against a maid.

Sir Ector.

Curb thou thy bastard blood

Or thou shalt lose it lightly; we are knights,
Not savage churls, and slander likes us not.

Sir Breuse.

Is any here would have to do with me?
My sword is ready!

Sir Tor.

Worship is not won

For fighting misbegotten savages.
Hold hard thy tongue, or lightly as ye may
Get thee again into thy wilderness.

Sir Breuse.

Fair manners find I in the haughty Court!

Sir Ector.

Thou'lt straitly cope with deeds as well as words,
An' thou dost silence not thy railing speech.
Avoid him, Pelleas, and you, Sir Tor.
Come hither where the air is sweeter; sirs,
What know ye of the rumour in the Court
Touching the deed that Arthur does to-day?
Fame is that some unwonted fortune falls
On England through that King Leodegrance,
We freed of Welsh Rience, but of what temper
The merit is, or how the boon shall come,
Whether of gold or knights or land, none knows
That I have coped with. Wit ye ought of this?

Sir Tor.

Naught save that never ransom matched with his.

Sir Pelleas.

And I o'erheard the seneschal the while
He muttered awsome: "And I shall see
Our glory grow again; Leodegrance,
By thee comes England's dawn!"

Sir Ector.

'Tis very strange;

A fleeting memory, like fading smoke,
Slips lightly by me of a magic tale
My father told me very long ago
When Arthur was my brother, of a thing
The dead King Uther had whereby the State
Waxed wonderly, until a doleful day
Whereon a king did wrest it from his hold,
The which was England's ruin.

Sir Pelleas.

That, mayhap,

Was Joseph's sword, Excalibur.

Sir Ector.

Not so,

For I remember me the legend well
Of that most holy brand Lord Arthur won
In London at King Uther's burial.

(Enter: Sir Kay.)

Sir Pelleas.

Would well we knew.

Sir Tor.

Look where the seneschal

Comes well besene in honour of the day.

Ask him, Sir Ector.

Sir Ector.

Father, by thy leave

I pray thee tell us of this wondrous thing
King Arthur gainèd of Cameliard,
The which works fame for England.

Sir Kay.

Curb thy zeal,

Nor strive to sound the secrets of the king.

I promise thee he tells ye when the time
Has reached its term, but I can say ye nought,
Nor will for all your asking.

Sir Pelleas.

Fair Sir Kay,

Play not a churlish part, it ill beseems
Thy gentle bearing and so gracious heart.
Tell us, good seneschal.

Sir Kay.

Prevent me not,

Nor vex me with your prying inquiries,
I must attend the king. I tell ye nought.

Sir Pelleas.

And brave and hardy is the reason, sir;
Thou knowest nothing.

Sir Tor.

I'll be sworn of that.

Sir Kay.

How now, ye insolent and saucy knaves,
"Know nothing?" By the Mass, I know enough
To make your swelling hearts burst through the ribs
For exultation. I know nought forsooth!

Sir Pelleas.

Then go your ways, Sir Kay, unto the king,
And we will tell thee ere a little space
What ransom King Leodegrance did give,
For certes thou art ignorant.

Sir Kay.

I know,

Ye shameless knights!

Sir Pelleas.

Nay, nay, Sir seneschal,

The king has told thee nothing.

Sir Kay.

Aye, he has,

And rounded my old eyes with wonderment. --
But I must to him --Stay! Ye think I boast

Of that I know not -- but I must away,
The king has summoned me.

Sir Tor.

Our high devoir
Unto his lordship, and our humble praise
That he did tell thee nought, wise seneschal.

Sir Kay.

This passes bearing! King Leodegrance
Cedes the Round Table for his ransom. Hush,
No word of this to any eager ear
In Camelot. Farewell!

(Exit.)

Sir Pelleas.

In sooth, Sir Kay

Guards well the treasured secret of the king,
Yet I do think he gave us little light.
What boots a table to us?

Sir Ector.

'Tis the same!

I do remember now; the Table Round
That was the pledge of prowess in the field,
The guaranty of valour unexcelled;
But how and why I do remember not.

Sir Pelleas.

Meseems I win small wisdom from thy words,
For to the full they are as tenebrous
And blind of meaning as thy father's speech.
Sir Tor, I count on thee, for thou art merged
In gloomy seas of studious debate.
Read us the riddle!

Sir Tor.

As a mariner

Contending with the rough and burly waves,
Gropes blindly for the rope outflung for aid
Nor grasps it ever, so I clutch in vain
At fleeting phantoms of forgotten things.
The great Round Table of Pendragon, -- aye,
My father told me of its awful worth,
So much I know.

(Enter: above, Merlin.)

Sir Pelleas.

And that is nothing! -- Hail,
Thou fearsome Merlin, I did think thee near,
For on a moment all the hall grew dim
With murky darkness, as a cloud had drawn
Athwart the merry visage of the sun.
We stand at gaze, magician, dumb with doubt,
But thou art come to bring us blessed ease;
What is the ransom of Leodegrance,
The great Round Table?

Merlin.

What is that to thee?

Where heard ye ought of this?

Sir Pelleas.

Where else, fair sir,

Save at the bubbling mouth of gossip's well,
The prudest seneschal, that strongly swore
He would tell nothing, and then lightly told.

Merlin.

Confide thy secrets to judicious age
That like a withered bawd goes up and down
To hawk her wares along the market-place!

Sir Pelleas.

A truce to mouldy saws; tell us of this!

Merlin.

Since ye do have the half, take ye the whole.
The great Round Table of Pendragon comes,
And so is England armed against the world.

Sir Ector.

That much we know.

Sir Tor.

But not the cause thereof.

Merlin.

When blessed Joseph came from Palestine
Unto the sacred isle of Avalon,

He brought the awful Sword, Excalibur,
And that most precious Thing, the Holy Grail.
Long time he lay in Avalon, and they
That came with him from looking on the face
Of Jesu Christ, did build a little church
Where stands the solemn pile of Glastonbury,
And daily did the brothers sit at meat
Around the Table.

One by one the Lord
Callèd them to Him, till the latest left,
Alone and watching, heard the welcome voice.
Yet ere he answered he did give the Sword,
The Holy Grail, and this same Table Round,
Unto the king from out whose mighty loins
Sprang great Pendragon's line. A little while
Pendragon guarded well the sacred gift
And England waxed in glory. On a day
He proved unfaithful, and the Holy Grail
Returned to heaven, yet the Sword remained,
And eke the Table. Slowly rolled the years
Until King Uther's father's father reigned,
By whom the Sword was lost. The evil hap
Swept darkening over England; pestilence,
Famine and battle blasted all the land,
Until the king stood in such sorry plight
He gave the Table to Cameliard
For aid and succour 'gainst the paynim kings.
So fell great England's glory, and the shame
That scorched her fields burned out the memory
Of ancient honour.

Glory be to God,
That did withhold His wrath, the Sword is come,
And now the Table once again returns.
The night is broken, and Pendragon's seed
Shall reign, Pendragon, on Pendragon's throne.
For 'round the Table knights invincible,
Seven score and ten, each thronèd in his siege,
Shall round a ring that none shall cope withal.

Sir Pelleas.
And are we chosen?

Sir Ector.

Are we summoned here
To see the founding of the Table Round?

Sir Tor.

Who names the knights to form this wondrous ring,
Who marks the sieges, Merlin?

Merlin.

God Himself!

Whoso shall sit beside the sacred board
Gains double prowess by His sovereign grace.
But none may claim a siege save only he
Whose sword is stainless: who has won renown
In joust and tourney: who can bring the proof
Of some adventure, knightly, worshipful:
And in whose heart the flame of honour burns
Untroubled of the breath of any shame.
So once again the fame of England soars
On beating wings into the farthest height
Of earthly majesty. So God He sends
Unto King Arthur endless victory,
Rimless dominion, and a steadfast crown.
No longer England chafes within the curb
Of fretting seas, but leaps the narrow flood
And wins the world, Pendragon's heritage!

(Exit.)

Sir Ector.

Ye mock us, Merlin!

Sir Pelleas.

He is gone again

And as he came, unmarked of any eye.
How think ye, Tor, did Merlin jest with us,
Or is this wonder rising to its dawn?

Sir Tor.

I doubt me nothing, now King Arthur reigns;
No marvel balks me.

Sir Ector.

Hark, what horns are these,

Didst hear them?

Sir Tor.

Aye, look where Duke Lucas comes

Forspent with haste. What word?

Sir Pelleas.

Lord duke, what word?

(Enter: Duke Lucas.)

Duke Lucas.

Good sirs, I come from looking on a thing
So passing wonderful I lack the heart
To give it forth, for ye will cry me down,
And mock me for a madman.

Sir Tor.

Nay, no whit.

We take thy word, for wonders with the sun
Rise brightning over England on this day.

Sir Pelleas.

Hast thou descried a comet in the noon
Fighting the sun with greater glory?

Sir Ector.

Speak,

Duke Lucas of the Southfolk, nor defraud
Our hungry ears of marvels.

Duke Lucas.

As I rode,

But now to answer to the king, I spied
A little army wonderly arrayed,
And decked with trappings alien to mine eyes.
No banners blew along the morning air,
All blank the shields that swung beside the knights,
But fashionèd of brass that mocked the sun
With emulating fire. For a space
I halted, dumb with wonder; moving slow
The pageant passed, and in the midst thereof
I saw twelve aged men, most reverend
And grave of countenance: within each hand
A branch of olive spake the peaceful quest,
The which assuaged my doubt, and so with spur
Unspared I galloped here to Camelot
To warn the castle.

Sir Ector.

Embassy from Rome!

So far the fame of England's name has fled.

Sir Tor.
Call out the knights! Advise the heedless king
Of this most gracious advent.

(Trumpets without.)

Duke Lucas.

Follow me!

Hark, how the trumpets signal Rome's approach,
Make we what show we may. Come on, Sir knights!

(Trumpets.)

Sir Pelleas.

I know that song: the horns of Camelot
Give England's greeting to Imperial Rome.
Cry royal welcome, knights!

Omnes.

Hail, Rome! All hail!

(Exeunt: leaving Sir Breuse.)

Sir Breuse.

So, like a mob of silly, gaping boys,
The fawning hounds troop off to mouth and stare.
I rest me here and watch; I have her word,
Queen Morgan's word, that I shall wear the crown
That Arthur ravished from the rotting skull
Of Uther. Shall I gain it then to-day?
Ha, Morgan!

(Enter: Morgan le Fay)

Morgan.

Hail, Sir Breuse saunce Pité

How like ye Camelot?

Sir Breuse.

As bastards love

The house forbid them by their father's lust.
How else?

Morgan.

Thou art discourteous of speech.

Dost owe me nothing?

Sir Breuse.

No!

Morgan.

How now, thou knave?

I promise thee the crown.

Sir Breuse.

And give it not.

Morgan.

Thou puling child, a crown is hardly won
For asking.

Sir Breuse.

But by taking. Mark the king.

Morgan.

The king? The crown is topling to its fall
From off his vaunting head. Hold thou thy hand
And wait on me; when thou dost see it roll
A trundling circlet to thy shambling feet,
Then grasp it! Thou art king and I am queen.

Sir Breuse.

And Uriens?

Morgan.

Falls with Lord Arthur's crown.

Sir Breuse.

How long must I abide?

Morgan.

Until the king
Has married Guenever, and Launcelot
Makes noble horns sprout on the royal head
To crowd the crown!

Sir Breuse.

And on the word he comes.

Bid him bestir.

(Enter: Sir Launcelot.)

Morgan.

Hail, Launcelot du Lake,
Thou art o'er kind to wait upon the king
That lightly triumphs over thee.

Sir Breuse.

Be sure
He'll not attend thee, knight, in gentle wise
The night thy triumph falls!

Sir Launcelot.

Hark ye, Sir Breuse,
I am not tempered to abide thy words
This day or any when, as slimy snails
Defile a rose, they do befoul the name
Of Lady Guenever. Look to it, sir.

Sir Breuse.

Before to-day I've seen a monkish cowl
Serve as a cloak for cunning lechery,
Nor ducked devotion for the seeing.

Sir Launcelot.

Peace!
Or on the word thou art an unshrived corse.

Sir Breuse.

By God! I lie no longer in the hail
Of ribald railing that King Arthur's Court
Holds high in honour!

Morgan.

Sheathe thine eager sword,
Thou testy brawler, lest it cut the cord
That binds thee to good hap. Sir Launcelot,
Small worship gainest thou of conflict here,
But haply misadventure.

(Exit Morgan and Sir Breuse.)

Sir Launcelot.

Go thy ways,
Thou mock of chivalry, I kill thee not.

(Trumpets. Enter Duke Lucas, Duke Brastias, Sir Tor, Sir Ector, Sir Pelleas, and

Knights. With them twelve Ambassadors.)

Duke Lucas.

Upon the stroke comes now great England's king,
Most reverend ambassadors. Be sure
He will of his great gentleness be pleased
To have Rome's message in his royal hands
Before the task that waits him. Stand ye here
Beside the throne.

Sir Tor.

Hark, how the warning call
Of brazen-throated trumpets doth proclaim
His happy coming.

Omnes.

Hail to England's king!
God save King Arthur!

(Enter: King Arthur, with him vassal Kings, Nobles, Knights, and Pages, preceded by Sir Kay. When the King comes before the throne the Ambassadors kneel.)

First Ambassador.

Hail, most mighty king!
Receive our homage, and of royal grace
Be pleased to listen to the solemn words
Imperial Rome has spoken.

King Arthur.

Who are ye,
Most venerable, that do stay the course
Of England's kign upon this blessed day?
We give ye royal greeting. Let it serve
Until the high fulfillment of the hour;
Then shall we hark with unabated ear
Unto our cousin, Rome. Go on, my lords.

First Ambassador.

Stand, England! for our duty may not wait.

King Arthur.

How say ye, may not? Yet perforce it must,
Since we are prompted not to stay our course
For any king in Christendom. Go on.

First Ambassador.

Bethink thee, England, Rome speaks through our lips,
Disworship unto her is sacrilege.

King Arthur.

We are not wanting in fair courtesy,
Nor would we suffer semblance of the lack.
So be it, sirs. My lords, we crave your grace
The while we wait on these ambassadors.
Now sir, speak on.

(He ascends the throne.)

First Ambassador.

The mighty emperor,
Lucius, Dictator of the Public Weal
And Sovereign of the World, to England's king
Sends greeting, and commands him by the laws,
The statutes, and decrees that Caesar made,
He that did conquer Britain and was crowned
First Emperor of Rome, that he shall swear
Liege loyalty to him, as they have sworn,
His royal predecessors, out of mind.

Sir Pelleas.

My lords, must we sit silent under this
And hear our king missayed by Roman knaves
Nor lift a sword in answer?

Sir Tor.

By the Mass,
Thou speakest as a man! My lord, my king,
Have done with this!

Sir Launcelot.

Dismiss the Embassy!

Omnes.

Down with them!

King Arthur.

Silence! We are crownèd king,
And as a king we listen. Finish, sir.

First Ambassador.

So runs Rome's high commandment: if ye fail
To render homage unto Caesar, fail

To pay the truage rightly due to him
As sovereign lord of England ---

Duke Brastias.

Stay thy tongue,
Thy life is forfeit if thou sayest more!

King Arthur.

Peace! Are ye knights, or knaves, that dare defy
Our royal will? Say on!

First Ambassador.

If ye refuse

To bind yourself in vassalage to Rome,
He will forthwith wage such unkindly war
Against your realm, that to the end of time
Ye shall remain a warning to the world
Of that most fearsome chastisement that falls
On such as do deny him. We are done.

Sir Pelleas.

Knights, rally to the king!

Duke Brastias.

Hell seize the churls!

Duke Lucas.

By all the saints of God, we'll prove our king
The peer of any Roman!

Sir Pelleas.

Draw your swords!

King Arthur.

Here to me, spearmen! guard them with your lives
Or yours shall pay the forfeit. Hear me speak!
Am I a king of men, or lawless wolves,
That ye shall dare assail ambassadors
With olives in their hands? Strike back your swords!

Sir Launcelot.

They mocked your majesty!

Sir Pelleas.

They did defile

The honour of our kingdom!

King Arthur.

What of that?

We are no wanton, jealous of a name
That bears scant questioning, but England's king,
Raised on an eminence of such estate
That words are gadflies waging silly war
Against a mighty mountain. We will give
Such answer unto Rome as does befit
Our crown and England.

Lord ambassadors,

Ye shall return unscathed unto your king,
"Lucius, Dictator of the Public Weal
And Sovereign of the World." From England's king
Bear ye our greeting; say, "Thus England spake."
The great Round Table of Pendragon's House
Is 'stablishèd to-day. An hundred knights
And fifty, stainless, ignorant of fear,
Shall form a circle none may cope withal.
To-morrow we will wed with Guenever;
Upon the day thereafter we shall go,
With raging armies that shall shake the earth,
To take possession of Imperial Rome,
Whereof we are the king and overlord.
To them that do confess us emperor
We grant abundant pardon, but to him
That doth usurp our throne, and unto them
That dare deny our lordship we shall mete
Such chastisement as doth befit their case.
The audience is ended.

Omnes.

On to Rome!

God save King Arthur! Lead us on to Rome!

Curtain.

SCENE II. Camelot. The shore of the Magic Mere, Sunset. Sir Breuse: enter to him, Morgan le Fay.)

Morgan.

Small space have I for greetings, good Sir Breuse,
But all falls bravely in tall Camelot
And deep disorder reigns in Arthur's Court,
For Guenever is gone!

Sir Breuse.

Whose hand is here?

I thought ye played pander to the king.

Morgan.

The which shall follow lightly: for the nonce
Wise Merlin aids us, for with potent spells
He has engulfed the girl that would be queen
In some profound abyss of mystery
Beyond the king's control.

Sir Breuse.

What follows?

Morgan.

War!

Rude war betwixt the king and Merlin.

Sir Breuse.

Ha!

I see thine import, Morgan.

Morgan.

All is well;

We need not vex us touching Guenever,
Our work lies close at hand. The king is wroth,
And deep dissension gets betwixt the twain
That let us from the throne. Sir Launcelot
Sits in his haughty seige amid the knights
Of that Round Table that shall guard the king.
I see the issue of that royal whim;
Red war is out against Imperial Rome,
The while along the borders of the realm
Impatient kings are fretting at their chains,
And black confusion like a thunder cloud
Creeps to the zenith.

Sir Breuse.

Have we nought to do?

Or may we sit and babble of the day
When I am king?

Morgan.

I do not deal in words,

I act.

Sir Breuse.

Then lightly to thy labour.

Morgan.

Aye,

The while ye idly fondle dreams of state
When I have crowned ye.

Sir Breuse.

Curse thine idle tongue!

What would ye have me do?

Morgan.

Avoid my sight

That I may act alone. Stay! seek the Court
And bring me word of Merlin and the king.

Sir Breuse.

A gentle errand!

Morgan.

For a gentle knight.

Farewell, Sir Breuse.

(Exit Sir Breuse.)

Now I have ample swing;

Come forth, my sword! Hola, brave Nimue!

(Enter from the Mere: Nimue.)

Nimue.

Unhorsed, but in the lists. Grant me a quest,
And I will lift mine honour from the deep
Where Merlin hurled it.

Morgan.

Cope with him again

With better fortune: now another task
Of gentler savour have I for thy hand.
Anon King Arthur walks beside the Mere,
If thou didst whisper in his hungry ear
The thing I bade thee.

Nimue.

"King, the spell dissolves

At sunset, by the Magic Mere, to-night!"

Morgan.

Where ye shall soon encounter with him. See!
How like a jaded warrior the sun
Stands halting on the world's empurpled shore
Before he plunges in the sea of night;
The tide is at the flood and Arthur comes.
Entreat him worshipfully; give him pause,
Until I ring him with a magic sleep:
Then sink with him a thousand fathoms down
The where I wait thee.

Nimue.

Hush, I hear the fall

Of eager feet.

Morgan.

And on the word I go.

(Exit Morgan.)

Nimue.

And I will crouch me for a splendid spring.
This hunting likes me well: come, little king!

(Enter: King Arthur.)

King Arthur.

"At sunset by the Magic Mere to-night
The spell dissolves." So breathed a passing voice,
And I, a king, perforce must walk alone
Beside a cursèd lake, and wait on chance
To give me that is mine. And Merlin -- hell
Would lightly cast him forth an' he were dead,
Therefore he lives, and cloaks him with a cloud
Of black, impenetrable sorcery,
As he has shrouded Guenever -- By God!
I'll burn him for high treason if he crawls
Once more within my grasp. -- And Guenever!
I cannot see her, yet the sun is gone,
And noisome pestilence is lifting white
Above the Mere. Who played this sorry jest
Upon me for my shame? What whitened there?
Was it a ghostly creature from the lake
Or was it Guenever?

Nimue.

Most noble king,

I know thine errand, and I pledge my faith
Thou shalt achieve.

King Arthur.

What do ye, lady fair,

So far from Camelot?

Nimue.

The king's behest,

And my devoir unto his majesty.
Mistrust me not; I would befriend thee, sir,
And to that end I spake.

King Arthur.

It was from thee

I gained the warning?

Nimue.

Aye, "The spell dissolves
To-night, at sunset, by the Magic Mere."

King Arthur.

And Guenever?

Nimue.

Shall lie within thy hand
Despite Sir Merlin, ere the twilight goes
And darkness gathers.

King Arthur.

What is this to thee,

That thou shouldst play the part of mine ally?

Nimue.

Am I not subject unto England's crown
In equal measure with the watchful knights?
And shall I turn aside when treachery
Slides serpent-wise to sting thee?

King Arthur.

What is hid

Behind the arras of thy woven words?

Nimue.
Swift warning!

King Arthur.

Give it voice.

Nimue.

The sorcerer;

Endure him not lest thou shouldst see the crown
Reft from thee like thy mistress.

King Arthur.

What of her?

I hold a sword that well defends a crown,
Yet is it helpless here. Speak lightly, girl,
If thou know'st ought of Guenever.

Nimue.

My lord,

My honour on her coming. Of thy grace
I pray thee sit, and school thine eagerness
Until the stroke when Merlin's magic fails
And Guenever is free.

King Arthur.

What art thou, then?

How cam'st thou by this knowledge? By the Mass
I do misdoubt thee.

Nimue.

And thou dost me hurt

By thinking malice of my championship:
Nathless I will content thee. Guenever
Fled all distraught with dole from Camelot,
For that old Merlin sought to weave a spell
About her that should lift a wall of brass
Forever 'twixt her and the world of men.

(Soft music: the mist from the lake deepens.)

I found her crouching in the reedy sedge
And baffled Merlin, for I won a charm
Most potent, from the Lady of the Lake
Long since, for service, and he saw her not.

(The Lake Girls rise silently above the Mere; they come softly forward and dance

around the King and Nimue.)

Within a mystic land of drifting dreams,
A realm of faery, ringed with summer seas,
She lieth, sleeping, 'til the long kiss frees
Her veiled eyes of slumber. Level beams
Of sultry sunlight linger drowsily
Around her bed of roses, faint with love.
Give me thy hand, and thou shalt bend above
To breathe her name, and she shall wake to thee.

(The mist has deepened until all is obscured. It flushes rose colour and slowly dissolves.)

SCENE III. Beneath the Magic Mere. A hall of the enchanted castle. Morgan le Fay in the guise of Guenever is seated on a splendid throne. King Arthur lies at her feet, his head on her knees. Lake Girls are dancing softly in a ring about the throne.)

Morgan.
O thou that art the king of earthly kings,
The flower of chivalry and my true love,
Come from the misty land of dreams. Awake!
Unclose thine eyes and look upon my face,
Dost thou not know me?

King Arthur.

Guenever!

Morgan.

My king,

And worshipfullest lord of all my life,
I love thee.

King Arthur.

Say that word again! Dear God,
I know not if I sleep, or by the spell
Of sorcery am prisoned in a dream.
Oh, let me wake no more, whiche'er it is,
But lie forever in thy circling arms.
I love thee, Guenever!

Morgan.

With all my soul,
With all my body, and with all my life
I do thee worship, Arthur.

King Arthur.

Bend thy face
Close, close above me. Let me drink the wine
Of passion from the chalice of thy lips
'Til I am drunk with love! O Guenever,
Let me but love thee while the sliding sands
Tell one short hour of night, and I will die
Content with life.

Morgan.

Not one, but endless hours
Reach on before us like a golden dream.
Time knocks not on the gates of Love's demesne
Where I have brought thee. Very far away
The world of men lies cold and desolate,
Unwitting of us and of us forgot.
This is the Land of Love, where I am queen;
Wilt thou be king?

King Arthur.

Throned in thy closing arms
I ask one only boon; to cast away
My earthly kingship.

Morgan.

See, they open wide
To clasp thee close.

King Arthur.

Oh, take me to thy heart,
And let me feel thy body grow to mine
Until one fierce, incarnate love is all,
And life melts into death.

Morgan.

Not yet, not yet!
Bethink thee of the price thou needs must pay.
Wilt thou renounce thy crown for very love,
Forsake the knightly quest, the shock of war,
Thy royal House and England?

King Arthur.

On my knees
I swear to cast them, Guenever, away,
Nor ask them ever, for the love of thee.

Morgan.

Now do I know in sooth thou lov'st me well,
And for thy paltry kingdom cast aside,
I give thee, love, another kingdom, meet
For such as thou, the Land of Living Love,
Where we will lie forever, lapped in dreams
And lost to all the world.

King Arthur.

To all the world!

Farewell, my futile visions of estate,
My royal crown, my swift and savage Sword;
Farewell, proud Merlin, baffled of thy goal
And blind with arrogance, cast down to hell
The while I reign in heaven, crownèd king
Of love and Guenever!

Morgan.

Give me thy Sword,

That I may cherish it, and in the flame
Of blazing jewels burning on the hilt
See perfect proving of thy perfect love,
For with the Sword goes England.

King Arthur.

Take the toy

That is the badge of vassalage to man.
And give me aid to cast this harness off,
I need it not.

(The Lake Girls remove his armour: Morgan takes Excalibur and lifts it high in the air.)

Morgan.

Now swear upon thy Sword,

And by the faith of thy true body swear
That thou wilt bear liege love and loyalty
Forever unto me and to my land.

King Arthur.

Upon my Sword, and by the blameless faith
Of this my body, Guenever, I swear
I will do no disworship unto thee,
But yield unending love and service.

Morgan.

Come!

(The mist closes.)

SCENE IV. The shore of the Magic Mere: all is hidden in pale mist that slowly melts away. Merlin is standing beside Arthur, who is lying upon the ground without his armour or Sword. Moonlight.

King Arthur.
Where art thou, Guenever? The moving mist
Came close betwixt us and I saw thee not.
Give me thy lips and lift me to thy heart:
Where art thou, Guenever?

Merlin.

Where is thy Sword?

King Arthur.
What vision mocks me from the barren world
I lightly cast away? Begone, gray ghost,
Nor vex me with thy face!

Merlin.

Where is thy Sword?

King Arthur.
Who sent thee hither to the Land of Love,
Thou baleful portent? That thou hast the garb
And hungry visage of the sorcerer,
Gray Merlin, I confess.

Merlin.

Where is thy Sword?

King Arthur.
I gave it, starling-tongue, to Guenever
In pledge of love, as I would give the world
An' I possessed it. As I gave my crown,
My kingdom, all!

Merlin.

Thou silly, babbling fool,
Look 'round; dost know this place, and dost thou see
The Lady Guenever?

King Arthur.

Speak, sorcerer!

Hast thou through black enchantment reft her hence?
What hast thou done with Guenever? By God,
An' thou hast harmed her, I will gnaw thy heart
Before thine eyes!

Merlin.

Oh, what a thing is man,
When he has cast away the flimsy guise
The world bestows to veil his nakedness.
And I must work with such unhandy tools
As these to carve a kingdom.

King Arthur.

Wil't thou speak?
Or must I cut the truth from out thy maw:
Where is my lady?

Merlin.

Hid in Camelot.
Nor has she moved therefrom since I upreared
A mist betwixt ye that ye may not pass.

King Arthur.

Thou liest, Merlin, for I lay but now
Upon her breast, within the Magic Mere.
Whence thou didst draw me by malignant spells
To make me serve thee.

Merlin.

Since thou didst fall on sleep
Thou hast not seen the Lady Guenever,
But thou hast wantoned with a damnèd witch
Beneath the waters of the lake of hell,
And for an hour of lechery hast sold
Thy maidenhood and lost Excalibur.

King Arthur.

I hear thy words, but as the senseless din
Of summer thunder.

Merlin.

Thou shalt understand
Their heavy import shortly. Mark me well:
Such futile treason was not since the day
When Judas sold Christ Jesu. Thou art he
That bartered England for an harlot's kiss.

My weary eyes, that scarce can mark the course
Upon the dial of the shadow's path,
Saw through the weltering waters of the Mere
Down to the murky depths. I saw thee crawl
A wanton suppliant at a witch's feet;
I saw thee hang upon her mocking lips
And sell the Sword I bravèd hell to win.

King Arthur.
O Merlin, I am as a troubled child
That awakes from noisome dreams. I cannot see,
I know not what I say. Give me thy hand
And gentle pardon for unknighly words,
Read me the cursèd riddle!

Merlin.

Endless years

Have I wrought patiently to save this land.
The curse was lifted, and I crowned thee king
And gave thee that which should have made thee lord
Of such a kingdom as were fit for God.
Against thee hurtled all the craft of hell
To gain Excalibur, and thou didst prove
A faithful warder; traitor to thy name
And knightly lineage. The Sword is gone.

King Arthur.
Merlin, I love her as I love my God;
'Twas Guenever!

Merlin.

'Twas Morgan, hight le Fay,

Thy sister.

King Arthur.

Jesu, mercy!

(He falls upon his face.)

Merlin.

For thy sin,

For thine unholy incest, cry to God
For pardon. Thou shalt pay the penalty
With thine own blood, and I may save thee not
Although I love thee as an only son.
A little time is left us ere the doom

Falls on thee. Swear to do my will
And we may baffle Morgan, save the State,
And render it into the hand of God.
Swear me, King Arthur, and I win the Sword.

King Arthur.
Blast me, Lord God, with lightning, for my sin,
Else will I tear mine eyes from out my face
And sink my body in the cursèd Mere!

Merlin.
Rend not thy body, Arthur, rend thy soul;
For that thou art a perjured, bawdy knave,
Foul with dishonour; yet I know indeed
That thing must lie with God. I deal with thee
As King of England, I may give no heed
Unto thy soul but only to thy Sword,
The which I will achieve if thou wilt swear.

King Arthur.
What shall I do to gain Excalibur?

Merlin.
Wilt thou be sworn?

King Arthur.
Yea, Merlin, I will swear.

Merlin.
Renounce thou by thy knighthood love and lust;
Swear by Christ Jesu's wounds that thou wilt live
A spotless knight, and I will win the Sword.

King Arthur.
I cannot, Merlin.

Merlin.
What, thou wilt not swear?

King Arthur.
I cannot, Merlin. Lust I fling away,
And, by God's grace, I keep myself from sin
If He will help me. Love I hold mine own;
For I have sworn an oath to Guenever
And I will keep it if I lose the crown.

Merlin.

Bethink thee, king, for England hangs on this;
Excalibur is gone. Ambassadors
But lately come from out disdainful Rome
Already are returning to their king
That threatens thee with invasion. Grimly war
Shall compass England with a ring of death
Advancing dauntlessly upon thy throne
Where thou art shrinking in a woman's arms.
What shall they profit thee if thou art bare
Of thy most sure defence, Excalibur?

King Arthur.

Forsake thy vision, Merlin: let me go
And hide me in the refuge of my love.
I am not of such metal as a king
Is fashionèd, and I shall fail thee sore
If thou dost wield me. Give me Guenever,
And let me sink in dim forgetfulness
The while thou find'st a weapon to thy mind.
I may not serve thee.

Merlin.

Yet perforce thou shalt;

I know thy temper and it suits me well,
Despite thy softness. None may save this land
And bring the kingdom of the living God
Upon this earth, but only thou thyself.
Deny thy destiny and hell prevails,
The night descends, and man shall grope in vain
Through murky shadows for the hand of God,
Nor find it ever. Seize the Sword and reign!
So shall thy name be blazoned on the page
Of God's great chronicle of blessèd saints
That do His service for His people's sake.

King Arthur.

Give back my lady and I do thy will;
Yea, Merlin, even to the uttermost
And latest, lingering drop of mine own blood;
Deny me, and I give thee back the crown.

Merlin.

What profits me my wisdom when I wage
Uneven warfare 'gainst hot-headed love
That weighs a beating heart against the world?

Needs must I meet thy humour. Hear me, boy;
The rune is written. "Now Pendragon's seed
Shall slay Pendragon for Pendragon's lust."
Read thou the import. Yet a little while
And Morgan bears a child within whose veins
Runs, dark and turbid, great Pendragon's blood.
By him thou diest, king!

King Arthur.

And in this wise,
For mine own wanton act, the doom shall fall.
So be it, Merlin. Ye have space to act
And I to do thy bidding, ere the wrath
Of God is on me. Give me Guenever,
And when I go the crown shall fall again
Unto Pendragon's seed.

(A long pause.)

Merlin.

Yea, that is well.
And in despite of destiny I yield
Unto thine inclination.

King Arthur.

Pledge thy word,
Thine honour, and thine oath to give me her
That I do love, the Lady Guenever,
To make her queen.

Merlin.

That thing I soothly do,
Wilt thou be sworn?

King Arthur.

Yea, Merlin, I will swear.

Merlin.

Then, by God's wounds and by thy body's faith,
Swear to forsake all lust forevermore,
But live unstained and devoid of sin.

King Arthur.

By Jesu's Blood and by the faith I owe
Unto my knighthood I do swear the oath.

Merlin.

Come thou with me, the day is not yet lost
Though perilled grievously, for nevermore
May I compel the false and paynim witch
To render up Excalibur. Be true
Upon thine oath; we may save England yet,
Though hardly.

(He leads Arthur to the brink of the Mere.)

Stand thou by me while I call
Upon the loathly witch to hear my voice,
And by the power of the awful spell
That by God's grace I weave around here, yield
The Sword of Joseph to thy waiting hand.
Art ready, boy?

King Arthur.

Here stand I, Merlin: speak!

Merlin.

When thou dost see an arm from out the Mere,
Robed in white samite, lift above the flood,
Grasp thou the proffered hilt.

King Arthur.

I will obey.

Merlin.

Morgan le Fay, by grace of Him that lives
Lord God of Heaven and Earth, and by the spell
So awful and so potent, of the king
Great Solomon of Israel, obey!
Around the Magic Mere I weave the rune
That locks thee helpless in an iron ring.
From thy duress thou may'st not win away,
Thou lewd and miscreant fayter, without scathe
Unless ye render ransom. Yield the Sword
That with mal-engine thou didst win away.
Yield thou the Sword!

(A sound of wailing rises from the lake.)

Must I then ask again?

I give thee warning, lightly yield the Sword,
For if thou haltest till the lifting moon

Mounts skyward by the breadth of half a hand
I'll damn thee down to hell!

(Clouds obscure the moon and a fierce wind rushes across the lake. The wailing increases to a shriek.)

Yield thou the Sword!
Dost think to fright me with the stour of storm,
And let me my quest with futile din?
Thou art assotted, Morgan. Yield the Sword!

(The storm bursts with a tempest of thunder and lighting)

Ha, ha! ye fight with weapons weak with rust!
Howl, tempests, 'til ye blast the shrinking earth;
Blaze, all ye lightnings, split the sky in shards
And hurl the reeling stars in torrents down,
Ye cannot move me from a mighty quest.
I bandy words no longer. Yield the Sword
Before my heart beats thrice within my breast
Or thou art damned! Yield thou Excalibur!

(A pale, greenish light rises and illuminates the surface of the lake. Within Arthur's reach an arm arises, brilliantly lighted, holding Excalibur. He seizes it and brandishes it in the glare of lightning. The light vanishes and the moon bursts through the clouds.)

Angelic Voices.

Hail, Pendragon!
Lord of the Sword.
Crownèd of England
saviour and king.

Arise! O thou servant of God,
for the dawn burgeons white on the world
and the Lord Christ has armed thee to-day.

The Sword is won.
and hell in confounded!
Back from England
cowers the curse.

The Sword Excalibur comes,
follows fast the Kingdom of God
that He will raise at thy hands.

The Table Round
He has established,
so art thou warded
with knighthood anointed
by God with the unction of blessing.

Go forth on the Quest for the crowning
high symbol of God in His world.

The Holy Grail
reft from the holding
of man in his pride
of will and of wisdom
awaits the winning of them
that acknowledge the Wisdom of God
nor exalt themselves over His Will.

The Holy Grail
the Sword and the Table
fix the foundation
of God's Holy City.
Guard thou Pendragon's inheritance
Build thou the City of God.

Curtain.

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/westwood.htm>

8 captures

14 Dec 2000 - 18 Aug 2002

Jun AUG Sep

18

2001 2002 2003

About this capture
Return to the Sword in the Stone Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of
Rochester

Return to the Arthur Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester

THE SWORD OF KINGSHIP

by

THOMAS WESTWOOD

At Christmas-tide, while wassail mirth ran high,
To royal Uther, by his queen Igrayne,
Was born a son; whom, wrapp'd in swaddling clothes
Of cloth of gold, the monarch took, and charged
Two knights and two fair maids to bear away,
Adown the castle stair and through the night,
To one that waited by the postern door.
No question to be ask'd, no word be said.

Blank faces wore the knights, and puzzled looks
And dazed the damsels, but the king's command
Was peremptory; so adown the stair,

Close-clasp'd and warm, their precious freight they bore,
Across the courtyard, underneath the stars.
Beside the door stood Merlin, who the babe
Took in his arms, and, without word or sign,
Departed. Like a wraith beyond the moat
He stole, and vanish'd on the windy wold;
And as he vanish'd, lo! a luminous star
Rose in the heaven, and brighten'd as it rose,
And broaden'd till the land was full of light.
And one fair maid,--of sixteen summers she,--
Lifting her lily face in white amaze,
Thought, "Sure our blessed Lord is born again!"

Athwart the wold, and o'er th' untrodden snow,
Pass'd Merlin, a wierd shadow, without pause.
Around him, as he went, the wind, with sound
Of viols sweet and low, sang lullaby.
Above him, in its orbit, moved the star,
To marshal him the way that he should go.

It led him to a donjon, perch'd aloft,
Like falcon's eyrie, on a spire of crag--
Black chasms in front, and at its base the sea--
Sir Ector's donjon, in the western wilds.
Beside his yule-fire sate that peerless knight,
And read, from monkish page, the legend old
Of the Nativity--the Orient Star,
The mystic Magi, with their gift of myrrh,
The God-child in the manger. Dame Iseult,
His spouse, with awe-dilated eyes, drank in
The wondrous story. At their feet lay stretch'd
A shaggy wolf-hound, huge of jaw and limb;
And nestling in the savage creature's fur,
Round-cheek'd and ruddy, slept their latest born.

No footfall--but, instinctive, both were 'ware
Of an unwonted presence in the hall--
Merlin's, whose ghostly shadow blurr'd the light.
To good Sir Ector salutation brief
The wizard gave--then with obeisance laid
His burden on the noble lady's knees,
Who call'd upon her saints. The bands unswathed,
Behold, the babe lay, like a folded rose,
In slumber; but anon, roused by the glare,
First crow'd, then whimper'd, till the pitying dame
Broke out in yearnings as of mother-love,

And caught him to her breast, and gave him suck,
And cherish'd him thenceforth as her own son.
And soon a priestly man, by Merlin sent,
Baptized the boy, and ARTHUR was his name.

Ere long the King fell sick, and while he lay,
Sore-stricken, a marauding host o'er-ran
His borders, and waged battle with his knights
At vantage, and his subjects vex'd and slew.
Then up spake Merlin: "King, no longer bide
Prone on thy couch, but to the strife of spears
Wend forth, in litter borne, if such must be,
High on the backs of men; for if thy foes
But see thee in the van, the day is thine!"

So was it done as Merlin had devised.
They bore the King in litter to the field--
A royal presence, with a deathly face--
And by St. Alban's, on a wild March morn,
'Mid road and river, met a mighty horde
Of Norsemen, and that day Sir Ulfius hight,
And stout Sir Brastias, did grand feats of arms;
And in the Northern battle Uther's men
Fought and o'ercame, and all his foemen fled.

And straight the King to London hied, and made
Much joy of his success; but, smitten anew
With mortal fever, three whole nights and days
Speechless he lay, and sore his barons grieved,
And help besought of Merlin in their need.

Quoth Merlin, "Help is none--Heaven's will be done!
But take this counsel,--at to-morrow's dawn
Seek the King's presence, and, with God's good grace,
His tongue shall be unloosed, and he shall speak."
And on the morrow, when the rising sun
Redden'd the east, and from the sloping hills
Roll'd the mists upward, knights and barons went
With Merlin to the King, and Merlin spake:--

"By Christ, and the thrice-blessed Trinity,
King, I adjure thee, make thy purpose clear!
Shall Arthur, thy true son, when thou art gone,
Rule o'er thy realm and sit upon thy throne?
Before thy lieges all, and before God,
Speak, my Lord Uther, let thy will be known!"

And Utherpendragon turn'd him on his bed,
And moan'd, and raised a ghastly face at length,
In the blear light, and cross'd himself, and said:--
"Before my lieges all, and before God,
I bless my son! God's blessing and the saints'
Befall him! He is king. My work is done.
But if he claim not this my crown and realm,
Or make not good his claim, with knightly feats,
And kingly wisdom, as befits my son,
Perish my blessing--it is none of his!"

Then suddenly Utherpendragon dropp'd
Dead on his couch, as drops a canker'd pine
When the bolt cleaves it, and all heads were bow'd,
And all hearts sorrow'd; and with regal pomp,
And long procession down cathedral aisles,
'Neath pall, and floating plume, and level shield,
They bore him to his rest. And Igrayne wept.

Then year on year in grievous jeopardy
The realm remain'd. For prince and paladin
Made trial of their might, in deadly feuds,
With plot and counterplot, through covert hope
Of kingship; and the sea grew black with barks
Of Vikings, that like kestrels round the coast
Hover'd, and froze the people's hearts with fear.
At dead of night the hills broke out ablaze
With beacon-fires--wild Norsemen scour'd the plains,
And drove the herds--and wives, that sat at home,
Wept wearily for those that came no more.

But, when the gloom was deepest, Merlin pray'd,
Th' Archbishop Engelbert, who held his court
At Canterbury, in his diocese,
To issue edicts, bidding all true knights
Repair to London, at the time of Yule,
On pain of penance and anathema.
"For peradventure, on that day," quoth he,
"On which our Saviour Lord from heaven came down,
God may vouchsafe a miracle, and show
Whose head shall wear the crown." The Primate did
As Merlin counsell'd, and the barons came,
Obedient, to the tryst. The frosty roads
Rang with the dint of hoofs. Long trains of knights,
Pages, and dames in litters, silken-draped,

And pursuivants, in brilliant tabards, wound,
Like party-colour'd serpents o'er the meads,
And through the snowy passes of the hills.

On Christmas-eve, at nightfall, a great host
Encamp'd about the minster, and a troop
Of holy men from tent to tent pass'd round,
And shrived the knights, and left them pure of sin,
And ready for the chrism, and for the crown.

In clouds the Christmas morning dimly dawn'd;--
Grey gloom'd the minster aisles; but ere the mass
Was ended, an effulgent sunshine broke
Through the east oriel, and all men were 'ware
That by the altar stood a snow-white stone,
Four-square, and on its summit, in the midst,
An anvil, holding in its iron bulk
A naked sword, along whose edges ran
This legend: "Whoso plucks me from my place
Is England's rightful king. Amen. Amen."
Then shook the multitude with sudden stir
Of passion, as the woodland summits shake,
When, swooping from a cloud, Euroclydon
The storm-wind strikes them; but the Primate knelt,
And quell'd the growing tumult with his prayer,
And, after, preach'd of peace and pure intents.

The benediction utter'd, one by one,
Princes and paladins he bade approach,
And try their prowess on the magic sword.
Then were gaunt arms of Titan strength outstretch'd,
To which the sinews clung, like knotted cords;--
Then was the sword clutch'd by as gnarlèd fists,
As his that slew the Hydra. Faces flush'd
Purple, and foreheads became ridged, like backs
Of Berkshire wolds; broad shoulders stoop'd and rose;
Oaths, fierce as thunder-claps, were smother'd back
'Twixt gnashing teeth--in vain, in vain, in vain!
Immoveable within its sheath the sword
Stood, its gold legend glittering in the sun.

Then spake the Primate: "God's Elect is not
Amongst you here this day. Now note my will.
Let ten true knights be chosen, of noble strain,
And constant, day and night, keep watch and ward,
Beside the stone and the miraculous sword,

Till he shall come, who is ordain'd of Heaven."

So said, so done. Ten knights of noble strain
Were chosen, five by five, to keep the watch.
And the suns rose, and set, and rose again,
And down the frozen aisles the winter's wind
Blew shrilly, and the winter moon shone cold.
And not a knight in Christendom but tried
To win the sword . . . except the Elect of God.

It chanced, on New Year's Day, a joust was given
With open lists; and to the tourney came
Sir Ector, with his handsome son, Sir Key,
Just dubb'd a knight, and Sir Key's brother-in-arms,
Arthur, a stalwart youth, straight as a pine;
With eyes as blue and bland as the June heaven,
Broad brow set round with curls, and royal mouth,
Firm-shut, and strong. These twain rode side by side,
Scanning the silken litters as they pass'd,
And chuckling, when the rose on maiden's cheek
Deepen'd to damask at their saucy smiles;
But near the lists, the scatter-brain'd Sir Key
Bethought him he had left his sword at home,
And pray'd young Arthur to ride back at speed,
In quest of it. This did he; but arrived
Before the mansion, every door was shut,
And window barr'd; Sir Ector's dame had gone
To see the jousts with her bower-maidens all.
Then Arthur stamp'd a hasty foot, and vow'd
That not for want of glaive Sir Key should miss
His jousting. "To the church I'll hie, and snatch
The sword they prate of from the wizard stone!"
Wide open stood the minster doors, and deep
The sacred silence; of the watching knights
No vestige; tourney sports had lured them thence.
Straight up the aisle young Arthur strode, and bent
A reverent knee beside the altar step,
And breathed a prayer; then pluck'd the magic sword
Out of the anvil, brandish'd it aloft,
And, without further tarrying, hurried back,
Alert, to find Sir Key. But he with awe
Gazed at the golden legend on the blade,
And call'd his sire, and cried aloud: "This brand
Is mine, and mine, too, England's realm and crown!"
Much marvell'd good Sir Ector; but in doubt
Of what was best, to the Lord Primate went,

And told his tale; who, when the jousts were o'er,
Bade all the knights and nobles meet anew,
Within the minster walls. There question'd he
By what strange sleight Sir Key had won the sword?
Sir Key, with pucker'd lips and stammering speech,
The truth avow'd. "Youth," said the Primate then,
Turning to Arthur, "since the skill was thine
To take the sword, say, canst thou thrust it back
Into its iron sheath?" "Small feat were that!"
Quoth Arthur, with a smile; and, stepping up,
Into the anvil thrust the naked blade.
"Now pluck it forth, Sir Key!" the Primate urged,
"And prove thy right." And bold Sir Key began
To tug, to haul--and tugging, hauling still,
The sweat-drops roll'd in rivers down his cheeks,
And angry flashes glinted from his eyes.
Then Arthur jeer'd him: "Nay, hast lost thy wits,
Good gossip mine? See, 'tis no more than this!"
And, with the slightest twitch of fingers twain,
Out came the sword, and a wild sunbeam ran
Along the steel and lit the legend up,
In diamond sparkles. Then Sir Ector knelt
At Arthur's feet, and hail'd him Lord and King,
While bold Sir Key stood blushing, half in wrath,
And half compunction. But the assembled peers
Look'd on, with lowering brows and sullen lips,
Or mutter'd: "It were shame this nameless boy
Should sit on Uther's throne and wear his crown!"
And soon a conflict rose, and swords were bared
In menace, till the Primate spake, and bade
Young Arthur thrust the sword into its place,
And tarry further ordeal, at the feast
Of Candlemas ensuing--the ten knights,
Meanwhile, to keep impregnable watch and ward.

This did they, five by five, as at the first.
And the suns rose, and set, and rose again;
And down the frozen aisles the winter's wind
Sang shrilly, and the winter moon shone cold.
But as at Christmas, so at Candlemas;
Save Arthur's only, not an arm was found
To wield the sword, though from the Cornish hills
Came Caradoc, a caitiff knight, of frame
Like to Goliath's; heavy was his spear,
As any weaver's beam--his stature huge,
His rigid chest, a rock--on either fist

Six fingers--on each monstrous foot six toes.
This giant, with a thunderous laugh, that woke
The echoes of the hills ten leagues away,
Thrust back to right and left the puny crowd,
As sheers a ship its course through summer seas,
And, to the altar stalking, clutch'd the sword
Contemptuous, as it were a baby's toy,
And pull'd. Loud laugh'd the multitude, to see
The tawny Cyclops foaming at the mouth,
Furious, because no whit the blade would budge.
He pull'd with strength that would have torn an oak
From its seven centuries' hold beneath the rocks--
He pull'd till, spent and breathless, his eyes stood
Out of his head, with wonder and despite.
But Arthur, on a merry mischief bent,
Pluck'd forth the glaive, and springing down the steps,
Fenced at Goliath for a minute's space,
With rapid cut and thrust, achieving thus
The giant's downfall and discomfiture;
For gibes and jeers, like whistling arrow-flights,
Hail'd on him; till, with buffetings of all
That cross'd his path, out of the doors he dash'd,
Half mad, and like an evil hurricane,
Rush'd howling homeward to his Cornish hills.

But vain these portents of the Elect of God.
The peers, obdurate, claim'd a new delay
Till Easter, and the Primate, moved with hope
By sage concessions to enforce Heaven's will,
Ordain'd fresh trial on that holy day.

And still the knights kept watch beside the stone,
With pacings to and fro, till through the pane
A blander moon shed silver on the sword,
And the wind, wandering 'mid the pillars, brought
Odours and omens of the coming Spring.

But as at Candlemas, at Easter too,
One issue, one resolve,--defeat, delay,--
With strife amongst the noblest--gauntlets flung
And lifted, ay, and knightly battle waged
"A outrance," in the lists. The Archbishop then
Convoked the estates of Britain for the eve
Of Pentecost, in ultimate ordeal;--
Too long, he said, had England's realm remain'd
Kingless, with peril gathering round the throne.

So the suns rose, and set, and rose again,
In slow succession, till the season turn'd,
And to the knights in vigil came the scent
Of beanflowers, and the smell of growing corn.

* * * * *

Over the pleasant meads, at Pentecost,
The minster bells rang out a merry chime,--
Over the bean-tufts, with their brindled bloom,
Over the corn-fields, with their waving corn;
No cloud in Heaven, and the long-harass'd earth
Calm, with the foretaste of a rest to come.

At gloaming, back the minster portals roll'd,
And knights and nobles, in a stormy throng,
Choked nave and chancel. Vespers o'er, at once
The Primate summon'd whoso dared resist
God's judgment, thrice made manifest, to brave
The final ordeal. Then upsprang a band
Of paladins, such as the world ne'er saw,
Fit framers of the famous Table Round,
Heroic shapes, that with untoward fate
Strove, as the demi-gods of heathen tale,
Strove in their war with Heaven--like them to fall.
For vain their chivalry and pure intents--
Vain strength of soul and strength of arm--all vain!
Immoveable within its sheath the sword
Stood, its strange legend burning like a flame.

Then Arthur, at the Primate's bidding, came,--
A youth as fair as he, who in the vale
Of Elah, with a sling and with a stone,
The champion of the Philistines o'erthrew,
Before the hosts of Israel. Meek, he knelt
Beside the altar, while the priestly palms
Were laid, in blessing, on his comely head,
All cluster'd over with thick golden curls.
"King Arthur, God's Elect, draw forth the sword!"
And lightly stepp'd he, lightly drew the sword,
And having drawn it, lo! a luminous star
Rose in the heaven, and brighten'd as it rose,
And broaden'd, till the fane was full of light.
And in that sudden glory men were 'ware
That, from their station by the altar side,

Anvil and stone had vanish'd like a dream.
Then swift emotion shook the hearts of all,
Half awe and half remorse; and with a sound
Of seas that surge, and sweep o'er shingly shores,
A tumult grew and spread, and broke at length
Into a vehement shout, "Long live the King!
Long live King Arthur!" from ten thousand throats,
Not one dissentient. Through the minster doors
The uproar burst, and fill'd the streets, and ran
Like wild-fire through the town--beyond the town--
For as the lightning speeds from cloud to cloud,
So sped the gladness through the length and breadth
Of England, till its every corner rang
With universal shouts of jubilee.
And the wind swept the shoutings out to sea,
And paled the Vikings' ruddy cheeks with fear,
And drove their black barks from the British main.

So Arthur won King Uther's crown and throne!
And when his seat was sure, and not a knight--
Save caitiff Caradoc, the Cornish bear--
But had sworn fealty, wizard Merlin told
To him and to Igrayne his wondrous tale.
Great joy had Queen Igrayne; her widow'd heart
Wax'd warm with household cheer; but evermore
To good Sir Ector and his dame the King,
From old respect and dear familiar use,
Clung, with the love and duty of a son.
Sir Ector, his high chancellor he made,
Sir Key, his seneschal; and when the dame
To Camelot in early summer came,
He saw, and ran to meet her from afar,
And kiss'd her mouth, and kiss'd her wrinkled cheeks,
And knelt before her, as had been his wont,
For daily blessing in the years that were.

Here ends the story of the magic sword
Of Arthur, Builder of the Table Round.
<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/images/dbhand.htm>
9 captures
31 Aug 2000 - 18 Aug 2002
Jun AUG Sep
18
2001 2002 2003

About this capture

"Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles"

by

Dan Beard

Dan Beard (1850-1941). "'Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles'" from: Illustrations to Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company, 1889.

Beard was apparently parodying the image by Alfred Kappes "How Arthur Got His Sword Excalibur" from the popular Boy's King Arthur (1880).

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/images/dbhand.htm>

9 captures

31 Aug 2000 - 18 Aug 2002

Jun AUG Sep

18

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

"Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles"

by

Dan Beard

Dan Beard (1850-1941). "'Sir Arthur Took It up by the Handles'" from: Illustrations to Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. New York: Charles L. Webster & Company, 1889.

Beard was apparently parodying the image by Alfred Kappes "How Arthur Got His Sword Excalibur" from the popular Boy's King Arthur (1880).

<http://www.ub.rug.nl/camelot/cammenu.htm>

11 captures

8 Apr 2000 - 20 Dec 2003

Oct JUN Aug

06

2001 2002 2003

About this capture

[Return to the Main Menu of The Camelot Project at the University of Rochester](#)

CAMELOT

Although Camelot is, for most modern readers, the legendary center of King Arthur's realm, in many medieval texts Arthur holds court at Carleon or some other city. Camelot is first mentioned in line 34 of Chrétien de Troyes's *Lancelot*; and the name does not appear in all manuscripts of that poem. In the thirteenth-century Vulgate Cycle, Camelot becomes the principal city of Arthur's realm and remains so in many, though certainly not all, later texts. For the English-speaking world Camelot is Arthur's central city because of Malory, who identifies it with Winchester. The image many modern readers have of the Camelot coincides with Tennyson's description of it in Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott" as "many-tower'd Camelot." Tennyson's image of Camelot is much more complex, however, in "Gareth and Lynette" in *The Idylls of the King* where it is described as a City built to music and where it is suggestive of Tennyson's theme of appearance and reality "For there is nothing in it as it seems / Saving the King." Since Camelot is a legendary place, it is perhaps futile to speak of its location. However, John Leland identified it with Cadbury Castle. Excavations carried out at the site in 1966-1970 confirmed that this large hill fort (with 1200 yards of perimeter surrounding an eighteen-acre enclosure and rising about 250 feet above the surrounding countryside) was refortified in the Arthurian era and was occupied by a powerful leader and his followers. More recently, largely through the influence of T. H. White, Camelot has come to be associated with the values Camelot is believed to have represented (White's "Might for Right"). The moral overtones still often remain but sometimes "Camelot" is used only to represent an ideal place.

IMAGES:

Kirk, M[aria]. L[ouise]. (1860-193x), "A City of Shadowy Palaces" (1912)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alcock, Leslie. *Was This Camelot? Excavations at Cadbury Castle 1966-70*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1972.

Hale, William C. "Camelot." *Avalon to Camelot* 2.2 (1986): 40-41.

Holmes, Urban T. "Old French: Camelot." *Romanic Review* 20 (1929): 233.

Loomis, Roger Sherman. *Arthurian Tradition and Chrétien de Troyes*. New York: Columbia UP, 1949. 480-81.

Pickford, Cedric E. "Camelot." In *Melanges de langue et de littérature médiévales offerts à Pierre Le Gentil*. Paris: SEDES, 1974. 633-40.

<https://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/index.html>

61 captures

22 Oct 2000 - 8 Oct 2024

Feb JUN Oct

18

2019 2021 2024

About this capture

Anathema of Zos: The Sermon to the Hypocrites

An Automatic Writing By Austin Osman Spare

Hostile to self-torment, the vain excuses called devotion, Zos satisfied the habit by speaking loudly unto his Self. And at one time, returning to familiar consciousness, he was vexed to notice interested hearers-a rabble of involuntary mendicants, pariahs, whoremongers, adulterers, distended bellies, and the prevalent sick-grotesques that obtain in civilisations. His irritation was much, yet still they pestered him, saying: Master, we would learn of these things! Teach us Religion!

And seeing, with chagrin, the hopeful multitude of Believers, he went down into the Valley of Stys, prejudiced against them as Followers. And when he was ennuye, he opened his mouth in derision, saying:-

O, ye whose future is in other hands! This familiarity is permitted not of thy-but of my impotence. Know me as Zos the Goatherd, saviour of myself and of those things I have not yet regretted. Unbidden ye listen'd to my soliloquy. Endure then my Anathema.

Foul feeders! Slipped, are ye, on your own excrement? Parasites! Having made the world lousy, imagine ye are of significance to Heaven?

Desiring to learn-think ye to escape hurt in the rape of your ignorance? For of what I put in, far more than innocence shall come out! Labouring not the harvest of my weakness, shall I your moral-fed desires satisfy?

I, who enjoy my body with unweary tread, would rather pack with wolves than enter your pest-houses.

Sensation . . Nutrition . . . Mastication . . . Procreation . . ! This is your blind-worm cycle. Ye have made a curiously bloody world for love in desire. Shall nothing change except through your accusing diet?

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat02.html>

29 captures

17 Dec 2000 - 28 Jul 2021

Jun JUL Aug

28

2020 2021 2022

About this capture

In that ye are cannibals, what meat should I offer? Having eaten of your dead selves savoured with every filth, ye now raven to glutton of my mind's motion?

In your conflict ye have obtained . . . ? Ye who believe your procreation is ultimate are the sweepings of creation manifest, returning again to early simplicity to hunger, to become, and realise-ye are not yet. Ye have muddled time and ego. Think ye to curb the semen sentimentally? Ye deny sexuality with tinsel ethics, live by slaughter, pray to greater idiots-that all things may be possible to ye who are impossible.

For ye desire saviours useless to pleasure.

Verily, far easier for madmen to enter Heaven than moral Lepers. Of what difference is Life or Death? Of what difference is dream or reality? Know ye nothing further than you own stench? Know ye what ye think ye know for certain? Fain would I be silent. Yet too tolerant is this Sun that cometh up to behold me, and my weakness comes of my dissatisfaction of you solicit . . . but be ye damned before obtaining fresh excuses of me!

Cursed are the resurrectionists! Is there only body and soul?

Is there nothing beyond entity? No purchase beyond sense and desire of God than this blasting and devouring swarm ye are?

Oh, ye favoured of your own excuses, guffaw between bites! Heaven is indifferent to your salvation or catastrophe. Your curveless crookedness maketh ye fallow for a queer fatality! What! I to aid your self-deception, ameliorate your decaying bodies, preserve your lamentable apotheosis of self?

The sword-thrust not salve-I bring!

Am I your swineherd, though I shepherd unto goats? My pleasure does not obtain among vermin with vain ideas-with hopes and fears of absurd significance. Not yet am I overweary of myself. Not ye shall I palliate abomination, for in ye I behold your parents and the stigmata of foul feeding.

In this ribald intoxication of hypocrisy, this monument of swindlers' littlenesses, where is the mystic symposium, the hierarchy of necromancers that was?

Honest was Sodom! your theology is a slime-pit of gibberish become ethics. In your world, where ignorance and deceit constitute felicity, everything ends miserably-besmirched with fratricidal blood.

Seekers of salvation? Salvation of your sick digestion; crippled beliefs: Convalescent desires. Your borrowed precepts and prayers-a stench unto all good nostrils!

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat03.html>

33 captures

12 Feb 2001 - 29 May 2009

Apr MAY Jun

29

2008 2009 2010

About this capture

Unworthy of a soul-your metamorphosis is laborious of morbid rebirth to give habittance to the shabby sentiments, the ugly familiarities, the calligraphic pandemonium-a world of abundance acquired of greed. Thus are ye outcasts! Ye habitate dung-heaps; your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries. Ye breathe gay-heartedly within this cess-pit? Ye obtain of half-desires, bent persuasions, of threats, of promises made hideous by vituperatious righteousness! Can you realise of Heaven when it exists without?

Believing without associating ye are spurious and know not the way of virtue. There is no virtue in truth, nor truth in righteousness. Law becomes of desire's necessity. Corrupt is the teacher, for they who speak have only spent words to give.

Believe or blaspheme! Do ye not speak from between your thighs?

To believe or unbelieve is the question. Verily, if you believe of the least-ye needs must thrive all things. Ye are of all things, of all knowledge, and, belike, will your stupidity to further self-misery!

Your wish? Your heaven? I say your desire is women. Your potential desire a brothel.

Ah, ye who fear suffering, who among ye has courage to assault the cloudy enemies of creeds, of the stomach's pious hopes?

I blaspheme your commandments, to provoke and enjoy your bark, your teeth grinding!

Know ye what ye want? What ye ask? Know ye virtue from maniacal muttering? Sin from folly? Desiring a teacher, who among ye are worthy to learn?

Brutally shall I teach the gospel of soul-suicide, of contraception, not preservation and procreation.

Fools! Ye have made vital the belief the Ego is eternal,, fulfilling a purpose not lost to you.

All things become of desire; the legs to the fish; the wings to the reptile. Thus was your soul begotten.

Hear, O vermin!

Man has willed Man!

Your desires shall become flesh, your dreams reality and no fear shall alter it one whit.

Hence do I travel ye into the incarnating abortions-the aberrations, the horrors without sex, for ye are worthless to offer Heaven new sexualities.

Once in this world I enjoyed laughter-when I remembered the value I gave the contemptible; the significance of my selfish fears; the absurd vanity of my hopes; the sorry righteousness called I.

And you?

Certainly not befitting are tears of blood, nor laughter of gods.

Ye do not even look like MEN but the strange spawn of some forgotten ridicule.

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat04.html>

27 captures

12 Feb 2001 - 29 May 2009

Apr MAY Jun

29

2008 2009 2010

About this capture

Lost among the illusions begat of duality-are these the differentiations ye make for future entity to ride your bestial self? Millions of times have ye had re-birth and many more times will ye again suffer existence.

Ye are of things distressed, living down the truths ye made. Loosing only from my overflow, perchance I teach ye to learn of yourselves? In my becoming shall the hungry satisfy of my good and evil? I strive me neither, and confide subsequent to the event.

Know my purpose: To be a stranger unto myself, the enemy of truth.

Uncertain of what ye believe, belike ye half-desire? But believe ye this, serving your dialectics:-

Subscribing only to self-love, the outcroppings of my hatred now speak. Further, to

ventilate my own health, I scoff at your puerile dignitaries' absurd moral clothes and bovine faith in a fortuitous and gluttonous future!

Dogs, devouring your own vomit! Cursed are ye all! Throwbacks, adulterers, sycophants, corpse devourers, pilferers and medicine swallows! Think ye Heaven is an infirmary?

Ye know not pleasure. In your sleep lusts, feeble violence and sickly morale, ye are more contemptible than the beasts ye feed for food.

I detest your Mammon. Disease partakes of your wealth. Having acquired, ye know not how to spend.

Ye are good murderers only.

Empty of cosmos are they who hunger after righteousness. Already are the merciful spent. Extinct are the pure in heart. Governed are the meek and of Heaven earn similar disgust. Your society is a veneered barbarity. Ye are precocious primitives. Where is your success other than through hatred?

There is no good understanding in your world-this bloody transition by procreation and butchery.

Of necessity ye hate, and love your neighbor by devouring.

The prophets are nauseating and should be persecuted. Objects of ridicule, their deeds cannot live through their tenets. Actions are the criterion, then how can ye speak other than lies?

Love is cursed. Your desire is your God and execration. Ye shall be judged by your appetite.

Around me I see your configuration-again a swine from the herd. A repulsive object of charity! The curse is pronounced; for ye are slime and sweat-born, homicidally reared. And again shall your fathers call to the help of women. Ye vainly labour at a rotten Kingdom of Good and Evil. I say that Heaven is catholic-and none shall enter with susceptibility of either.

Cursed are ye who shall be persecuted for my sake. For I say I am Convention entire, excessively evil, perverted and nowhere good-for ye.

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat05.html>

16 captures
15 Feb 2001 - 30 May 2009
Apr MAY Jun
30
2008 2009 2010

About this capture
Whosoever would be with me is neither much of me nor of himself enough.
Zos tired, but loathing his hearers too much, he again reviled them saying:-
Worm-ridden jackals! Still would ye feast on my vomit? Whosoever follows me becomes
his own enemy; for in that day my exigency shall be his ruin.

Go labour! Fulfil the disgust of becoming yourself, of discovering your beliefs, and thus
acquire virtue. Let your good be accidental; thus escape gratitude and its sorry vainglory,
for the wrath of Heaven is heavy on easy self-indulgence.

In your desire to create a world, do unto others as you would-when sufficiently
courageous.

To cast aside, not save, I come. Inexorably towards myself; to smash the law, to make
havoc of the charlatans, the quacks, the swankers and brawling salvationists with their
word-tawdry phantasmagoria; to disillusion and awaken every fear of your natural,
rapacious selves.

Living the most contemptible and generating everything beastly, are ye so vain of your
excuse to expect other than the worst of your imagining?

Honesty is unvoiced! And I warn you to make holocaust of your saints, your excuses:
these flatulent bellowings of your ignorance. Only then could I assure your lurking
desire-easy remission of your bowdlerised sins.
Criminals of folly? Ye but sin against self.

There is no sin for those of Heaven's delight. I would ye resist not nor exploit your evil:
such is of fear, and somnambulism is born of hypocrisy.

In pleasure Heaven shall break every law before this Earth shall pass away. Thus if I
possessed, my goodness towards ye would be volcanic.

He who is lawless is free. Necessity and time are conventional phenomena.

Without hypocrisy or fear ye could do as ye wish. Whosoever, therefore, shall break the
precept or live its transgression shall have relativity of Heaven. For unless your
righteousness exist not, ye shall not pleasure freely and creatively. In so much as ye sin
against doctrine, so shall your imagination be required in becoming.

It has been said without wit: "Thou shalt not kill." Among beasts man lives supremely-on

his own kind. Teeth and claws are no longer sufficient accessory to appetite. Is this world's worst reality more vicious than human behaviour?

I suggest to your inbred love of moral gesture to unravel the actual from the dream.

Rejoice ye! The law-makers shall have the ugly destiny of becoming subject. Whatsoever is ordained is superseded-to make equilibrium of this consciousness rapport with hypocrisy.

Could ye be arbitrary? Belief foreshadows its inversion. Overrun with forgotten desires and struggling truths, ye are their victim in the dying and begetting law.

The way of Heaven is a purpose-anterior to and not induced by thought. Desire, other than by the act, shall in no wise obtain: Therefore believe symbolically or with caution.

Between men and women having that desire there is no adultery. Spend the large lust and when ye are satiated ye shall pass on to something fresh. In this polite day it has become cleaner to fornicate by the wish than to enact.

Offend not your body no be so stupid as to let your body offend ye. How shall it serve ye to reproach your duality? Let your oath be in earnest; though better to communicate by the living act than by the word.

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat06.html>

14 captures

01 Mar 2001 - 06 Feb 2007

Jan FEB Mar

06

2006 2007 2008

About this capture

This God-this cockatrice-is a projection of your imbecile apprehensions, your bald grossness and madhouse vanities. Your love is born of fear; but far better to hate than further deception.

I would make your way difficult. Give and take of all men indiscriminately.

I know your love and hate. Inquire of red diet. Within your stomach is civil war.

Only in Self-love is procreative will.

What now! Shall I attempt wisdom by words? Alphabetic truths with legerdemain grammar? There is no spoken truth that is not past-more wisely forgotten.

Shall I scrawl slippery paradox with mad calligraphy? Words, mere words! I exist in a wordless world, without yesterday nor to-morrow- beyond becoming.

All conceivableness procures of time and space. Hence I spit on your tatterdemalion ethics, mouldering proverbs, priestly inarticulations and delirious pulpit jargon. This alone I give ye as safe commandments in your pestilent schisms.

Better is it to go without than to borrow. Finer far to take than beg. From Puberty till Death realise "Self" in all. There is no greater virtue than good nourishment. Feed from the udder, and if the milk be Sour, feed on . . . Human nature is the worst possible!

Once I lived among ye. From self-decency now I habitate the waste places, a willing outcast; associate of goats, cleaner far, more honest than men.

Within this heterogenousness of difference, reality is hard to realise; evacuation is difficult.

These spiritualists are living sepulchres. What has decayed should perish decently.

Cursed are they who supplicate. Gods are with ye yet. Therefore let ye who pray acquire this manner:-

O Self my God, foreign is thy name except in blasphemy, for I am thy iconoclast. I cast thy bread upon the waters, for I myself am meat enough. Hidden in the labyrinth of the Alphabet is my sacred name, the Sigil of all things unknown. On Earth my kingdom is Eternity of Desire. My wish incarnates in the belief and becomes flesh, for, I am the Lijving Truth. Heaven is ecstasy; my consciousness changing and acquiring association. May I have courage to take from my own superabundance. Let me forget righteousness. Free me of mrals. Lead me into temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil.

May worth be acquired through those things I have pleased.

May my trespass be worthy.

Give me the death of my soul. Intoxicate me with self-love. Teach me to sustain its freedom; for I am sufficiently Hell. Let me sin against the small beliefs.-Amen.

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://www.banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat07.html>

16 captures

03 Mar 2001 - 08 Feb 2007

Jan FEB Mar

08

2006 2007 2008

About this capture

Concluding his conjunction, Zos said:-

Again, O sleep-walkers, beggars and sufferers, born of the stomach; unlucky men to whom happiness is necessary!

Ye are insufficient to live alone, not yet mature enough to sin against the law and still desire women.

Other than damnation I know no magic to satisfy your wishes; for ye believe one thing, desire another, speak unlike, act differently and obtain the living value.

Assuredly inclination towards new faculties springs from this bastardy!

Social only to the truths convenient to your courage, yet again beasts shall be planted.

Shall I speak of that unique intensity without form? Know ye the ecstasy within? The pleasure between ego and self?

At that time of ecstasy there is no thought of others; there is No Thought. Thither I go and none may lead.

Sans women-your love is anathema!

For me, there is no way but my way. Therefore, go ye your way-none shall lead ye to walk towards yourselves. Let your pleasures be as sunsets, honest . . bloody . . . grotesque!

Was the original purpose the thorough enjoyment of multitudinous self, for ecstasy? These infinite ramifications of consciousness in entity, associating by mouth, sex, and sense!

Has the besetting of sex become utter wretchedness-repetition made necessary of your scotomy?

O bloody-mouthed! Shall I again entertain ye with a little understanding? An introspection of cannibalism in the shambles of diet-the variating murder against the ancestral? Is there no food beyond corpse?

Your murder and hypocrisy must pass before ye are uplifted to a world where slaughter is unknown.

Thus, with a clean mouth, I say unto ye, I live by bread alone. Sleep is competent prayer. All morality is beastly.

Alas, there has been a great failure. Man is dead. Only women remain.

With tongue in cheek I would say: "Follow me! That ye realise what is hidden in all suffering. I would make your self-mortification voluntary, your wincing courageous."

Still will ye be with me? Salutation to all suicides!

With a yawn Zos wearied and fell asleep.

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<http://banger.com/banger/spare/anathema/anat08.html>

13 captures

09 Mar 2001 - 24 Nov 2005

Oct NOV Dec

24

2004 2005 2006

About this capture

In time the stench awoke him-for he had slept amidst the troughs- and he observed that the crowd were no longer with him-that only swine remained. And he guffawed and spake thus: "Not yet have I lost relationship and am thereby nearly asphyxiated! Caught up am I in the toils of sentiment, the moral hallucinations within the ebb and flow of hopes and fears?

Shall age alone transmute desire? Not yet have I disentangled illusion from reality: for I know not men from swine, dreams from reality; or whether I did speak only unto myself. Neither know I to whom my anathema would be the more impressionable

My insensible soliloquy s eaten as revelation! What I spake with hard strived conceit to increase enterprise brings forth only swinish snorts. Water is not alone in finding its level.

I have not me tragedy, no, not in this life! Yet, whether I have spewed their doctrines upon the tables of the Law or into the troughs, at least I have not cast away the flesh of dreams.

And turning towards his light, Zos said: This my will, O Thou Glorious Sun. I am weary of my snakes descending-making slush.

Farewell antithesis. I have suffered. All is paid.

Let me go forth to recreate my sleep.

Here Ends this Book

Special thanks to 93 Publishing

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

<https://www.banger.com/banger/spare/focus/focint1.html>

67 captures

7 Dec 1998 - 26 Apr 2025

May JUL Sep

19

2016 2019 2021

About this capture

The Focus of Life

By Austin Osman Spare

Preface

The Mutterings of Aaos

"Now for reality"

Next Page

Back to Spare Archive Homepage

COUNTER

http://see_the_truth.webs.com/YHVH.htm

92 captures

25 Mar 2012 - 02 Dec 2022

May JUN Jul

29

2015 2016 2017

About this capture

YHVH: The Truth About "Yaweh" "Jehova"

Taking the Mask Off of Christianity

The Judeo/Christian Bible has always used extreme fear as a tool to keep people away from the occult, sorcery, "witchcraft," and workings of the mind. In the article below, the reasons are obvious. In order for a spell to succeed, the victim must lack the necessary knowledge, be a good sheep, and just "believe."

Exodus 22:18 Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

"YHVH" aka "Yaweh" "Jehova" is nothing more than a system of Jewish magick.

"YHVH" known as the "tetragrammaton" represents the four corners and elements, as does "INRI" along with the four gospels; these represent the four corners of magick and the four elements that are so important in any magickal working. "YHVH" is used extensively in (Jewish) magick. The Jews stole the Kabbalah from the Egyptians and corrupted it. It is mainly chanted- "Yod Heh Vau Heh" in different combinations.

The Gentile people have been force fed Christianity in order to strip us of all knowledge and power. Those at the top play both sides against the middle. What this means is the enemy works from within both sides- each side bashing the other while they both move ahead. This is analogous to a cop who is heavily involved in an open and public anti-drug crusade and secretly sells and pushes drugs unbeknownst to his family and community.

Following the Roman sacking of the Temple of Solomon 70 CE, Christianity was invented by the Jews the best known is (Paul aka "Saul of Tarsus) so they could control the world using the ancient known powers of the mind and the soul. The Jews themselves know the Nazarene is a fictitious character based upon some 20 crucified heroes from Pagan pantheons. With the centuries of devout belief in this entity and the psychic energy poured into him through prayer, he has taken on a life of his own. See Thoughtforms. For example, Odin hung from a tree, Set was crucified on a furka, Buddha sat beneath the Bo (Boa- again the serpent) tree for enlightenment; the list goes on. Most of the character of the Nazarene was stolen from the Persian God "Mithra." In working a spell, it is always important a connection be made.

In the case of Christianity, all of the former Pagan (Gentile) Gods were bound and replaced with fictitious Jewish deities. The Hebrew Virgin Mary replaced Astaroth, the Hebrew Moses legend was stolen from Sargon (both were born in secrecy, left in a reed basket to float down the river and adopted by royalty), Hebrew Abraham was stolen from Hindu Brahma. "Brahma in Sanskrit means "many." The endless list goes on and on. See Exposing Christianity There isn't anything in the Christian religion that hasn't been stolen from Pagan religions pre-dating it from hundreds to thousands of years. The Pagan Gods, being a powerful racial memory in the minds of Gentiles were replaced with Hebrew characters to be slavishly obeyed and worshipped. This set the stage for immense power and control.

Christianity has always been nothing more than a tool to remove spiritual knowledge and power from the Gentile population and to keep us from our Gods, namely our True Creator God given the name Satan, which means "adversary/enemy" in Hebrew . Those Gentiles who were priests and leaders were tortured and put to death. The others who did not follow suffered the same lot and any Gentile even suspected of having ties to the old religions was labeled as a "heretic" and put to death. Of course, the Jews rant and holler concerning the Christian Church's persecution of their small communities during the Middle Ages, but this is the age old playing both sides against the middle and those Jews at the top could care less how many of their own they have to use. Tomás de Torquemada, First Grand Inquisitor of Spain was a Jew.

The Jews have had full control of the Catholic Church (original Christian Church) from the beginning. Most of the Catholic popes were of Jewish origins, such as the late John Paul II who was born of a Jewish mother (Katz) and recognized as a Jew by the Jewish orthodox. Through the Catholic sacrament of confession, the Catholic clergy had everyone, namely the Gentile leaders and nobility over a barrel. They knew their deepest and darkest secrets.

The Catholic Church is the bulwark of Christianity. Since the Protestant reformation, the Jews have also gained control of these sects. The "World Council of Churches" is another example.

The Jews have had a vast pool of psychic energy from which to draw from. The Jews appointed themselves as "The Chosen of God," the star character of Christianity, the Nazarene is a Jew (and a powerful thoughtform), the Virgin Mary and her husband Joseph are Jews, the 12 apostles of the Nazarene (13 makes a coven- again stolen from the Ancient Pagan religions)- all Jews. In addition, all of the characters of the Old and New Testament were stolen from Gentile characters and replaced as the "Chosen" Jews.

So the average Christian Gentile, ignorant to the clandestine workings of the Jews and the occult, pours more and more psychic energy through devotion and prayer into this Jewish energy vortex and people wonder how this minority has most of the world's wealth and power. The Gentiles, namely the Christians have been under a very powerful spell for centuries.

They cut us off from our Gods, our traditions and our spiritual and religious heritage through mass murder, replacing our history with nothing but lies and through fear of the unknown since all Gentile knowledge was taken out of circulation.

Their angelic filth- most have names with the classic seven letters: Gabriel, Raphael, etc. These seven represent the seven chakras and were used to bind the Gentile Gods and make slaves of them using the "Goetia." The Goetic black books or "grimoires" all originated with the Jews, such as "The Key of Solomon," and "The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage" and many more, (these can easily be found online, by typing their titles into a search engine) all originally written in Hebrew as most Gentiles cannot read Hebrew. All use the Hebrew symbols and chants and direct intense blasphemy against the Gentile Gods who have been turned into devils, demons and hideous monsters to be degraded. The Gentile Gods are no longer bound and some of those complacent prophecies slipped such as "Azazel being bound until the end of time." I can assure you he is now totally free.

Christianity goes in steps. Because it is fictitious, it is spiritually unreliable. Certain Christians have at times tapped into this energy vortex and obtained results. Prayer groups and such put forth psychic energy. Deluded Christians are told to "have faith." Having faith is necessary for any spell or directed working of the mind to succeed. With Christianity, it is hit and mostly misses. The few and far in-between hits keep the

deluded believing, unknowing this is not any "miracle" but only the power of the mind. The end objective is atheism. The atheist believes in nothing and disregards anything "supernatural" or of the occult. He/she is a sitting duck just waiting to be manipulated by those who possess occult knowledge and power.

More:

The Real Tetragrammaton: Further Exposing Christianity

The Origins of the Name "Satan"

The Ubiquitous Nazarene

BACK TO EXPOSING CHRISTIANITY

http://see_the_truth.webs.com/YHVH_Murderer.htm

55 captures

22 Dec 2013 - 26 Jan 2021

May JUN Jul

29

2015 2016 2017

About this capture

Jehova: "A Murderer and a Liar from the Beginning"

Exodus 15:3

The LORD is a man of war: the LORD is his name.

The real truth appears in the "Holy Bible" where for one, crimes against children are rampant; the most notable being the evil "God" Jehova making a living blood sacrifice of his son, [child murder] which is the entire theme of the Christian mass/service; a simulated living blood sacrifice, proving who he really is. For more detailed information, see The Christian Mass/Service: a Simulation of a Human Blood Sacrifice

Deuteronomy 2:33

And the LORD our God delivered him before us; and we smote him, and his sons, and all his people.

2:34

And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones, of every city, we left none to remain.

Deuteronomy 7:23

But the LORD thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

7:24

And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven: there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them.

Exodus 23:18

Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leavened bread; neither shall the fat of my sacrifice remain until the morning.

"A MURDERER AND A LIAR FROM THE BEGINNING"

Numbers 25:16

And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying,

25:17

Vex the Midianites, and smite them

Numbers 31: 17-18

17 Now therefore kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him.

18 But all the women children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves.

Psalms 137:9 Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

I Samuel 15:3 Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

IT IS NO WONDER THAT THOSE WHO TIE INTO THE HUMAN HATING,
MURDEROUS ENERGY OF CHRISTIANITY COMMIT THESE CRIMES.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL????

Luke 19:27

But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

- Jesus of Nazareth, ordering others to commit murder.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER????

Matthew 10: 34-36

34 Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.

35 For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother and the daughter in law against her mother in law.

36 And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

- Jesus of Nazareth

WHO DID SATAN EVER MURDER?

There is nothing at all spiritual about the Bible or Christianity. There are endless contradictions and opposing verses in the Bible. These are to ensure that the Bible will adapt to all time periods and situations, in order to perpetuate the program of Christianity. Some interpolations were secretly slipped in by various ancient writers crying for help; no different from UFO's in ancient art [type this into Google or some other search engine]. For more about hidden messages, please click [here](#).

The above is only a very small sample of the endless murder, torture, butchery of children and infants, and other abominable crimes committed on the orders of Jehova, and YES, Jesus the Nazarene. This, along with endless suicidal advice is the theme of the Bible. Do not be fooled or deceived at the Christian attempts to confuse you.

"SATAN" means "TRUTH" in Sanskrit. Satan does not contradict himself. Even an attorney in court proves guilt by the contradictions of the defendant. A REAL LIAR AND DECEIVER CONTRADICTS HIM/HERSELF!

"We Shall Destroy God" - The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

"Satan" means "enemy" in Hebrew.

Rabbi Yaacov Perrin says, "One million Arabs are not worth a Jewish fingernail." (NY Daily News, Feb. 28, 1994, p.6).

MASS MURDER OF GENTILES:

Exodus 15:3

The LORD is a man of war: the LORD is his name.

Exodus 17:13

And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.

17:14

And the LORD said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua: for I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven.

17:15

And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovahnissi:

17:16

For he said, Because the LORD hath sworn that the LORD will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.

"JEHOVA COMMITS MORE MURDER:

Exodus 23:27

I will send my fear before thee, and will destroy all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee.

Rabbi Yitzhak Ginsburg declared, "We have to recognize that Jewish blood and the blood of a goy are not the same thing." (NY Times, June 6, 1989, p.5).

("goy" or "goyim" - plural, are Jewish derogatory words for "Gentile/s" the root "goeti" is the root word of "Devil." Satan is the God of the Gentiles and our True Creator God.

"Satan" means "enemy" in Hebrew.

"JEHOVA" ORDERS THE MASS MURDER OF THOUSANDS OF GENTILES:

Exodus 32:27

And he said unto them, Thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.

32:28

And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

"JEHOVA" ORDERS HIS PEOPLE TO COMMIT MORE MURDER OF GENTILES:

Leviticus 26:7

And ye shall chase your enemies, and they shall fall before you by the sword.

26:8

And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight: and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword.

Univ. of Jerusalem Prof. Ehud Sprinzak described Kahane and Goldstein's philosophy:

"They believe it's God's will that they commit violence against 'goyim,' a Hebrew term for non-Jews." (NY Daily News, Feb. 26, 1994, p. 5).

MORE MASS MURDER OF THE GENTILE CANAANITES:"

Numbers 21:3

And the LORD hearkened to the voice of Israel, and delivered up the Canaanites; and they utterly destroyed them and their cities: and he called the name of the place Hormah.

HERE IS CANNIBALISM- EATING DEAD GENTILES:

Numbers 23-24:

Behold, the people shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion: he

shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain.

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD: Sanhedrin 59a: "Murdering Goyim is like killing a wild animal."

GENOCIDE OF THE GENTILE MIDIANITES:

Numbers 25:16

And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying,

25:17

Vex the Midianites, and smite them:

Numbers 31:7

And they warred against the Midianites, as the LORD commanded Moses; and they slew all the males.

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD:

18. Tosefta. Aboda Zara B, 5: "If a goy kills a goy or a Jew, he is responsible; but if a Jew kills a goy, he is NOT responsible."

31:8

And they slew the kings of Midian, beside the rest of them that were slain; namely, Evi, and Rekem, and Zur, and Hur, and Reba, five kings of Midian: Balaam also the son of Beor they slew with the sword.

QUOTES FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD: Yebhamoth 11b: "Sexual intercourse with a little girl is permitted if she is three years of age."

Nidrasch Talpioth, p. 225-L: "Jehovah created the non-Jew in human form so that the Jew would not have to be served by beasts. The non-Jew is consequently an animal in human form, and condemned to serve the Jew day and night."

MAKING SLAVES OF THE GENTILE WOMEN AND CHILDREN:

31:9

And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods.

31:10

And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt, and all their goodly castles, with fire.

31:11

And they took all the spoil, and all the prey, both of men and of beasts.

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD:

Schulchan Aruch, Choszen Hamispat 348: "All property of other nations belongs to the Jewish nation, which, consequently, is entitled to seize upon it without any scruples."

MORE MASS MURDER AND GENOCIDE OF GENTILES. THE TAKING OF ALL GENTILE PROPERTY IS A BLATANT EXAMPLE OF WHAT WAS DONE TO MODERN DAY PALESTINE (DESCENDED FROM THE PHILISTINES) BY THE BANDIT STATE OF ISRAEL:

Deuteronomy 2:20

(That also was accounted a land of giants: giants dwelt therein in old time; and the Ammonites call them Zamzummims;

2:21

A people great, and many, and tall, as the Anakims; but the LORD destroyed them before them; and they succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead:

2:22

As he did to the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, when he destroyed the Horims from before them; and they succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead even unto this day:

2:23

And the Avims which dwelt in Hazerim, even unto Azzah, the Capthorims, which came forth out of Capthor, destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead.)

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD: Hilkoth Akum X1: "Show no mercy to the Goyim."

2:30

But Sihon king of Heshbon would not let us pass by him: for the LORD thy God hardened his spirit, and made his heart obstinate, that he might deliver him into thy hand, as appeareth this day.

2:31

And the LORD said unto me, Behold, I have begun to give Sihon and his land before thee: begin to possess, that thou mayest inherit his land.

2:32

Then Sihon came out against us, he and all his people, to fight at Jahaz.

2:33

And the LORD our God delivered him before us; and we smote him, and his sons, and all his people.

2:34

And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones, of every city, we left none to remain:

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD:

Seph. Jp., 92, 1: "God has given the Jews power over the possessions and blood of all nations."

2:35

Only the cattle we took for a prey unto ourselves, and the spoil of the cities which we took.

QUOTE FROM THE JEWISH TALMUD:

Sanhedrin 57a. "When a Jew murders a Gentile ("Cuthean"), there will be no death penalty. What a Jew steals from a Gentile he may keep."

Baba Kamma 37b. Gentiles are outside the protection of the law and God has "exposed their money to Israel."

2:36

From Aroer, which is by the brink of the river of Arnon, and from the city that is by the river, even unto Gilead, there was not one city too strong for us: the LORD our God delivered all unto us:

2:37

Only unto the land of the children of Ammon thou camest not, nor unto any place of the river Jabbok, nor unto the cities in the mountains, nor unto whatsoever the LORD our God forbad us.

THE HITTITES, THE GIRGASHITES, THE AMORITES, THE CANAANITES, THE PERIZZITES, THE HIVITES, AND THE JESUBITES ARE ALL GENTILE NATIONS.

Deuteronomy 7:1

When the LORD thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and hath cast out many nations before thee, the Hittites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and mightier than thou;

7:2

And when the LORD thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them, and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy unto them:

7:3

Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son.

7:4

For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods: so will the anger of the LORD be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly.

HERE IS WHERE THE JEWS ARE BLATANT ABOUT DESTROYING THE GENTILE GODS:

7:5

But thus shall ye deal with them; ye shall destroy their altars, and break down their images, and cut down their groves, and burn their graven images with fire.

7:6

For thou art an holy people unto the LORD thy God: the LORD thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth.

Deuteronomy 7:21

Thou shalt not be affrighted at them: for the LORD thy God is among you, a mighty God and terrible.

7:22

And the LORD thy God will put out those nations before thee by little and little: thou mayest not consume them at once, lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee.

7:23

But the LORD thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

7:24

And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven: there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them.

The Gentiles have been indoctrinated with Jewish lies. We have been disconnected from our gods and our culture. These have been replaced with fictitious Jewish characters for Gentiles to slavishly worship, which creates a powerful subliminal connection. This sort of thing is responsible for how Gentiles are always fighting wars for the Jews and not even thinking of what they are really doing. What has happened in Iraq is a perfect example.

Deuteronomy 7:25

The graven images of their gods shall ye burn with fire: thou shalt not desire the silver or gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee, lest thou be snared therein: for it is an abomination to the LORD thy God.

7:26

Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into thine house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it: but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing.

Deuteronomy 12:27

And thou shalt offer thy burnt offerings, the flesh and the blood, upon the altar of the LORD thy God: and the blood of thy sacrifices shall be poured out upon the altar of the LORD thy God, and thou shalt eat the flesh.

12:28

Observe and hear all these words which I command thee, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee for ever, when thou doest that which is good and right in the sight of the LORD thy God.

12:29

When the LORD thy God shall cut off the nations from before thee, whither thou goest to possess them, and thou succeedest them, and dwellest in their land;

12:30

Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them, after that they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou enquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise.

Human energy is not enough, there had to be animal blood sacrifices as well:

Exodus 20:24

An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, and thy peace offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.

Exodus 24:4

And Moses wrote all the words of the LORD, and rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel.

24:5

And he sent young men of the children of Israel, which offered burnt offerings, and sacrificed peace offerings of oxen unto the LORD.

24:6

And Moses took half of the blood, and put it in basons; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar.

24:7

And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people: and they said, All that the LORD hath said will we do, and be obedient.

24:8

And Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant, which the LORD hath made with you concerning all these words.

More instructions from jehova for blood sacrifice:

Exodus 23:18

Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leavened bread; neither shall the fat of my sacrifice remain until the morning.

Exodus 29:10 And thou shalt cause a bullock to be brought before the tabernacle of the congregation: and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the bullock.

29:11

And thou shalt kill the bullock before the LORD, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

29:12

And thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock, and put it upon the horns of the altar with thy finger, and pour all the blood beside the bottom of the altar.

29:13

And thou shalt take all the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul that is above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and burn them upon the altar.

29:14

But the flesh of the bullock, and his skin, and his dung, shalt thou burn with fire without the camp: it is a sin offering.

29:15

Thou shalt also take one ram; and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram.

29:16

And thou shalt slay the ram, and thou shalt take his blood, and sprinkle it round about upon the altar.

29:17

And thou shalt cut the ram in pieces, and wash the inwards of him, and his legs, and put them unto his pieces, and unto his head.

29:18

And thou shalt burn the whole ram upon the altar: it is a burnt offering unto the LORD: it is a sweet savour, an offering made by fire unto the LORD.

29:19

And thou shalt take the other ram; and Aaron and his sons shall put their hands upon the head of the ram.

29:20

Then shalt thou kill the ram, and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about.

29:21

And thou shalt take of the blood that is upon the altar, and of the anointing oil, and sprinkle it upon Aaron, and upon his garments, and upon his sons, and upon the garments of his sons with him: and he shall be hallowed, and his garments, and his sons, and his sons' garments with him.

29:22

Also thou shalt take of the ram the fat and the rump, and the fat that covereth the inwards, and the caul above the liver, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is upon them, and the right shoulder; for it is a ram of consecration:

29:23

And one loaf of bread, and one cake of oiled bread, and one wafer out of the basket of the unleavened bread that is before the LORD:

29:24

And thou shalt put all in the hands of Aaron, and in the hands of his sons; and shalt wave them for a wave offering before the LORD.

29:25

And thou shalt receive them of their hands, and burn them upon the altar for a burnt offering, for a sweet savour before the LORD: it is an offering made by fire unto the LORD.

29:26

And thou shalt take the breast of the ram of Aaron's consecration, and wave it for a wave offering before the LORD: and it shall be thy part.

29:27

And thou shalt sanctify the breast of the wave offering, and the shoulder of the heave offering, which is waved, and which is heaved up, of the ram of the consecration, even of that which is for Aaron, and of that which is for his sons:

29:28

And it shall be Aaron's and his sons' by a statute for ever from the children of Israel: for it is an heave offering: and it shall be an heave offering from the children of Israel of the sacrifice of their peace offerings, even their heave offering unto the LORD.

29:29

And the holy garments of Aaron shall be his sons' after him, to be anointed therein, and

to be consecrated in them.

29:30

And that son that is priest in his stead shall put them on seven days, when he cometh into the tabernacle of the congregation to minister in the holy place.

29:31

And thou shalt take the ram of the consecration, and seethe his flesh in the holy place.

Leviticus Chapter 1

1:1

And the LORD called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying,

1:2

Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto the LORD, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock.

1:3

If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish: he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the LORD.

1:4

And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.

1:5

And he shall kill the bullock before the LORD: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall bring the blood, and sprinkle the blood round about upon the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

1:6

And he shall flay the burnt offering, and cut it into his pieces.

1:7

And the sons of Aaron the priest shall put fire upon the altar, and lay the wood in order upon the fire:

1:8

And the priests, Aaron's sons, shall lay the parts, the head, and the fat, in order upon the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar:

1:9

But his inwards and his legs shall he wash in water: and the priest shall burn all on the altar, to be a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of "a sweet savour unto the LORD".

1:10

And if his offering be of the flocks, namely, of the sheep, or of the goats, for a burnt sacrifice; he shall bring it a male without blemish.

1:11

And he shall kill it on the side of the altar northward before the LORD: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall sprinkle his blood round about upon the altar.

1:12

And he shall cut it into his pieces, with his head and his fat: and the priest shall lay them

in order on the wood that is on the fire which is upon the altar:

1:13

But he shall wash the inwards and the legs with water: and the priest shall bring it all, and burn it upon the altar: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the LORD.

1:14

And if the burnt sacrifice for his offering to the LORD be of fowls, then he shall bring his offering of turtledoves, or of young pigeons.

1:15

And the priest shall bring it unto the altar, and wring off his head, and burn it on the altar; and the blood thereof shall be wrung out at the side of the altar:

1:16

And he shall pluck away his crop with his feathers, and cast it beside the altar on the east part, by the place of the ashes:

1:17

And he shall cleave it with the wings thereof, but shall not divide it asunder: and the priest shall burn it upon the altar, upon the wood that is upon the fire: it is a burnt sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the LORD.

Leviticus Chapter 7

7:1

Likewise this is the law of the trespass offering: it is most holy.

7:2

In the place where they kill the burnt offering shall they kill the trespass offering: and the blood thereof shall he sprinkle round about upon the altar.

7:3

And he shall offer of it all the fat thereof; the rump, and the fat that covereth the inwards,

7:4

And the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul that is above the liver, with the kidneys, it shall he take away:

7:5

And the priest shall burn them upon the altar for an offering made by fire unto the LORD: it is a trespass offering.

Leviticus 7:14

And of it he shall offer one out of the whole oblation for an heave offering unto the LORD, and it shall be the priest's that sprinkleth the blood of the peace offerings.

THE "LORD" NEEDS EVERY DROP OF THAT BLOOD FROM THE BLOOD
SACRIFICE:

Leviticus 7:27

Whatsoever soul it be that eateth any manner of blood, even that soul shall be cut off from his people.

Here, more blood sacrifice is needed to remove the curse of leprosy jehova has inflicted:

Leviticus 14:34

When ye be come into the land of Canaan, which I give to you for a possession, and I put the plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession;

14:49

And he shall take to cleanse the house two birds, and cedar wood, and scarlet, and hyssop:

14:50

And he shall kill the one of the birds in an earthen vessel over running water:

14:51

And he shall take the cedar wood, and the hyssop, and the scarlet, and the living bird, and dip them in the blood of the slain bird, and in the running water, and sprinkle the house seven times:

14:52

And he shall cleanse the house with the blood of the bird, and with the running water, and with the living bird, and with the cedar wood, and with the hyssop, and with the scarlet:

14:53

But he shall let go the living bird out of the city into the open fields, and make an atonement for the house: and it shall be clean.

14:54

This is the law for all manner of plague of leprosy, and scall,

14:55

And for the leprosy of a garment, and of a house,

14:56

And for a rising, and for a scab, and for a bright spot:

14:57

To teach when it is unclean, and when it is clean: this is the law of leprosy.

More examples of Jewish blood sacrifices to Jehova:

Leviticus 8:14- 32

Leviticus 9:1- 24

Leviticus 14:1- 5

Leviticus 14:12-28

Leviticus 23:12-21

Numbers 19:1- 7

BACK TO EXPOSING CHRISTIANITY

http://gbt.webs.com/Christian_Mass_&_Jewish_Ritual%20Murder.htm

DEC FEB Mar

Previous capture 9 Next capture

2013 2014 2015

7 captures

4 Mar 13 - 9 Feb 14

CloseHelp

http://web.archive.org/web/20140209050056/http://gblt.webs.com/Christian_Mass_&_Jewish_Ritual%20Murder.htm

3 captures

12 Jun 2014 - 15 Mar 2017

Feb MAR Apr

15

2016 2017 2018

About this capture

The Christian Mass and How it Ties into Jewish Ritual Murder

Due to centuries of the vehement suppression of spiritual knowledge, most people are not only unaware of, but also they are unable to see certain truths. This is the enemy's way of conquering; by creating a blind spot on the soul, where one is spiritually disarmed; the so-called 'sixth-sense' is lacking in most people and in many others, it is completely absent.

Millions of unfortunate people are and have been deceived by the Christian and Muslim programs; both of these whose sole intention is to destroy spiritual knowledge and replace it with lies for the destruction of humanity and every other living creature on this earth.

The Judeo/Christian bible warns its believers regarding the powers of the mind and of 'witchcraft' so that one is unable to see through the blatant lies that are right there every day.

The Jews who are parasites by nature have always used Gentiles as their spiritual hosts; to feed from...no different from the alien greys who use their collection of souls to feed from. Many of you are already familiar with 'Jewish Ritual Murder.' During the times of Jewish holidays, top rabbis will abduct Gentile children and use them in their ritual sacrifices to Jewhova. The child is taken to a secret back room of a synagogue, tied to a cross and then tortured to death with the blood drained from the four corners [hands and feet], while the child is still alive and aware, and then this blood is drunk ritually by the rabbis. This heinous act has been performed repeatedly for centuries and this is why the Jews have endured endless pogroms [where Gentiles have massacred entire villages of Jews], have been forcibly expelled from nearly every country of the world, except for the USA, and have been hated to an extreme by every Gentile race. This is just one...I could go on and on endlessly of the crimes that the Jews have committed ad nauseum, but the purpose of this sermon is how all of this ties into the christian mass/church service. For more about this practice, see 2000 Years of Jewish Ritual Murder.

There was a title of a book I noted on a shelf in the public library; written by a Jewish rabbi and the title was 'Thou Shalt Prosper.' This is also in the Bible. This title was in reference to the Jews. Nearly everyone is aware of the unbelievable material wealth, success, and power this race has had for centuries. This directly results from their abuse of occult power, and all of this ties directly into Christianity.

As I mentioned many times before, the Judeo/Christian Bible is a book of Jewish witchcraft. The verses, their numbers, and so forth. In order to know this, one must know how witchcraft, words of power, and most of all, the subliminal and the powers of the mind work to bring the operator's intentions to manifest in reality.

As with so much of the Jewish workings, the subliminal is used to make the necessary subconscious connection to establish an energy link. One must know about witchcraft and the powers of the mind to know this. This is why the Bible warns and works to frighten Gentiles away from anything really spiritual... 'thou shalt not suffer a witch to live' and other crap about 'burning in a lake of fire' etc. In addition, I noted early on that there were curses involved in one using one's powers of the mind to prevent this and to frighten those who scare easily away from this sort of thing.

"Eat me...Drink me."

The entire theme of the Christian mass/church service is that of a simulation of a human sacrifice. Most people cannot see this, nor are they aware of it due to their minds being walled up. The nazarene with every mass/service is crucified in a blood sacrifice to Jewhova. I remember very well the endless repeated phrases used by the priest so that a connection is established 'This is the body of christ' and then that stupid little communion wafer...where the believer eats that 'body of christ.' Now we know the nazarene was nailed to that cross; the four corners, no different from the Gentile children that the Jews use in their sacrifices. This creates the necessary connection that fuels the energies for the Jewish ritual murders, bringing success to the Jewish race, especially that of vast material wealth.

Each and every catholic mass for one [and with protestants, the theme is the same], these same verses are DRUMMED into the minds of the congregation, over and over and over and over and over and over:

"On the night he was betrayed, he took bread and gave you thanks and praise. He broke the bread, gave it to his disciples, and said:
Take this, all of you, and eat it: this is my body which will be given up for you."

"When supper was ended, he took the cup. Again he gave you thanks and praise, gave the cup to his disciples, and said:
Take this, all of you, and drink from it: this is the cup of my blood."

SEE THE CONNECTION??? THIS IS BLATANTLY A HUMAN SACRIFICE!!

People cannot see this because they have been spiritually blinded. I can see all kinds of

things as I have knocked down walls in my mind and I remember just four of weeks ago, when hearing religious xmas songs blasting over the speakers in the store I was in, it was very blatant to me how these deluded Christian fools were singing for their damnation.

To create the necessary distraction and to confuse their victims, the Jews have always pretended to be persecuted by Christians. They pretend to be at odds with Christianity. If one's walls are knocked down, one can see what is there right in front of us every day. The entire Bible has either the word 'Jew' 'Jews' 'Israel' and related written on every page and with all of these, the Jewish people, and their patriarchs are honored and exalted. The Bible follows a subliminal theme in that Gentiles are conquered repeatedly in the old testament by the Jews and their god Jewhova. After all of this conquering and enslaving, the nazarene, the long awaited Jewish messiah comes on the scene. Jewish from birth to death; for more on this see Jewish Nazarene.

The Jewish nazarene character was invented from a concept, that of the serpentine witchpower. To read a full article about this, [click here](#). Again, for a working to succeed in many cases, there must be some sort of connection in the mind of the victim. Most Christians cannot see that Jewhova was a 'murderer and a liar' from the beginning. The New Testament goes on with the nazarene then becoming a human sacrifice...murdered and sacrificed to Jewhova, the murderous, bloodthirsty, and sadistic 'father.' In its own twisted way, this translates into the murder of children. Because the mind of a child is in many cases a blank slate in the way of limited personal experiences that shape attitudes and color the personality, children are prime victims. Christianity is notorious for preying upon children as are angels and of course, the filthy kikes. They know they can use the energy of children quite freely, as there is little or no spiritual resistance.

Then, the final cap with all of this is the 'second coming of christ' which is in truth another hoax designed to channel Gentile spiritual energies and beliefs through the mass mind into making the coming of the Jewish messiah into a reality.

Quote from the Jewish Talmud:

Simeon Haddarsen, fol. 56-D: "When the Messiah comes every Jew will have 2800 slaves."

Most people are totally unaware of the above and cannot see this. I already wrote in another sermon concerning how the Jews use occult power:

[JoSNewsletter/message/385](#)

Here is an excerpt:

The video below [which I highly recommend everyone sees] is nothing new and blatantly exposes the Jews and how they abuse occult power, the power of suggestion and the subliminal to make the subconscious connection to manifest their workings in

reality. The shootings were for the purpose of instituting gun control. Many people such as the author of the video linked below have no idea of the Jewish power, feeding off of and directing the energy that the deluded followers of the Christian program provide for their Jewish masters, is behind all of this and can only make misguided guesses: Sandy Hook and Batman shootings announced in Movie Batman and Dark Knight Rise

The Jewish abuse of occult powers has its roots in their gematria. The 911 was another one...very blatant. A co-worker, some years ago, showed me how a \$20.00 bill could be folded a certain way so that on the rear of it, the twin towers going up in smoke would appear. Look on the internet for this, I don't have the time to search out the websites that have this. All of a sudden, after the 911 incident, the older version of the \$20.00 bills where you could fold it that way, was taken out of circulation. They fed the public the bullshit story that "they were too easy to counterfeit." Well, they disappeared real fast, as too many people knew the deal on how to fold them. The 20 is the most common currency used and circulated in the USA.

Others include presidential assassinations. I did some research on this a few years back. Note about Lincoln and the names, dates, and the numbers and how they all come together in a very creepy way, indicating the use of their version of witchcraft. 911 is another blatant one- the date, the flights, the numbers, such as 'New York City' 11 letters; just do your own research on this.

In closing, the suicidal doctrines and teachings that poverty is a virtue, and the rejection of material wealth, work to ensure that the Jews prosper and that all wealth and power is in their hands. These suicidal teachings are drummed into the minds of Gentiles from a very early age, making sure they take a foothold and will even last for future lifetimes, ensuring poverty.

Quotes from the Jewish talmud:

Seph. Jp., 92, 1: "God has given the Jews power over the possessions and blood of all nations."

Schulchan Aruch, Choszen Hamiszpat 348: "All property of other nations belongs to the Jewish nation, which, consequently, is entitled to seize upon it without any scruples."

Schulchan Aruch, Choszen Hamiszpat 156: "When a Jew has a Gentile in his clutches, another Jew may go to the same Gentile, lend him money and in turn deceive him, so that the Gentile shall be ruined. For the property of a Gentile, according to our law, belongs to no one, and the first Jew that passes has full right to seize it."

Behind it all, the Jews are the ones who push Christianity, though they try to deceive the world into believing otherwise. I see this all the time, as I am very aware of it. Even with small unimportant things as crossword puzzle books, most are authored by Jewish

writers and there are endless references to Christianity and that filthy Bible, like everyone is supposed to know those filthy Jewish characters and archetypes by rote. Like this is supposed to be common everyday accepted knowledge.

The Holy Bible: A Book of Jewish Witchcraft

Christianity, Communism, the Jews and the Bible

Mind Control Programming and the Bible

BACK TO HOMEPAGE

http://hailtosatansvictory666.angelfire.com/Torah_and_Living_Blood_Sacrifice.html

9 captures

8 Sep 2015 - 12 Aug 2025

Sep FEB Mar

05

2015 2016 2021

About this capture

The Torah and Living Blood Sacrifice

I am writing this article because I am so fed up with the endless stream of idiots who make YouTube videos and websites that expose Jewish ritual murder on the one hand and with the other, support Christianity, the Bible, the Nazarene and blame all of this on Satan. Some of these authors are actually Jewish and know what they are doing in regards to trying to blame it all on Satan and the Pagan [Gentile] Gods, while others [mostly Christians] are total idiots.

Most of these idiots who obviously have IQs in the double-digits [nearly always a Christian] are either too lazy, not motivated or of course who lack the necessary intelligence to really read the Jewish Torah for what it is, the Old Testament. The entire Torah is chock full of the Jewish God's instructions on how to properly perform living blood sacrifices, and for the Christian double-digit IQ idiots who try to make excuses in regards to the New Testament and "Jesus," "Jesus" IS a human blood child sacrifice.

In addition to this profound stupidity [the level of Christian intelligence is so low it is unbelievable], it never seems to occur to these bible-thumping morons that whine about Jewish ritual murder, and quote the Talmud, that the Talmud is in fact a rabbinical commentary on the Torah. And what is the Torah? The Torah is the first five books of the Old Testament of the Bible that these Christians with shit for brains promote. That's right- THE OLD TESTAMENT. The same old toxic filth that their priests and preachers spout off in their Christian churches every Sunday. Like I already stated the extent of the stupidity is beyond shocking. Also, these buzzard-brained Christians would be at a total loss to show exactly where in their Bible, Satan ever even mentioned, let alone demanded, ANY sacrifices at all, let alone a living blood sacrifice! Yet they accuse him of this incessantly, as this creates a diversion and a distraction from the real evil, which is the Judeo/Christian Bible. As I keep repeating, every ugly act and attribute that is of the Judeo/Christian "God" is blamed on Satan, yet few can see beyond this. Most people are deceived by this. Hardly anyone stops to think.

Another thing I want to add here is how Christians and other related idiots twist everything. One glaring example is I came across was a statement regarding how the names of Pagan Gods such as Baal were used by Jews, such as Hasidim founder Ba'al Shem Tov. This title means "master of the good name" for one. This has to do with occult powers. It has nothing to do with the Pagan God Baal.

"In Hebrew, the word ba'al means "husband" or "owner," and is related to a verb meaning to take possession of, for a man, to consummate a marriage. The word "ba'al" is also used in many Hebrew phrases, denoting both concrete ownership as well as possession of different qualities in one's personality." [1]

Baal also as I mentioned in the above means "master," so this word really has a very broad term. Given the extreme blasphemy and denigration against the Pagan God Baal in the Goetia [The Lesser Key of Solomon], it is common sense that the Hebrews wouldn't be giving any sort of devotion to this Pagan God, or any other Pagan Gods for that matter. Any references that try to claim the Hebrews worshipped any Pagan Gods are to confuse the readers. With our own research, we have found that Baal is another name for the Philistine God Beelzebub. The endless Jewish blasphemy against Beelzebub should make a statement in itself regarding just how hated this Pagan God is by the Jews.

The quote directly below is from "Bible Hub" website, article on Baal: "4 with attributive: בַּעַל בְּרִית Lord of covenant Judges 8:33; Judges 9:4 (compare אל ברית Judges 9:46; NöZMG 1888, 478); זָבוּב יָב Lord of flies 2 Kings 1:2,3,6,16, Philistine god, 5 Βααλ μύϋαν (Beelzebub, Matthew 12:24) compare Bael. " [2]

I would also like to comment on the extreme similarity between the name "Moloch" and the Hebrew word "Melek," which means "King." "King" is another real loose term. [3]

So... what does the Jewish Torah have to say regarding living blood sacrifice? For those of you who have any doubts, I strongly encourage you to do your own research,

as there are numerous copies of the Jewish Torah here online.

The story of the Jewish character Abraham about to sacrifice his son Isaac, as ordered by that alien god of theirs, is a blatant example that his mere willingness, without question, as the story goes, indicates this was nothing out of the norm, nor was this an unusual request. Given his unquestioning readiness, this reveals this act of human child sacrifice was commonplace.

In addition to the above, here are some very interesting and very revealing quotes taken from the Jewish website

"Come and Hear, An Educational Forum For the Examination of Religious Truth and Religious Tolerance: Blood Ritual 3: Human Sacrifice, the Talmud, and the Moloch Problem" "LORD God Accepts Human Sacrifice"

Quotes from the above linked website:

"Blood Ritual: — Blood ritual is fundamental to Judaism. Some blood sanctifies, some blood defiles. Let's see what the Talmud doctrines are."

"The Babylonian Talmud, however, still permits Jews to sacrifice children to Moloch — under certain conditions."

"LORD God Accepts Human Sacrifice"

"First, let's get perspective. Some mistakenly believe human sacrifice is forbidden in the Old Testament. Certainly, some of the prophets railed against it. But in at least one book, LORD God accepts human sacrifice. And in another book, LORD God is appeased by human sacrifice."

"In the following account from the Book of Judges, the Israelite warrior Jephthah is about to set off to make war on the Ammonites. In payment for victory, Jephthah promises LORD God he will sacrifice the first "whatsoever" that comes from his house to greet him upon his return. Unless Jephthah keeps oxen, sheep, goats, or chickens in his living room, he must expect the promised victim will be a human being. Notice that Jephthah does not promise to sacrifice "an ox" or "a goat," etc."

30. And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the LORD, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

31. Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the LORD's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering.

— Judges 11:30-31 (KJV)

The first to pass through the doors of Jephthah's house upon his return is his only child, his beloved daughter.

34. And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances: and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

35. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the LORD, and I cannot go back.
— Judges 11:34-35 (KJV)

Let us reflect for a moment. We know Jephthah vowed to LORD God to sacrifice "whatsoever" first came out of the door of his house. We suspect Jephthah plans to sacrifice one of his servants. But when the "whatsoever" turned out to be Jephthah's daughter, Jephthah is surprised. Notice his daughter's reaction:

36. And she said unto him, My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the LORD, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the LORD hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon.
— Judges 11:36 (KJV)

"She expresses no surprise that LORD God would accept a human sacrifice, nor does she protest; she does not say, "Father, let's use some common sense."
None but perfect animals are permitted to be ritually sacrificed in Judaism. Notice that Jephthah's daughter, too, is a perfect sacrifice — she is a virgin. Notice that LORD God does not stop this human sacrifice, as he stopped the sacrifice of Abraham's son.

The Old Testament does not specify how Jephthah sacrifices his daughter, but following the correct methods for animal sacrifice, he would slit her throat first and drain her blood into a Temple service vessel; cut off her arms, legs, and head; cut the torso in sections, remove her entrails and wash them; pour, sprinkle, and smear her blood at prescribed points around the altar; and burn the flesh. Or of course, a priest might do this for him."
[4]

"LORD God is Appeased by Human Sacrifice" [5]

"As two separate offences, proving that giving one's seed to Molech is not idolatry. The differences [sic] is, that if one sacrificed to Molech, or caused his son to pass through the fire to some other deity, he is not punished."
—Rabbi Dr. Freedman

"Following the Mishnah, Sanhedrin 64a and 64b contain a rousing debate between the Sages concerning:

- the circumstances under which worshipping an idol is idolatry,
- which idols may be worshipped without indulging in idolatry,
- which parts of child sacrifice in what combination are punishable, and
- how children may be sacrificed without violating Leviticus.

"Of late, numerous attempts have been made to prove that in sacrificing their children to Moloch the Israelites simply thought that they were offering them in holocaust to Yahweh. In other words, the Melech to whom child-sacrifices were offered was Yahweh

under another name. “[6]

The article goes on and tries to claim otherwise, but any fool can readily see when reading the biblical book of Leviticus for example, that the above statement speaks for itself.

Here is more from the “Come and Hear” Jewish website:

“It is indeed unfortunate that the Jewish religion has not repudiated the doctrine that children may be sacrificed to Moloch. That doctrine, along with prayers in the Jewish liturgy calling for the return of ritual blood sacrifice (see Animal Sacrifice and the Third Temple), surely adds credence to charges that Jews engage in the ritual blood sacrifice of children.”

“Repudiating the Talmud doctrines that approve of ritually sacrificing children (under certain conditions) would go a long way to creating good will between Judaism and people of other religious faiths.” [7]

The Book of Leviticus is chock full of specific instructions [how to] and demands for living blood sacrifices.

Below are direct quotes taken from the Jewish Torah. Given the extensive and horrendous treatment of innocent animals, it is no wonder that the Jews invented industrial farming. This sort of thing is in their nature.

(LEV 1:1) The LORD called to Moshe, and spoke to him out of the Tent of Meeting, saying,

(LEV 1:2) "Speak to the children of Yisra'el, and tell them, 'When anyone of you offers an offering to the LORD, you shall offer your offering of the cattle, from the herd and from the flock.

(LEV 1:3) "'If his offering is a burnt offering from the herd, he shall offer a male without blemish. He shall offer it at the door of the Tent of Meeting, that he may be accepted before the LORD.

(LEV 1:5) He shall kill the bull before the LORD. Aharon's sons, the kohanim {priests}, shall present the blood and sprinkle the blood around on the altar that is at the door of the Tent of Meeting.

(LEV 1:10) "'If his offering is from the flock, from the sheep, or from the goats, for a burnt offering, he shall offer a male without blemish.

(LEV 1:11) He shall kill it on the north side of the altar before the LORD. Aharon's sons, the kohanim {priests}, shall sprinkle its blood around on the altar.

(LEV 1:14) "'If his offering to the LORD is a burnt offering of birds, then he shall offer his offering of turtledoves, or of young pigeons.

(LEV 1:15) The kohen {priest} shall bring it to the altar, and wring off its head, and burn it on the altar; and its blood shall be drained out on the side of the altar;

(LEV 1:16) and he shall take away its crop with its filth, and cast it beside the altar on the east part, in the place of the ashes.

(LEV 1:17) He shall tear it by its wings, but shall not divide it apart. The kohen {priest} shall burn it on the altar, on the wood that is on the fire. It is a burnt offering, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savor to the LORD.

(LEV 3:1) "If his offering is a sacrifice of shalom offerings; if he offers it from the herd, whether male or female, he shall offer it without blemish before the LORD.

(LEV 3:2) He shall lay his hand on the head of his offering, and kill it at the door of the tent of meeting: and Aharon's sons the kohanim {priests} shall sprinkle the blood on the altar round about.

(LEV 3:7) If he offers a lamb for his offering, then he shall offer it before the LORD;

(LEV 3:8) and he shall lay his hand on the head of his offering, and kill it before the tent of meeting: and Aharon's sons shall sprinkle its blood on the altar round about.

(LEV 3:12) "If his offering is a goat, then he shall offer it before the LORD:

(LEV 3:13) and he shall lay his hand on its head, and kill it before the tent of meeting; and the sons of Aharon shall sprinkle its blood on the altar round about.

(LEV 4:4) He shall bring the bull to the door of the Tent of Meeting before the LORD; and he shall lay his hand on the head of the bull, and kill the bull before the LORD.

(LEV 4:5) The anointed kohen {priest} shall take some of the blood of the bull, and bring it to the Tent of Meeting.

(LEV 4:6) The kohen {priest} shall dip his finger in the blood, and sprinkle some of the blood seven times before the LORD, before the veil of the sanctuary.

(LEV 4:7) The kohen {priest} shall put some of the blood on the horns of the altar of sweet incense before the LORD, which is in the tent of meeting; and he shall pour out all the blood of the bull out at the base of the altar of burnt offering, which is at the door of the Tent of Meeting.

(LEV 4:11) The bull's skin, all its flesh, with its head, and with its legs, its innards, and its dung,

(LEV 4:12) even the whole bull shall he carry forth outside the camp to a clean place, where the ashes are poured out, and burn it on wood with fire. Where the ashes are poured out it shall be burned.

(LEV 4:16) The anointed kohen {priest} shall bring of the blood of the bull to the Tent of Meeting:

(LEV 4:17) and the kohen {priest} shall dip his finger in the blood, and sprinkle it seven times before the LORD, before the veil.

(LEV 4:18) He shall put some of the blood on the horns of the altar which is before the LORD, that is in the Tent of Meeting; and the rest of the blood he shall pour out at the base of the altar of burnt offering, which is at the door of the Tent of Meeting.

(LEV 4:24) He shall lay his hand on the head of the goat, and kill it in the place where

they kill the burnt offering before the LORD. It is a sin offering.

(LEV 4:25) The kohen {priest} shall take some of the blood of the sin offering with his finger, and put it on the horns of the altar of burnt offering. He shall pour out the rest of its blood at the base of the altar of burnt offering.

(LEV 5:7) "If he can't afford a lamb, then he shall bring his trespass offering for that in which he has sinned, two turtledoves, or two young pigeons, to the LORD; one for a sin offering, and the other for a burnt offering.

(LEV 5:8) He shall bring them to the kohen {priest}, who shall first offer the one which is for the sin offering, and wring off its head from its neck, but shall not sever it completely.

(LEV 5:9) He shall sprinkle some of the blood of the sin offering on the side of the altar; and the rest of the blood shall be drained out at the base of the altar. It is a sin offering.

(LEV 7:2) In the place where they kill the burnt offering, he shall kill the trespass offering; and its blood he shall sprinkle on the altar round about.

(LEV 8:18) He presented the ram of the burnt offering: and Aharon and his sons laid their hands on the head of the ram.

(LEV 8:19) He killed it; and Moshe sprinkled the blood on the altar round about.

(LEV 8:22) He presented the other ram, the ram of consecration: and Aharon and his sons laid their hands on the head of the ram.

(LEV 8:23) He killed it; and Moshe took some of its blood, and put it on the tip of Aharon's right ear, and on the thumb of his right hand, and on the great toe of his right foot.

(LEV 8:24) He brought Aharon's sons; and Moshe put some of the blood on the tip of their right ear, and on the thumb of their right hand, and on the great toe of their right foot; and Moshe sprinkled the blood on the altar round about.

(LEV 9:12) He killed the burnt offering; and Aharon's sons delivered the blood to him, and he sprinkled it on the altar round about.

(LEV 9:18) He also killed the ox and the ram, the sacrifice of shalom offerings, which was for the people: and Aharon's sons delivered to him the blood, which he sprinkled on the altar round about

(LEV 16:14) He shall take some of the blood of the bull, and sprinkle it with his finger on the mercy seat on the east; and before the mercy seat he shall sprinkle some of the blood with his finger seven times.

(LEV 16:15) "Then he shall kill the goat of the sin offering, that is for the people, and bring his blood within the veil, and do with his blood as he did with the blood of the bull, and sprinkle it on the mercy seat, and before the mercy seat

(LEV 16:18) "He shall go out to the altar that is before the LORD and make atonement for it, and shall take some of the bull's blood, and some of the goat's blood, and put it on

the horns of the altar round about.

(LEV 16:19) He shall sprinkle some of the blood on it with his finger seven times, and cleanse it, and make it holy from the uncleanness of the children of Yisra'el.

(LEV 17:11) For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you on the altar to make atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that makes atonement by reason of the life.

(LEV 22:29) "When you sacrifice a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the LORD, you shall sacrifice it so that you may be accepted.

(LEV 22:19) that you may be accepted, you shall offer a male without blemish, of the bulls, of the sheep, or of the goats.

(LEV 22:20) But whatever has a blemish, that you shall not offer: for it shall not be acceptable for you.

(LEV 22:21) Whoever offers a sacrifice of shalom offerings to the LORD to accomplish a vow, or for a freewill offering, of the herd or of the flock, it shall be perfect to be accepted; there shall be no blemish therein.

(LEV 22:22) Blind, injured, maimed, having a wart, festering, or having a running sore, you shall not offer these to the LORD, nor make an offering by fire of them on the altar to the LORD.

(LEV 22:23) Either a bull or a lamb that has any deformity or lacking in his parts, that you may offer for a freewill offering; but for a vow it shall not be accepted.

(LEV 22:24) That which has its testicles bruised, crushed, broken, or cut, you shall not offer to the LORD; neither shall you do thus in your land.

(LEV 22:25) Neither from the hand of a foreigner shall you offer the bread of your God of any of these; because their corruption is in them. There is a blemish in them. They shall not be accepted for you."

(LEV 22:26) The LORD spoke to Moshe, saying,

(LEV 22:27) "When a bull, or a sheep, or a goat, is born, then it shall remain seven days with its mother; and from the eighth day and thenceforth it shall be accepted for the offering of an offering made by fire to the LORD.

(LEV 22:29) "When you sacrifice a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the LORD, you shall sacrifice it so that you may be accepted

(LEV 23:19) You shall offer one male goat for a sin offering, and two male lambs a year old for a sacrifice of shalom offerings

(NUM 7:41) and for the sacrifice of shalom offerings, two oxen, five rams, five male goats, and five male lambs a year old: this was the offering of Shelumi'el the son of Tzurishaddai.

(DEU 12:11) then it shall happen that to the place which the LORD your God shall choose, to cause his name to dwell there, there shall you bring all that I command you: your burnt offerings, and your sacrifices, your tithes, and the heave-offering of your hand, and all your choice vows which you vow to the LORD.

References:

- [1] <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Baal>
- [2] <http://biblehub.com/hebrew/1167.htm>
- [3] <http://biblehub.com/hebrew/4428.htm>
- [4] "Come and Hear, An Educational Forum For the Examination of Religious Truth and Religious Tolerance: Blood Ritual 3: Human Sacrifice, the Talmud, and the Moloch Problem" "LORD God Accepts Human Sacrifice"
- [5] Ibid
- [6] Ibid
- [7] Ibid

The above scripture quotes were taken from an English translation of the Jewish Torah.

The Christian Mass and How it Ties into Jewish Ritual Murder

2000 Years of Jewish Ritual Murder

Jewish Ritual Murder

The Holy Bible: A Book of Jewish Witchcraft

Christianity, Communism, the Jews and the Bible

Mind Control Programming and the Bible

The Truth About the Bible

Back to Exposing Christianity

http://see_the_truth.webs.com/Old%20Testament.html

53 captures

26 Mar 2012 - 5 Oct 2022

May JUN Jul

29

2015 2016 2017

About this capture

Exposing the Old Testament

Most Christians and many others believe the Judeo/Christian Bible to be the word of "God." In truth, nearly everything within the Bible was stolen and corrupted from Pagan religions that predated Judeo/Christianity from hundreds to thousands of years, from all around the world, and in particular, the Far East.

"We shall destroy God" - quote from the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

The Hebrew written "Five Books of Moses" also known as the "Pentateuch", along with the "Torah" were STOLEN and CORRUPTED from the Egyptian "TAROT." Note- "Torah" is an anagram of "Tarot." The most noted example of the Tarot is the 78 card pack sold in many stores now-a-days and used for fortune telling. The Tarot consists of five suits [where the five was stolen and corrupted from]: the wands/rods of fire, the swords of air, the cups of water, the pentacles of earth, and the trump of quintessence/ether. The trump suit was omitted from the standard deck of playing cards, and all that remains of the trump is the Fool card, which was kept as the Joker. All of these are elements [fire, earth, air, water and ether] of the human soul and the message of the Tarot aside from its divination capabilities is the Magnum Opus, which leads to physical and spiritual perfection and immortality. All of this was stolen and corrupted into a fictitious history of the Jews, which has nothing whatsoever to do with spirituality.

The Jewish Talmud instructs the Jewish people to destroy Gentiles and enslave them, as "YHVH" in reality is the Jewish people.

Quote from the Talmud:

Sanhedrin 58b. If a heathen [Gentile] hits a Jew, the Gentile must be killed. Hitting a Jew is the same as hitting God.

The fictitious Jewish "God" "Yaweh/Jehova's" name was inserted, replacing the names of many Gentile/Pagan Gods. The entity "Jehova" is fictitious. The name "Jehova" was stolen from the Roman God "Jove" for one.

"The pious Dr. Parkhurst. . . proves, from the authority of Diodorus Siculus, Varro, St. Augustine, etc., that the Iao, Jehova, or Ieue, or Ie of the Jews was the Jove of the Latins and Etruscans..." "YHWH/IEUE was additionally the Egyptian Sun God Ra: Ra was the father in heaven, who has the title of 'Huhi' the eternal, from which the Hebrews derived the name 'Ihuh.'" "Jewish mystical tradition viewed the original Jehova as an androgyne, his/her name compounded as Jah [jod] and the pre-hebraic name of Eve, Havah, or Hawah, rendered he-vau-he in Hebrew letters. The four letters together made the sacred Tetragrammaton, YHWH, the secret name of God..." We can also see where the antagonistic story of Zeus [Jove] and Prometheus was used to promote the concept of a rebellious God who was condemned and ostracized for bringing knowledge to humanity." 1

Humanity's original religion was polytheistic [having many different Gods]. In the original Hebrew Bible, the word "Elohim" is used. "In spite of the monotheistic endeavors of the compilers and editors of the book of Genesis, struggling to proclaim faith in a sole deity in a world that in those days believed in many gods, there remain numerous slip-ups where the biblical narrative speaks of gods in the plural. The very term for 'deity,' [when the Lord is not specifically named as Yaweh], is not the singular El but the plural Elohim.

2

The dual aspect of Christianity was stolen from the duality of Zoroastrianism, which preceded the Christian religion by centuries. 3 Yaweh/Jehova replaced Ahura Mazda, and the Old Gods who were the Original Gods [Ahriman, which is Aryan and means "noble" in Sanskrit] were labeled as "evil" in order to establish the supreme monotheism of Yaweh/Jehova. The Original Gods were turned into Demons and monsters which represented evil.⁴ Most wound up in the "Goetia." Note the similarity of the root "Goet" meaning "Devil" and the derogatory Jewish word for Gentile, which is "Goy" or plural, "Goyim."

This excerpt quote from the Catholic Encyclopedia is very revealing:
In the same way the Greeks and Romans may have worshipped their divinities, fondly believing them to be good. But the Christian Scriptures declare that all the gods of the Gentiles are demons.

Catholic Encyclopedia: Devil Worship

<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/04767a.htm>

DEMONS ARE THE GODS OF THE GENTILES!!!!

Mithra, the celestial intermediary between Ahura Mazda and Angra Manyu [Ahriman], has numerous striking parallels with the Nazarene "Jesus Christ." Mithra was a savior, who like the Nazarene was announced by prophets, whose birth took place in a cave [many accounts of the birth of the Nazarene claim that he also was born in a cave], and the appearance of an exceptional star. Mithra would later supplant Vishnu, who in pre-Zoroastrianism Vedism had been the world's savior.⁵

The following is proof of the many different and diverse sources of which the authors of the Judeo/Christian Bible stole from:

THE CREATION/GENESIS:

The Enuma Elish predated the bible by a minimum of 1,000 years, and is presumed to be much older. The tablets are now in the British Museum.

The Atrahasis Story predates the biblical Genesis account by over 1,000 years or more. Both of these creation accounts predate Christianity and the Judeo/Christian Bible by centuries. Both reveal there were "GODS" not "One God." This is where the Jews made mistakes, along with the many contradictory scriptures. It is glaringly obvious the Judeo/Christian Bible is not the word of "God." The foolish bible thumping idiots rant and rave how "God is perfect." Right there is another contradiction. For a long list of endless contradictions, [click here](#)

Both of these creation accounts predate Christianity and the Judeo/Christian Bible by

centuries. Both reveal there were "GODS" not "One God."

Genesis Chapter 1, verse 26 reads: "And God said "let us make man in our image, after our likeness...."

This right here debunks the Jewish monotheistic Yaweh myth.

The extra-terrestrial God, known as Ea [Satan] created human beings through genetic engineering, and several other Gods/Goddesses were involved in the creation. See the image of the Sumerian Creation below. This was originally carved in rock, thousands of years old; predating Judeo/Christianity.

THE FLOOD

The Flood Story from Gilgamesh predates the Christian account by well over 1,000 years or more.

The Judeo/Christian Bible claims that "Yaweh" incited the flood. In truth, "Enlil" allowed the flood to take place. Tracing Enlil's origins here on earth, we have found he is also known as "Bel" which evolved into the name "Baal" and eventually "Beelzebub" who was God of the Philistines.

The "Flood" is another ancient ALLEGORY that was STOLEN and corrupted from the original Pagan religions and has to do with the flood of energy during the working of the Magnum Opus, after which there are visions of colors indicating an important stage has passed. The allegory of the colors is where the Jewish scriptwriters got the "rainbow" and "Jacob's coat of colors" [the aura]. Allegories and CONCEPTS were STOLEN and corrupted into unsavory Jewish characters for Gentiles to slavishly worship. Sacred religious teachings intended for humanity to evolve spiritually were desecrated and replaced with Jewish literary trash. These FICTITIOUS Jewish characters have NOTHING whatsoever to do with spirituality or advancing one's soul.

"Noah" built an ark

EA warned "ZIUSUDRA" aka "UTNAPISHTIM," not "Noah" about the impending flood and instructed him on building an ark. The legend is Sumerian and Akkadian/Babylonian in origin. The "Atrahasis Epic" is the Akkadian/Babylonian account of the Great Flood.

A "dove" returned to the ark with an olive branch signifying the flood was over and the waters receded. In the original Sumerian account, a RAVEN, instead of a "dove" finds dry land. 6

THE TOWER OF BABEL

AGAIN, more than one God is involved. Also, the Gods departed from the Earth during the flood. Note "GODS."

The Bible claims that "Yaweh" confused the languages of the people's constructing the Tower of Babel. This is not so. AGAIN, the Jewish authors of the Judeo/Christian Bible screw up and evidence of more than one God is plain to see:

Genesis Chapter 11; verse 7:

"Let us go down and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech." AGAIN, more than one God is involved. Note the "us."

The "Tower of Babel" is another ALLEGORY. In ancient times, humans could communicate telepathically, without words. This was taken from us, but is now becoming a reality again as many of us are experiencing this through the opening of the mind and soul through power meditation.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Many of the Old Testament laws, along with the Ten Commandments were stolen from: The Code of Hammurabi

Below is a photo of the basalt stele showing the Sumerian Sun God Shamash giving Hammurabi the tablet listing the laws. "Shamash" is also known as "Azazel," the leader of the so-called "Fallen Angels," the "Igigi" Nordic extra-terrestrials who took human wives.

Example: Exodus 20:

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Stolen from the Code of Hammurabi, 3: "If a seignior came forward with false testimony in a case, and has not proved the word which he spoke, if that case was a case involving a life, that seignior shall be put to death."

More stolen from the Code of Hammurabi:

Exodus 21:24 Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot,

Hammurabi 196: "If a seignior has destroyed the eye of a member of the aristocracy, they shall destroy his eye."

Hammurabi 200: "if a seignior has knocked out a tooth of a seignior of his own rank, they shall knock out his tooth."

The Sumerian Code

The Ur-Nammu Code is the oldest Ancient Near Eastern law code recovered by archeologists. The Sumerian Code from 1800 BCE belongs to this oldest enduring legal tradition.

The Hittite Code

While Hittite law was similar in many ways to the Hammurabi law codes the "Hittite Code" containing two hundred paragraphs of regulations demonstrates a tolerance for sexual immorality with a strong emphasis upon financial concerns. The Hittites cultivated barley and wheat, brewed a barley beer. Silver pieces were circulated as currency.

The Middle Assyrian Code Decreed by Tiglath-Pileser I, Emperor of Assyria from 1115-1077 BCE. Originally a legal code emphasizing the social concerns and interests of the Assyrian Government. Discovered in 1903 at Ashur in Iraq. Written in Cuneiform on 15 baked clay tablets. Numerous laws in the biblical books of Exodus, Deuteronomy and Leviticus have been stolen from The Assyrian Code.

The Neo-Babylonian Code

The writings in the biblical book of PROVERBS were STOLEN from numerous sources:
The Words of Ahiqar

Ahiqar was an advisor to Sennacherib, king of Assyria from 704-681 BCE. In 1906 German archaeologists excavated a copy of his teachings, inscribed upon eleven sheets of palimpsest papyrus, from the debris of Elephantine which is today part of the city of Aswan in Southern Egypt.

Parallels:

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.
Prov.20:20

STOLEN from:

"Whosoever takes no pride in the names of his father and mother, may the sun not shine upon him." Ahiqar 9:137

He who spares the rod hates his son, but he who loves him is careful to discipline him;
Prov. 13:24

STOLEN from:

"With-hold not thy son from the rod, else thou wilt not be able to save him from wickedness." Ahiqar 6:81

Through patience a ruler can be persuaded, and a gentle tongue can break a bone.
Prov. 25:15

STOLEN from:

Soft is the utterance of a king; yet it is sharper and stronger than a two-edged knife."
Ahiqar 7:105

The Teachings of Amen-em-opet

Amen-em-opet, son of Ka-nakht, taught in Egypt between 1200 - 1000 BCE. The text is found in British Museum Papyrus 10474 and a portion on a writing tablet in Turin, Italy. The papyrus is said to have come from Thebes and is speculated to be of the 10th and 6th centuries BCE.

Parallels:

Pay attention and listen to the sayings of the wise; apply your heart to what I teach, for it is pleasing when you keep them in your heart and have all of them ready on your lips.
Prov. 17-18

STOLEN from:

Give they ears, hear what is said,
Give they heart to understand them
Let them rest in the casket of thy belly
That they may be a key in they heart."
Amen-em-opet 3:10

Do not exploit the poor because they are poor and do not crush the needy in court.
Prov. 22:22

STOLEN from:
"Guard thyself against robbing the oppressed
And against overbearing the disabled."
Amen-em-opet 2:1

If your enemy is hungry, give him food to eat; if he is thirsty give him water to drink. In doing this, you will heap burning coals on his head and the Lord will reward you.
Prov. 25:21-22

STOLEN from:
"Leave him in the arms of the god;
Fill his belly with bread of thine
So that he may be sated and may be ashamed."
Amen-em-opet 5:8

Do not move an ancient boundary stone or encroach on the fields of the fatherless, for their Defender is strong; he will take up their case against you.
Prov. 23:10-11

STOLEN from:
"Do not carry off the landmark at the boundaries of the arable land
Nor disturb the position of the measuring cord
Be not greedy after a cubit of land
Nor encroach upon the boundaries of a widow."
Amen-em-opet 7:12-15

Better a little with the fear of the Lord than great wealth with turmoil
Prov. 15:16
Better a little with righteousness than much gain with injustice.

Prov. 16:8

STOLEN from:

Better is a measure that the god gives thee,
Than five thousand taken illegally."

Amen-em-opet 8:19

[This one also smacks of the Nazarene feeding the "five thousand."]

Better a meal of vegetables where there is love than a fattened calf with hatred. Prov. 15:17

Better a dry crust with peace and quiet than a house full of feasting, with strife. Prov. 17:1

STOLEN from:

"Better is bread when the heart is happy
Than riches with sorrow."

Amen-em-opet 9:9

Do not make friends with a hot-tempered man, do not associate with one easily angered, or you may learn his ways and get yourself ensnared, Prov. 22:24-25

STOLEN from:

"Do not greet thy heated in thy violence
Nor hurt thy own heart thereby"

Amen-em-opet 13:8

You will vomit up the little you have eaten and will have wasted your compliments. Prov. 23:8

STOLEN from:

"The mouthful of bread too great thou swallowest and vomitest up."

Amen-em-opet 14:13

Do not boast about tomorrow, for you do not know what a day may bring forth. Prov. 27:1

STOLEN from:

"Do not spend the night fearful of the morrow

At daybreak what is the morrow like?
Man knows not what the morrow is like."
Amen-eo-opet 19:11

Many are the plans in a man's heart, but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails. Prov.
19:21
In his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps.
Prov. 16:9

STOLEN from:
"One thing are the words which men say
Another is that which God does."
Amen-em-opet 19:15

Have I not written thirty sayings for you, sayings of counsel and knowledge.
Prov. 22:20

STOLEN from:
"See thou these thirty chapters
They entertain; they instruct
They are the foremost of all books."
Amen-em-opet 27:5

The Teachings of Ptah-Hotep
Ptah-Hotep taught around 2450 BCE, during the 5th Dynasty of The Old Kingdom of Egypt. His teachings were preserved on both clay tablets and papyrus sheets and are presently at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. In addition to the book of Proverbs, many of the writings in the books of Ecclesiastes and Sirach were also stolen from the Teachings of Ptah-Hotep.

Egyptian Love Songs

The Egyptian Love Songs are 1,000+ years older than those in the Song of Solomon. The parallels are unmistakable. The Papyrus Harris 500 was discovered at Thebes in the Ramesseum Complex in the Karnak Temple.

The Visions of Nefertiti

Both the biblical books of "Kings" and "Daniel" echo the scenario of entertaining a king along with the prediction of his downfall. The theme of the slave who would be king is repeated in "The Story of Hagar [Genesis chapters 16 and 21]. The Visions of Nefertiti dates back to the reign of the Pharaoh Snefru [2680- 2565 BCE]. He calls for Nefertiti to entertain him. Nefertiti predicts the downfall of the Old Kingdom and the establishment of a new Dynasty by Amen-em-het I [1991- 1786 BCE].

Also, most of what was written in the biblical books of Exodus, Leviticus and Deuteronomy was taken from the above- NOT from "Yaweh." There are xians who are

stupid enough to believe their "Yaweh" is the only god. "No Gods before me."

MORE STOLEN:

The Story of Joseph and Potipher's wife; Genesis Chapter 39. STOLEN from The Story of Anubis and Bata [Egyptian in origin].

PARALLELS TO THE MOSES STORY:

The birth of Sargon

The birth of Horus

1. The secrecy factor surrounding the birth
2. The placing in a reed basket, covered with bitumen
3. The setting in a river
4. The recovery and adoption Much of the biblical book of PSALMS was stolen from:

The Hymn to the Aton

The Hymn to the Aton can be found in the Tomb of Eye. 1365- 1348 BCE.

The Stories of Ba'al and Anat

Inscribed upon six clay tablets, in the Ugaritic Language; cuneiform script. Circa 1400 BCE.

The Lament for Ur

Many of the writings in the biblical book of Joshua were stolen from:

The El Amarna Letters

The Stele of Merneptah

More stolen writings in the biblical book of Judges:

The Story of Aqhat

The Diary of Wen-Amon

The Gezer Almanac

The biblical books of Samuel and Kings also contain much stolen material from:

The Mari Prophecies

The Stele of Mesha

The Karatepe Inscription

The Annals of Shalmaneser III

The Black Obelisk of Shalmaneser III

The Annals of Tiglath-Pileser III

The Annals of Sargon II

The Siloam Inscription

The Yavne-Yam Inscription

The Lachlisch Letters

The Arad Ostraca

The Annals of Sennacherib

The Annals of Nebuchadnezzar II

More stolen material in the biblical books of Ezra and Nehemiah from:

The Cylinder of Cyrus

More stolen stories and writings in the biblical books of Job and Ecclesiastes:

The Story of Keret

Here is the original story of Job, written in the Ugaritic language [Cuneiform Script], composed circa 1400 BCE by "Ilimilku The Scribe." This epic involves "Keret" and the God "El." NOT Job and jehova. Keret's family tragedies and illness are comparable with the story of Job. In the original tale, "Satan" never even entered into the picture.

The Sufferer and the Soul

The Farmer and the Courts

The Sufferer and the Friend

As we can see from the above, the Christian "religion" is based upon stolen material that has been twisted, warped and distorted to manipulate, confuse and incite fear into humanity. It has taken the ORIGINAL GOD AND CREATOR OF HUMANITY EA/ENKI aka SATAN/LUCIFER and turned him into an assumed enemy of humanity. "We shall destroy God" -- The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. Christianity has been used to blaspheme, ridicule and malign the Old Gods, create estrangement and enmity from legitimate deities of which it replaced with the false god "Yaweh/Jehova." In addition, this monstrous program is used as a tool to create a defenseless mentality; that of a slave, to psychologically disarm the Gentile populace into accepting communism, another Jewish brotherhood program.

It is often said that the true evil cannot create anything. Everything of the true evil is artificial. In truth, "God" and the "Devil" are backwards. This foul religion's entire foundation is composed of stolen material. In addition, it is anti-life and suicidal. There is nothing at all spiritual about it. The purpose of all of this is to completely cut humanity off from the true Creator God who is Satan. In doing so, the reptilian aliens and those who are working for them will achieve the goal of enslaving the human race through the Jewish program of communism. Satan gives us knowledge and power. Without him, humanity has nothing. The true evil is also known as the master of lies and deception. What greater deception is there for followers of these religious scams to curse and blaspheme their own Creator? Many of the ancient Pagan religions such as the Greeks and the Romans shared legends and pantheons. This is entirely different from Christianity, that has worked relentlessly and brutally to destroy any and all other religions, claiming it to be the only true one.

"IN THE SECRET OF MY KNOWLEDGE THERE IS NO GOD BUT ME"

-SATAN

From "Peace Be Unto Him"

- 2 The Stairway to Heaven by Zecharia Sitchin, page 99.
- 3 World Book Encyclopedia article on Zoroastrianism, © 1989
- 4 A History of the Devil by Gerald Messadié
- 5 Cambridge illustrated History of Religions, edited by John Bowker. Pages 216- 217
- 6 Mesopotamia by Pamela F. Service, page 44.

Other References:

The Holy Bible- King James Version

The Ancient Near East, Volume I, edited by James B. Pritchard © 1958

Old Testament Parallels: Laws and Stories From the Ancient Near East by Victor H. Matthews and Don C. Benjamin© 1991

A History of the Devil by Gerald Messadié© 1993, 1996

Encyclopedia Britannica

BACK TO EXPOSING CHRISTIANITY

Hell is Christianity.

Christian priests invented sin to give them power over you. They set themselves up as those who could remove the disease they had infected you with. Remove the priests and you remove the sin.

Christians ludicrously claim that Jesus Christ gave up his life for us. Er, no he didn't. Fact 1) "God" can't die. Fact 2) It was Jesus Christ (the Christian God) who claimed that humanity was guilty of Original Sin, and who sentenced all of us to hell. To "save us", all he had to do was love us and remove his psychotic decree that all human beings were going to hell because some primitive couple (Adam and Eve) ate some fruit! Fact 3) God ordered Abraham to sacrifice his son to test Abraham's faith - how sick can you get? God later sacrificed his own son, Jesus. Therefore, this is incontestably a Satanic "God" of human sacrifice, and even divine sacrifice.

Only mentally ill people with no moral compass, no conception of the difference between good and evil, would worship this cosmic monster, a clear and present enemy of the human race.

Wake up, Christians. Stop worshiping the Devil and calling him God. How evil are you people? There is no universe in which a morally perfect being would order a father to murder his son, and no universe in which a morally perfect being would demand the sacrifice of his OWN son (who also happens to be himself if we take seriously the crazy

notion of the Christian Trinity). Not only are Christians evil, they are also retarded. For shame.

If a Nazi ordered a Jewish father to kill his son, he would be branded a monster and the Jew would fight him to the death. If "God" gives exactly the same order, the Jewish father falls on his knees and worships him. WTF! The order is equally evil in both cases. Would the Nazi claim he was only "testing the Jew's faith"? Is that an excuse? Seriously?!

If we purge the world of Christianity, we purge the world of sin, evil, Devil worship, stupidity, and the lust for human sacrifice.

Christians are monsters. They are without exception psychopaths who would murder their own children if their God ordered it. If they would do that to their own children, what would they do to YOUR children?!!!

The demon that possessed the poor girl in "The Exorcist" was, in truth, none other than the Christian God. Who will exorcise the world of Christianity? The Christian God sucks cocks in hell!

The Armageddon Conspiracy

Dream Consciousness

Ontological Mathematics

Malfeitor's Final Word

Revalue All Values

Coded Novels

The God Series

The Truth Series

Jack Tanner

The Illuminati Series

The Divine Series

The Anti-Christian Series

The Anti-Elite Series

The Sex Series

The Political Series

The Seer of Wars

The Seer of Unreality

Ranting and Lunacy

The Madison Papers

Additional Texts

High Priests of Hell (The Anti-Christian Series Book 1) by [Weishaupt, Adam]

High Priests of Hell (The Anti-Christian Series Book 1)

You may think you are familiar with three of the most important Biblical figures:

Abraham, Moses and St Paul. You may have a Hollywood image in your head of noble, heroic men, inspired by God and doing his holy work. Think again. It's time to discover the sordid truth.

Abraham was the world's first recorded psychopath, willing to slaughter his own son as a human sacrifice to his "God". Moses was a prince of Egypt, and one of the followers of the heretic Pharaoh Akhenaten. The Hebrews loathed him and wanted to kill him, eventually succeeding at the foot of Mount Sinai, the Mountain of "God", during the massacre of the "golden calf".

St Paul was a high priest of the cult of Mithras who had the audacity to blend it with Judaic Messianism, giving birth to the bizarre religion of Christianity.

Jesus, Prince of Hell (The Anti-Christian Series Book 2) by [Weishaupt, Adam]
Jesus, Prince of Hell (The Anti-Christian Series Book 2)

You many think you know everything you need to know about the historical figure "Jesus Christ", but every cherished belief you have about him is false. Jesus Christ is a fake and a fraud. For a start, his name wasn't Jesus Christ but Yehoshua ben Yosef ("Joshua son of Joseph"). And, just as his name is a fiction designed to disguise the truth, so is everything else about him.

We will demonstrate the following:

- 1) The central promise of Christianity - the resurrection of the dead - is utterly wrong. As we shall show, the Christian Gospels demonstrate conclusively that Jesus Christ was reincarnated, not resurrected.
- 2) Jesus Christ was the central figure in one of the most audacious plots in history.
- 3) He was head of an Elite Family that wished to rule the world. The Family exists to this day, and their conspiracy is unchanged.
- 4) Jesus Christ was the leader of an army that sought to overthrow Roman rule in Judea. He was executed as a violent revolutionary attempting to set himself up as a king.
- 5) Judas, the infamous traitor, was the brother of Jesus Christ.

The greatest lie and fraud in history has endured too long.

Is God Evil? (The Anti-Christian Series Book 3) by [Weishaupt, Adam]
Is God Evil? (The Anti-Christian Series Book 3)

It's the ultimate question. Is the God of the Jews, Christians and Muslims evil? Is he at the core of the malignancy in the human condition? Does his malevolent will touch

every corner of the earth, spreading discord, division, conflict and hate?

Three thousand years of the history of the "People of the Book" provide a tale of unparalleled savagery and intolerance, all in the name of an alleged God of justice, forgiveness, love, peace, mercy and compassion.

The ancient secret society known as the Illuminati are advocates of the Gnostic religion that defines the Biblical Creator as none other than Satan.

The serpent, a symbol of wisdom, tried to enlighten the human race via the fabled Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eve, but humanity chose faith over knowledge and thus became the pawns of the Prince of Darkness, the Lord of the Flies.

Is earth actually hell?

Christianity: The Devil's Greatest Trick (The Anti-Christian Series Book 4) by
[Weishaupt, Adam]

Christianity: The Devil's Greatest Trick (The Anti-Christian Series Book 4)

"One wanders to the left, another to the right. Both are equally in error, but, are seduced by different delusions." - Horace

It's a simple fact that most Christians know next to nothing about Christianity. How many people are aware of the many heresies that were stamped out by the early Church? Had any of these heresies triumphed, the world would be a very different, and much saner place.

Find out about the monstrous St Augustine and his doctrines of grace, Original Sin, Predestination and the Total Depravity of the human race. This "saint" was happy to send to hell unbaptised babies that died in infancy. His great enemy was the humane and rational Celtic monk Pelagius. The great tragedy of Christianity is that it listened to Augustine rather than Pelagius.

What was the Donatist heresy and what does it tell us about the dangers of modern Islam? How does the rivalry between Celtic and Rangers football clubs in Scotland reflect much of Western world history?

Are the 12 Steps of Alcoholics' Anonymous tantamount to cult indoctrination? Were Freud and Augustine both obsessed with their parents? What is Hieros Gamos? Should it be a regular feature of the modern world?

Were many people in the ancient world known, like Jesus Christ, as the "Son of God"? Are the Christian concepts of the Holy Trinity and the incarnation of God in man the most logically incoherent doctrines ever devised?

Who was the heretic Nestorius and why was he so significant? Why is reincarnation

much more logical than resurrection? Why is it that so few Christians understand the concept of resurrection?

Why should the story of the Garden of Eden be completely reinterpreted for the contemporary world? What is the difference between consciousness and bicameralism? Are Jews, Christians and Muslims actually bicameral, i.e. belonging to an earlier and more stupid stage of human mental evolution?

Were the Jews advocates of temple prostitution, even within the confines of Solomon's holy temple to Yahweh?

Can the tales of Abraham, Jephtha and the Garden of Eden prove conclusively that the Jews, Christians and Muslims worship the Devil?

Did the sacred Jewish Covenant with Yahweh result in all Jews going to hell according to the Christian doctrine of Original Sin? Is everyone mentioned in the Old Testament even now in hell?

Anyone well-versed in the study of Judaism, Christianity and Islam cannot fail to conclude that the God of these religions must be considered to be identical with Satan, i.e. Abrahamists are under the power of the Devil, hence why they have committed so many evil acts throughout history.

By the time you have finished this book, you will be able to demonstrate that anyone who does not repudiate Abraham's God is evil.

Do not read this book if you are a closed-minded Abrahamist. The material in this book is provided by the Pythagorean Illuminati, the oldest secret society in the world, and is not for petty, cheap, narrow-minded religious fanatics.

Abraham: The World's First Psychopath (The Anti-Christian Series Book 5) by
[Weishaupt, Adam]
Abraham: The World's First Psychopath (The Anti-Christian Series Book 5)

If you consider it impossible that the True God of moral perfection would ever order a father to make a human sacrifice of his innocent son for no reason other than to demonstrate absolute, mindless obedience, then the God of Abraham is not God.

So who is he? The ancient Gnostics had the obvious answer - he's Satan. Does that not immediately explain the horrific history of the Abrahamic religions and their grotesque propensity for violence and terrorism?

Abrahamism is a terrorist religion, led by a terrorist God who demands unwavering obedience even when it contradicts morality.

The Jews, Christians and Muslims who trace their common ancestry to Abraham are

thus revealed as evil Devil worshippers.

This book provides a theological and philosophical dissection of the tale of Abraham from the Jewish, Christian and Muslim perspectives.

It reveals Abraham as one of the most evil men in history and unquestionably the world's first psychopath. Like the Nazis, he placed obedience to a tyrannical monster above human life, even that of his own son.

In the Islamic telling of the tale, "Satan" three times pleads for Ishmael's life, and Abraham violently drives him away by pelting him with stones.

When "God" orders the murder of the innocent and "Satan" begs for the innocent to be saved, which is truly "God"? Abrahamism is the logical inversion of good and evil. It has elevated Satan to the throne of God.

Do not read this book if you are a closed-minded Abrahamist or a conspiracy theorist. The material provided by the Pythagorean Illuminati is not for petty, cheap, narrow-minded religious fanatics and those who believe in Reptilians.

Resurrection: The Origin of a Religious Fallacy (The Anti-Christian Series Book 6) by [Weishaupt, Adam]

Resurrection: The Origin of a Religious Fallacy

(The Anti-Christian Series Book 6)

Most people who believe in resurrection have no idea what this concept truly entails. It is in fact the product of Jewish Messianic theory which says that a Jewish priest-king will one day establish an earthly paradise, and all the righteous Jews who died before the establishment of "the Kingdom" will be raised from the dead to enjoy the rewards of remaining faithful to Jehovah. Since they are coming back to this earth, they need their body back, i.e. they need to undergo bodily resurrection.

The problem with the Messianic theory of the soul is that it is incompatible with the God theory of the soul that talks of an immaterial heaven and immaterial soul. What possible meaning could physical resurrection have in a non-physical afterlife?

This book by the Pythagorean Illuminati, the oldest secret society in the world, traces the extraordinary story of how the materialistic theory of resurrection became hopelessly confused with the Platonic theory of the immaterial soul, leading to insanely illogical religions such as Christianity.

The Jehovah's Witnesses claim that 144,000 souls will enjoy an immaterial existence in heaven with God, while the rest of the Jehovah's Witnesses will have to settle for a material terrestrial paradise. This reveals the extent to which radically different views of the soul have been combined in crazy combinations.

The Jehovah's Witnesses also claim that all non Witnesses will be annihilated. How is it possible for an immortal soul to cease to exist?

We will explore the endless confusion that surrounds resurrection theory and show that Catholicism, the main Christian religion, actually has much more in common with Platonic reincarnation theory, and, logically, ought to reject resurrection.

The book explores the links between the Jewish concept of Sheol and the ancient Greek Hades, and investigates why Judaism has so little doctrinal interest in the afterlife. It also probes the mystical Jewish ideas of Kabbalah that advocate reincarnation over resurrection.

Do not read this book if you are an Abrahamist. This book is only for rational, intelligent, open-minded people.

The religion of the Illuminati is called Illumination and belongs to the Gnostic tradition of enlightenment. It is opposed to religions of faith. It endorses Platonist reincarnation.

The Disproof of Christianity (The Anti-Christian Series Book 7) by [Weishaupt, Adam]
The Disproof of Christianity (The Anti-Christian Series Book 7)

This incendiary book constitutes a formal theological disproof of the central tenets of Christianity - the Trinity and the Incarnation. Christianity is a staggeringly false religion. It's so wrong it's almost comical. The reason why most Christians continue to believe is that a) they have been relentlessly brainwashed by their parents, schools, communities and governments, and b) they don't actually know anything about Christianity.

The astounding absurdities of Christianity can be understood only by examining the many heresies that sprang up in the early centuries of the Church, challenging every aspect of orthodox Christian thinking. These heresies have boxed in Christianity so much that all that's left is a statement of what Christianity ISN'T rather than what it is. Any Christian theologian who attempts to meaningfully explain the Trinity and Incarnation instantly succumbs to one heresy or another. It's only possible to be a Trinitarian Christian by stating the empty formula "three persons in one God" over and over again, without ever daring to specify what, exactly, "person" means. The mantra is devoid of meaning and any attempt to assign meaning slips into heresy. Similarly, Christians mouth the hollow formula of the Incarnation: "two natures, human and divine, in one person" without having any idea of what "nature" actually means. Is nature consciousness, personality, will, intelligence? Does Christ have a human soul, a divine soul, or both? Is he a God-man mutant, a hybrid? In what way can he be said to have any genuine connection with humanity at all? How does the Incarnation fit with the Trinity?

Is the human nature of Jesus Christ now part of the Trinity? If not, where did it go? Was Jesus Christ simply a super-angel? If he was "begotten" of God then he can't BE God

since there must have been a time before he was begat when he didn't exist. A non-existent God is an impossibility therefore the Son of God can't be God. This is the basis of the famous Arian heresy, which came perilously close to becoming Christian orthodoxy. Who is Jesus Christ's father? Shouldn't it be God the Son since God the Son and Jesus Christ (the Son of God) are supposed to be one and the same being? Yet the "infallible" scriptures clearly identify the Holy Spirit, and not God the Son, as Jesus' father. Jesus has the WRONG father. Christianity should, logically, be all about the HOLY SPIRIT since he provides Jesus' divine element. Christianity is so dumb it couldn't even rationally work out who Jesus' father must be in order for it to make any sense.

Theologically, Christianity is a joke. Its myriad errors are simply ignored. No Christian cares about the truth content of what they believe. Christians have no relationship whatsoever with the truth.

Ponder the science of divine conception. How does the process work scientifically? Could you write 1,000 words on the subject? If you can't, of what value is your Christian faith? You'll believe anything, won't you, whether or not you understand it.

Other topics included in this book are: 1) the three-stage degeneration of the rich, 2) do truth genes exist? 3) the mysteries of Jewish toilet paper, 4) do Muslims believe in a flat earth and semi-circular planetary orbits (and planets that are "hiding", waiting to be activated by the Will of Allah, when they are out of sight?), 5) do Muslims believe in seven flat earths in a stack beneath seven heavens? 6) is the Church of England on the verge of extinction? 7) the trials, tribulations and treachery of "The Movement".

This is a book by the Pythagorean Illuminati. We are the sworn enemies of Abrahamism, privileged elites, libertarianism, and the infantile legions of conspiracy theorists. Don't read our books if you are a stupid, cheap and petty person. Only seekers of true enlightenment will profit from reading our work.

Jehovah: The First Nazi (The Anti-Christian Series Book 8) by [Weishaupt, Adam]
Jehovah: The First Nazi (The Anti-Christian Series Book 8)

This may be the most controversial book ever published. It does the unthinkable: it puts Jehovah on trial for his life for conspiracy against the human race, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. All of the charges that were brought against the Nazis at the Nuremberg Trials could equally be leveled against Jehovah. All of the atrocities of the Holocaust are prefigured in the Jewish Bible, meaning that, morally, Judaism must be put in the dock just as Nazism was.

The evidence against Jehovah, furnished by direct quotations from the Bible, is overwhelming and unarguable. His guilt can be established beyond any reasonable doubt. This monster attempted to exterminate the entire human race in the event known as The Flood. He allowed eight chosen people to survive: Noah and his family. So, given that the survivors were hand-picked by him, why has humanity again fallen into

total evil? This time it was nothing to do with Adam and Eve. This time it was entirely Jehovah's responsibility and choice.

The answer to the riddle is that Jehovah himself is irredeemably evil. The ancient Gnostics long ago concluded that the God of the Old Testament was the Devil. Why has the rest of the world been so slow on the uptake?

The Pythagorean Illuminati, the oldest secret society on earth, are Gnostics and here they present the prosecution case against the most evil being in history: Jehovah, the Torture God, the Terror God, Satan himself.

Do not read this book if you are an Abrahamist. This book is only for rational, intelligent, open-minded people prepared to accept facts. The "facts" are those presented in the Bible and believed by billions. They show that for thousands of years, humanity has been worshiping not God but the Devil.

This book is written in polemical style, in keeping with the need for humanity to be shocked into waking up to the dreadful truth at the heart of our world. Evil is everywhere because all Abrahamists are Devil-worshippers. You don't believe us? Read the case for the prosecution. Change your life. Turn to the light of the True God - Abraxas.

Evangelical Protestants: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know (The Anti-Christian Series Book 9) by [Weishaupt, Adam]

Evangelical Protestants: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know

(The Anti-Christian Series Book 9)

It's a striking feature of Protestantism that so few Protestants know anything about the founder of their religion. Martin Luther, the prophet of Protestant irrationalism, is one of the most pathological figures in religious history. Would any sane, rational person wish to subscribe to a religion whose founder declared, "Reason is the Devil's greatest whore; by nature and in manner of being she is a noxious whore; she is a prostitute, the Devil's appointed whore; whore eaten by scab and leprosy who ought to be trodden under foot and destroyed, she and her wisdom... Throw dung in her face to make her ugly. She is and she ought to be drowned in baptism... She would deserve, the wretch, to be banished to the filthiest place in the house, the toilet."

Protestantism is the gospel of unreason, and attracts only the irrational. It's difficult to imagine that the reformation of Catholicism could produce something even worse, but Luther managed it. Protestantism is practically deranged, reflecting the deeply disturbed mind of its founder.

Making extensive use of Luther's own words, the Pythagorean Illuminati, the oldest secret society in the world, have produced an incendiary, polemical attack on the religion that has come to be most closely identified with the evils of Western capitalism. Protestantism is the religion of Mammon. It is an anti-religion. It is for people who do not

want to relinquish belief in God, but have no interest in expressing any authentic spirituality and love for their fellow man.

Do not read this book if you are an Abrahamist. This book is only for rational, intelligent, open-minded people.

The religion of the Illuminati is called Illumination and belongs to the Gnostic tradition of enlightenment. It promotes reason and knowledge and is totally opposed to religions of faith.

The Vampire Series

Damn, You Just Got Bit: A Handbook for New Vampires by Spiro Hamilton

The Vampire Path to God! My Desperate Plan to Contact God by Spiro Hamilton

© Castalia

The Third Reich
Who Was Adolf Hitler?
What is the Talmud?
Holocaust Lies
Year Zero

The following article is very revealing regarding the true purpose of Christianity and how it directly ties into Jewish communism.

It is important to know how the "Year Zero" used with the communist take-over of a country was also used with the B.C. and the A.D. in history [history has been extensively corrupted by the Jews to conform to and to advance their agenda with enslaving the world]. The B.C. stands for "Before Christ" and the A.D. which means "Anno Domini."

"The term Anno Domini is Medieval Latin, translated as In the year of the Lord, or in the Year of Our Lord. It is occasionally set out more fully as Anno Domini Nostri Iesu (or Jesu) Christi ("In the Year of Our Lord Jesus Christ")."¹

The supposed birth of the fictitious Nazarene was the "Year Zero."

"The idea behind Year Zero is that all culture and traditions within a society must be completely destroyed or discarded and a new revolutionary culture [my note Jewish

Communism] must replace it, starting from scratch. All history of a nation or people before Year Zero is deemed largely irrelevant, as it will ideally be purged and replaced from the ground up.

In Cambodia, teachers, artists, and intellectuals were especially singled out and executed during the purges accompanying Year Zero."

"Some call it Marxism ' I call it Judaism."

' Rabbi S. Wise, The American Bulletin, May 5, 1935

"The Communist soul is the soul of Judaism. Hence it follows, that, just as in the Russian revolution the triumph of Communism was the triumph of Judaism...."
(A Program for the Jews and Humanity, Rabbi Harry Waton, p. 143-144).

Year Zero the doctrine of Communist Cambodia, which was called the perfect Communist revolution and was supported and put into power by the International Jews via their strong hold of Communist China:
<https://josministries.prophpb.com/topic2027.html>

It was the literal sweeping away of all civilization, the destruction of the family unit; the family unit was to come to an end forever, the abolishment of all progress, music, money, hospitals, learning, books, and reading, and the total liquidation of the educated and professional classes through mass-murder. Even love between humans was banned, with people being murdered for even smiling at each other in the slave camps. Even the word sleep was banned. People were worked from 3 am in the morning to 11 pm at night on a bowl of rice. If they failed to work or if they didn't work fast enough because of extreme exhaustion, they were killed on the spot. They were forced to live in barns without walls between them and were not allowed to speak to each other. They were reduced to animals. The point of life was to work and die. The entire population was forced into this, and all of their culture was exterminated along with the people, and replaced by a slave society of Jewish Communism.

All of the books within the great library of the capital were confiscated and destroyed by the communists. The cities were emptied and one third of the population was slaughtered. Any educated person was tortured to death after being arrested and taken to the infamous prisons and politically declared as a "sub person." Their pictures were taken upon arrest and the pictures of their murdered and tortured corpses were taken again after being killed. Their throats were slit and their bodies were mutilated and carved open by the Communist executioners. The majority of towns were all leveled into the ground and the populations marched into a real life Orwellian Animal Farm. Entire families were slaughtered. Women were even killed for the crime of "being too beautiful." People were put to death for being able to read.

The start of Year Zero was the end of life in now Communist Cambodia. This was the perfect and total implementation of Jewish Communism. This is exactly what we saw with the programs of Jewish Christianity and Islam. Jewish Christianity also started the

calendar at year Zero, AD, and did to entire societies what the Communists did to Cambodia. The libraries were destroyed, the spiritual and thus educated classes were slaughtered and tortured, the cities destroyed, all knowledge destroyed, art destroyed, music banned, and even bathing was banned as "Pagan practice," with being able to read made a capital punishment by the Church. The Church Commissars bragged they had wiped away the entire civilization and culture, and in its place was the slave society of Primal Communism, run by the Party in the form of the Church. Year Zero.

As the Communist Advisor to Putin, Alexander Dugin stated in an interview:
<https://www.counter-currents.com/2012/07/interview-with-alexander-dugin/>

This fits well with the orthodox critique of western Christianity. It is easy to see that the secularization of western Christianity gives us liberalism. The secularization of the orthodox religion gives us Communism' Communism is the final Perfection of Christianity.

"The world revolution which we will experience will be exclusively our affair and will rest in our hands. This revolution will tighten the Jewish domination over all other people."
'Le Peuple Juif, February 8, 1919.

"The idea behind Year Zero is that all culture and traditions within a society must be completely destroyed or discarded and a new revolutionary culture [my note Jewish Communism] must replace it, starting from scratch. All history of a nation or people before Year Zero is deemed largely irrelevant, as it will ideally be purged and replaced from the ground up.

In Cambodia, teachers, artists, and intellectuals were especially singled out and executed during the purges accompanying Year Zero."

If you think it is over just remember' Communism is the Jewish Messianic Movement created and directed by the Elders of Zion such as the Rothschilds. They are still around and still working relentlessly to turn the whole world into Year Zero, which is the final goal of Judaism. Zionism is Judaism:
<https://josministries.prophpb.com/topic8274.html> Zionism is Judaism "In the time of the Messiah the Jews will exterminate all the peoples of the earth."

Excerpt from 'The Elephant Walk Cookbook' by Longteine De Monteiro and Katherine Neudstadt ' 1998:

'The country was deeply embroiled in a civil war between the U.S. 'backed government of Lon Nol, who had replaced King Norodom Sihanouk following a coup in 1970, and the communist insurgent revolutionaries, the Khmer Rouge, who were thought to be close to victory.

Three weeks earlier I had flown to Phnom Penh to try to persuade members of Ken's family and my own to come to Taiwan (as my parents had done earlier that year), where

they could wait out the end of the war in safety. Ken had already lost relatives in the fighting, and the capital was under intense fire the whole time I was there. I was able to get only three nephews and one of my younger sisters to leave Phnom Penh with me. My mother, who had come back to be with her mother, was too old to travel, refused to leave.

Later in the afternoon of April 17th, Ken and I listened to a radio report announcing that Cambodia had fallen to the Khmer Rouge and that the rebel troops were already marching into Phnom Penh as victors. And then there was silence. Days went by, then weeks and months, with no other official report or word of what was happening, except for the rumors and unbelievable first-person accounts of people who had somehow managed to escape: stories of savage cruelty and violence, of sanctioned executions and random murders at the hands of the Khmer Rouge. We heard of the immediate, massive evacuation of millions from the capital over the course of a single day, but we could not believe it, nor could we imagine that the stories of resettlement into forced labor camps around the countryside ' part of the revolution's plan to return Cambodia to a wholly peasant society were true.

Ken was trying desperately to make contact with the new government, to get news of our families and to get permission to return home, where he hoped to offer his diplomatic skills. When we finally did get some official word, it came from the CIA, informing us that my older sister's husband, the Chief of the Cambodian Navy, was believed to have died at the hands of the Khmer Rouge on that first day of the takeover. It was assumed that my other relatives who held similar government positions ' including my oldest brother, who had been the Minister of Commerce ' had also died.

Suddenly all possibility of returning to Cambodia vanished completely, and at the same time that Ken's job in Taiwan was becoming increasingly untenable ' how could he be a representative if there was no country to represent? For Ken, this meant the dramatic and untimely end to his career. For the family, it meant that we were forced into exile.

In the months stretching into years that followed, we eventually found asylum in France and ended up in B'ziers, a small Spanish-influenced town in the southwest, not far from the Mediterranean, where the surviving members of my family were reconvening. My two brothers-in-law and my brother were presumed dead, and there continued to be no word of my mother or grandmother, my younger sister or any of Ken's family. Of these, only my sister survived. As our savings dwindled and it became unmistakably clear that there would be no future diplomatic positions for Ken, we faced a financial crisis.'

'With the fracturing of the Khmer society in recent years, like many of its cultural treasures, the finest of the traditional cuisine of Cambodia ' both simple and elaborate ' stands to be lost forever. Most of the people who cared deeply about food have been killed, have fled the country, or have died of old age. At this point, I wouldn't know where to begin to look for the old women who used to guard the secrets of the best spices for curry, preserving them for future generations to enjoy. I assume that these women are all gone.'

"YEAR ZERO": THE CIVIL WAR'

"in April 1975, the communists finally took control of the country. Under Pol Pot and a cadre of close advisors, the new revolutionary government set about to create overnight, a quasi-Marxist-Leninist peasant society by returning Cambodia to what they called Year Zero: a society, as one historian characterized it, without 'money, markets, formal education, Buddhism, books, private property' and freedom of movement' and ' needless to say ' without cuisine.

The impact of this era, the time of 'the killing fields' can hardly be overstated. Less than four years later, in 1979, the Khmer Rouge were driven out by Vietnamese forces in retaliation for their attack on Vietnam, but their policies and practices had resulted in the deaths of more than a million Cambodians from starvation, overwork, disease and torture. Decades later, the country still struggles to rebuild.'

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED! THE MOVIE:

The Killing Fields [1984]

https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0087553/?ref_=nv_sr_1

"A photographer is trapped in Cambodia during tyrant Pol Pot's bloody "Year Zero" cleansing campaign, which claimed the lives of two million "undesirable" civilians."

"Stars: Sam Waterston, Haing S. Ngor, John Malkovich"

1 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anno_Domini

Back to Christianity, Communism, the Jews and the Bible

Back to Exposing Christianity

© copyright 2002 - 2024 - Joy of Satan Ministries;

US Library of Congress Number: 12-16457, CI-476909645 EU Copyright Number.

*Note: All writings on this website have been copyrighted. The author grants permission to print these for personal study as long as they are not altered. Deep Time is a Myth observations on chronological systems

Deep Time as an Unproven Myth: An Introductory Overview

For two centuries, the modern world has treated “deep time” — the idea that Earth and humanity occupy a multimillion- or billion-year span — as if it were a directly observed fact. But the foundations of this vast chronology are surprisingly recent, surprisingly fragile, and surprisingly circular. Rather than a solid geologic bedrock, deep time is a

stitched-together narrative constructed atop a flawed historical timeline and maintained by a self-referential lattice of methods that depend on one another for proof.

Below is an introduction to how this myth arose and why its structure resembles a house of cards built on a slip of paper labeled “chronology.”

Deep Time Depends on a Chronology That Never Existed

The first surprise in examining deep time is this:

the scientific concept of deep time was built on the existing Christian biblical chronology, stretching back ~6,000 years.

Early geologists (Buffon, Hutton, Lyell) extended biblical time; they did not replace it with independent evidence.

All early “long timescales” were bolted onto the framework of Archbishop Ussher’s 4004 BCE world-creation anchor.

Geological strata were originally ordered by biblical expectations, not by independent measurement.

Deep time did not arise from direct evidence — it arose from dissatisfaction with the biblical 6,000-year limit and an ambition to stretch it.

It is an extension of a framework already flawed.

And if the conventional historical timeline is inflated by phantom centuries, then deep time starts from a misaligned zero, absorbing the error and magnifying it into millions of years.

Dating Methods for “Deep Time” Are Circular and Not Directly Observed

Deep time relies on a suite of dating methods — radiometric, stratigraphic, astronomical, dendrochronological, ice-core, coral-band, etc.

But none of them directly observe millions of years. Instead:

They assume deep time to prove deep time.

Radiometric dating derives ages from decay constants that have never been observed over the timescales they claim (e.g., U-238’s 4.47 billion-year half-life extrapolated from ~60 years of lab measurement).

Stratigraphy uses index fossils to date rocks, and uses rocks to date fossils — a closed loop.

Dendrochronology and ice cores only provide securely countable layers for centuries, not millennia; beyond that, everything is modeled.

Cosmology leans on unobserved assumptions about billion-year processes, making its deep-time claims rest more on models than on direct evidence.

It is a self-supporting web: each method validates the others because each is built on the assumption that vast timescales already exist.

“Ancient Civilizations” Were the Proof — Until They Weren’t

Before radiometric dating, deep time was justified by the supposed great age of human

civilizations:

Egypt: "5,000 years old"

Mesopotamia: "6,000 years old"

China: "4,000 years old"

All of these ages ultimately trace back to a single source: the extended biblical chronology created by early modern European scholars, especially the post-Ussher tradition that pushed Old Testament timelines outward and then treated them as historical anchors for the entire ancient world.

If these "ancient" civilizations are much younger, then all historical anchors used to calibrate deep-time dating methods collapse.

Radiocarbon calibration curves, dendrochronological bridges, and archaeological layer anchors all depend on an inflated historical timeline.

If the timeline collapses, the calibration collapses.

Deep Time Is a 19th-Century Narrative Fossilized by Institutions

Deep time became official only between 1830–1900, during the rise of:

standardized museums

geological societies

archaeology departments

academic publishing

the new evolutionary narrative (Darwin)

This was a period of fossilization, where institutions locked in certain narratives, often excluding alternatives:

Catastrophism was sidelined in favor of uniformitarianism (even though catastrophes are observable).

Plasma cosmology, tired-light theories, and non-deep-time astrophysics were excluded once the Big Bang became sacred.

Fossils, artifacts, and "ancient" texts were retrofitted into an already established long chronology.

The result was a closed cosmology: every new discovery was interpreted to fit deep time, because deep time had become dogma.

The Entire Structure Is a House of Cards

Deep time is not supported by any single direct observation of millions or billions of years. It is a cascade of assumptions, each resting on others:

Historical chronology

Astronomical retrocalculation

Radiometric decay models

Stratigraphic ordering

Fossil indexing

Geological uniformitarianism

Cosmological expansion theory

Remove or question one card—especially the chronological base layer—and the structure wobbles.

Remove several (Egypt's age, radiocarbon's calibration, uniformitarianism's assumptions), and the towering edifice collapses into a more modest, human-scaled timeline.

Conclusion: Deep Time Is a Narrative, Not an Observation

Deep time is a myth of modernity — unexamined, unquestioned, and startlingly fragile once its foundations are inspected.

It is:

built on a flawed chronology

expanded by assumption

maintained by circular dating methods

fossilized by 19th-century institutions

and never directly observed beyond a few centuries

What we actually have is a shorter, intense, catastrophically punctuated human history, not the slow, billion-year epic we were taught.

Archaeology

Astrophysics

Biblical Foundation

Chronology

Coral

Cosmology

Dendrochronology (Tree Rings)

Evolution

Genetics

Geology

Ice Cores

Linguistics

Manuscript Provenance

Paleography (Writing)

Paleontology (Fossils)

Population Data

Radiocarbon Dating

Radiometric Dating

Stratigraphy

Varves

Deep Time is a Myth
observations on chronological systems

Deep Time as an Unproven Myth: An Introductory Overview

For two centuries, the modern world has treated “deep time” — the idea that Earth and

humanity occupy a multimillion- or billion-year span — as if it were a directly observed fact. But the foundations of this vast chronology are surprisingly recent, surprisingly fragile, and surprisingly circular. Rather than a solid geologic bedrock, deep time is a stitched-together narrative constructed atop a flawed historical timeline and maintained by a self-referential lattice of methods that depend on one another for proof.

Below is an introduction to how this myth arose and why its structure resembles a house of cards built on a slip of paper labeled “chronology.”

Deep Time Depends on a Chronology That Never Existed

The first surprise in examining deep time is this:

the scientific concept of deep time was built on the existing Christian biblical chronology, stretching back ~6,000 years.

Early geologists (Buffon, Hutton, Lyell) extended biblical time; they did not replace it with independent evidence.

All early “long timescales” were bolted onto the framework of Archbishop Ussher’s 4004 BCE world-creation anchor.

Geological strata were originally ordered by biblical expectations, not by independent measurement.

Deep time did not arise from direct evidence — it arose from dissatisfaction with the biblical 6,000-year limit and an ambition to stretch it.

It is an extension of a framework already flawed.

And if the conventional historical timeline is inflated by phantom centuries, then deep time starts from a misaligned zero, absorbing the error and magnifying it into millions of years.

Dating Methods for “Deep Time” Are Circular and Not Directly Observed

Deep time relies on a suite of dating methods — radiometric, stratigraphic, astronomical, dendrochronological, ice-core, coral-band, etc.

But none of them directly observe millions of years. Instead:

They assume deep time to prove deep time.

Radiometric dating derives ages from decay constants that have never been observed over the timescales they claim (e.g., U-238’s 4.47 billion-year half-life extrapolated from ~60 years of lab measurement).

Stratigraphy uses index fossils to date rocks, and uses rocks to date fossils — a closed loop.

Dendrochronology and ice cores only provide securely countable layers for centuries, not millennia; beyond that, everything is modeled.

Cosmology leans on unobserved assumptions about billion-year processes, making its deep-time claims rest more on models than on direct evidence.

It is a self-supporting web: each method validates the others because each is built on the assumption that vast timescales already exist.

“Ancient Civilizations” Were the Proof — Until They Weren’t

Before radiometric dating, deep time was justified by the supposed great age of human civilizations:

Egypt: “5,000 years old”

Mesopotamia: “6,000 years old”

China: “4,000 years old”

All of these ages ultimately trace back to a single source: the extended biblical chronology created by early modern European scholars, especially the post-Ussher tradition that pushed Old Testament timelines outward and then treated them as historical anchors for the entire ancient world.

If these “ancient” civilizations are much younger, then all historical anchors used to calibrate deep-time dating methods collapse.

Radiocarbon calibration curves, dendrochronological bridges, and archaeological layer anchors all depend on an inflated historical timeline.

If the timeline collapses, the calibration collapses.

Deep Time Is a 19th-Century Narrative Fossilized by Institutions

Deep time became official only between 1830–1900, during the rise of:

standardized museums

geological societies

archaeology departments

academic publishing

the new evolutionary narrative (Darwin)

This was a period of fossilization, where institutions locked in certain narratives, often excluding alternatives:

Catastrophism was sidelined in favor of uniformitarianism (even though catastrophes are observable).

Plasma cosmology, tired-light theories, and non-deep-time astrophysics were excluded once the Big Bang became sacred.

Fossils, artifacts, and “ancient” texts were retrofitted into an already established long chronology.

The result was a closed cosmology: every new discovery was interpreted to fit deep time, because deep time had become dogma.

The Entire Structure Is a House of Cards

Deep time is not supported by any single direct observation of millions or billions of years. It is a cascade of assumptions, each resting on others:

Historical chronology

Astronomical retrocalculation

Radiometric decay models

Stratigraphic ordering

Fossil indexing

Geological uniformitarianism

Cosmological expansion theory

Remove or question one card—especially the chronological base layer—and the structure wobbles.

Remove several (Egypt's age, radiocarbon's calibration, uniformitarianism's assumptions), and the towering edifice collapses into a more modest, human-scaled timeline.

Conclusion: Deep Time Is a Narrative, Not an Observation

Deep time is a myth of modernity — unexamined, unquestioned, and startlingly fragile once its foundations are inspected.

It is:

built on a flawed chronology

expanded by assumption

maintained by circular dating methods

fossilized by 19th-century institutions

and never directly observed beyond a few centuries

What we actually have is a shorter, intense, catastrophically punctuated human history, not the slow, billion-year epic we were taught.

Archaeology

Astrophysics

Biblical Foundation

Chronology

Coral

Cosmology

Dendrochronology (Tree Rings)

Evolution

Genetics

Geology

Ice Cores

Linguistics

Manuscript Provenance

Paleography (Writing)

Paleontology (Fossils)

Population Data

Radiocarbon Dating

Radiometric Dating

Stratigraphy

Varves

International Association for the Preservation of Spiritualist and Occult Periodicals

Search IAPSOP

IAPSOP Home

SERVICE RESTRICTION

The main IAPSOP server is being overrun by unknown crawlers running on IP addresses controlled by Amazon Web Services (AWS), crawlers with IP addresses in the People's Republic of China, and other miscreants, all of which are almost certainly collecting materials to train large language models (LLMs) -- so-called "artificial intelligence." To ensure equitable access, the speed of any one connection to the IAPSOP archive is currently throttled, and the total bandwidth available is also limited. We apologize for the inconvenience. Service will be restored to normal when the pigs leave the trough... which is likely never. Free "AI" costs IAPSOP, and many other organizations, quite a bit.

The IAPSOP is a US-based private organization focused on the digital preservation of Spiritualist and occult periodicals published between the Congress of Vienna and the start of the Second World War.

Our all-volunteer staff digitizes, indexes and makes available free-of-charge these periodicals, in our archive, for use by students and researchers.

We have a standing want list and will respond promptly to inquiries and offers from sellers.

We accept contributions of material and labor to further this work.

If you want a complete local copy of IAPSOP's holdings, follow these instructions.

If you know what you're looking for, hit the archive index directly.

If you want to explore a particular area of the occult, start with the lists below, prepared by IAPSOP's directors.

If you are interested in practical teachings, browse our Lessons archive.

US Spiritualism

Univercoelum
Spirit Messenger
Spiritual Telegraph
Banner of Light
Voice of Angels
Gallery of Spirit Art
Religio-Philosophical Journal
Progressive Thinker
UK Spiritualism

Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph
Community's Journal
Spiritual Herald
Medium and Daybreak
Light
Spiritualist Newspaper
Human Nature
French Spiritualism

Revue Spiritualiste
Revue Spirite
Vie Mysterieuse
German Spiritualism

Magikon
Psychische Studien
Spanish Spiritualism

Criterio Espiritista
Espiritismo
Theosophy

Theosophist
Lucifer
Theosophical Review
Occult Word
Revue des Hautes Etudes
Revue Theosophique
Zanoni
New Thought

Nautilus
Harmony
Now

World's Advance Thought
Swastika
New Thought (Chicago)
Mind Cure Journal and Science of Life
Unity
Exodus
American Occultism

Occult Digest
Rosicrucian Digest
Initiates
Morning Star
UK Occultism

Occultist
Occult Review
Occult Magazine
French Occultism

L'Initiation
La Gnose
Voile d'Isis
Etudes Traditionnelles
La Fleche
German Occultism

Ubersinnliche Welt
Neue Metaphysische Rundschau
Wild and One-of-a-Kind

Buddhist Ray
Harmony (Ponca City)
Prince Immanuel's Journal
Human Culture
Kingdom of Heaven
Primitive Occult Journal

Current Holdings: 4.45 million pages (2.25M pages of monographs, 2.30M pages of periodicals), +49,000 files, +980 gigabytes of data

Latest Milestones: Q4 2025 Refresh: Significant updates and additions to English, Russian, Spanish and French occult periodicals; significant additions to Kardecian periodicals; reindexing of Tier 1 English Spiritualist periodicals

Top 20 Visiting Countries (of 82 total, Prior 90 Days) US
China

Singapore
United Kingdom
Germany
Italy
Canada
France
Brazil
Netherlands
Australia
Mexico
Russia
Spain
India
Argentina
South Korea
Turkey
Japan
Poland

5 Least-Frequently Visiting Countries (of 82 total, Prior 90 Days) Trinidad # Tobago
Turkmenistan

Uganda
Zimbabwe
Burkina Faso

Creative Commons License

IAPSOP materials are licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial
4.0 International License.

IAPSOP respects user and member privacy and personal data rights.

<http://k.webring.com/wrman?ring=magicring1;addsite>

6 captures

26 Dec 2005 - 7 Feb 2010

Nov DEC Feb

26

2004 2005 2008

[About this capture](#)

[Welcome, Guest](#)

[Webring Home](#) - [Help/Support](#) - [Sign In](#)

[The Magick Ring by Mind-N-Magick.com](#) [View Ring Sites](#)

The Magick Ring by Mind-N-Magick.com is devoted to ANY magickal tradition, subject,
or practice. This includes but is not limited to: Wicca, Witchcraft, Paganism, ceremonial

magick, Thelema, Qabalah, Golden Dawn, chaos magick, Tarot, astrology, etc.
Commercial sites offering magickal items are also welcome to apply.

The navigation code *MUST* be placed on the same URL you list for your site.
PASS_L will be treated as FAIL.

Copyright © 2001-2005 WebRing, Inc. All rights reserved. Terms of Service - Help
Notice: We collect personal information on this site.

To learn more about how we use your information, see our Privacy Policy

WebRing server hosting provided by SimpleNet.

WebRing Logo design by Sean McCullough.

StatCounter - Free Web Tracker and Counter

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/guild/projects.html>

18 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 19 Aug 2010

Jun OCT Dec

19

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

A Project (or Operation) is usefully described as an extended working for a specific goal carried out by one or more Members of the guild regardless of WG affiliation. A Project may begin with it's own Manifesto, providing information regarding aims and area(s) of research in whatever detail the participants in the Project deem necessary.

-- From the Autonomatrix Manifesto

Any Guild Member or collaboration of Members may initiate Projects to explore a particular subject or facet of magical endeavor or philosophy. Unlike Working Groups, a Project is undertaken by members without a formal group structure, though they may involve participation of other people, both Members and non-members. Projects are generally conceived to further more narrowly defined objectives, or to produce a specific body of work.

The following is a listing of past and present AX Projects. An asterisk* indicates active status.

Project	Main Contact Point	Intent
The Commentary Project*	RoikaXul	Commentary on C.F. ritual work
The Babel Project*	Kwzleh	Language translation of AX documents
Kallisti Katalyst*	RoikaXul	Production of print and e-zine
God Of The Month*	Max.555	Monthly featured deity page
Global Manipura*	Orreyllle Defenstrate	Planetary sentience manifestation
House Dreamblade*	Fenwick Rysen	Occult swordsmanship training
Liber Liber*	Heretic.000, RoikaXul	Book review journal
KIAosfera*	Aloas Kino 01, Kwzleh	Zos Kia Cultus & Magia del Caos en Español:
WWWgregore Project *	Max.555, RoikaXul	Creation of AX WWW presence
OuijaVox	RoikaXul	Telepathic witchboard communications
Mystery Meat	Pipistrelli	Herbal alchemy research

Return to Portal

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/guild/aetheria/aetheria.html>

12 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 19 Nov 2008

Jun OCT Dec

30

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

God Of The Month -- A series of invocatory archtypes to encourage new and interesting paradigms

Liber Liber -- The AutonomatriX metaphysical book review

The First AX Manifesto -- presented for historical perpsective

Kallisti Katalyst -- The AX print 'zine back issues

The 555 Files - Techniques of Chaos Magic - A Chaos Magical Primer

Tarot Mudras - A manual expression of the Major Arcana

Return to Portal

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/chaosMatrix.html>

3 captures

19 Oct 2004 - 5 Feb 2005

Sep OCT Nov

19

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/guild/groups.html>

15 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 19 Aug 2010

Jun OCT Dec

19

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

Each Member of the Autonomatrix is encouraged to form autonomous Working Groups. All WGs may be designated by whatever name (Coven, Project, Team, Clan, Temple, Group, Cabal, Tribe, etc.) deemed appropriate by those directly involved. Working Groups are formed around a nucleus of two or more AX Members and function as autonomous entities.

-- from the Autonomatrix Manifesto

A Working Group (WG) is a voluntary affiliation composed of at least two active Guild members and as many non-members as desired by them. Typically a WG is made up of people who have come together to explore group ritual work along whatever lines they find desirable. The majority of the ritual work contained in the Corpus Fecundi was generated by AX Working Groups.

The dynamics of the group and the relationship between it's participants is solely at the discretion of the members who create it, except that it's framework must be declared openly at the onset by the generation of a manifesto accepted by all participating in the group. The manifesto describes the groups intent, protocol, internal structure, initiation process and any titles or offices involved. Other members may not in any way interfere in matters of a Working Group's internal operations.

The following is a listing of some past and present Autonomatrix Working Groups. An asterisk (*) denotes currently active status.

WORKING GROUP	MAIN CONTACT POINT	LOCALE
ANON Faction *	RoikaXul	Seattle, Washington USA
A.X.I.S. *	Infek bin Laden	Seattle, Washington USA
Ouranos Collective*	Joseph Max.555	Berkeley, California USA
Order of Chaos *	Orryelle Defenestrade	Victoria, Australia
InfernaLegion*	Frater N.O.	Saipan, Pacific Islands
Temple Anaki	Darakan	Oakland, California USA

Zetetic Alliance Nissus San Luis Obispo, California USA
Temple Babel Palindrome.151 San Francisco, California USA
E.P.I.C. RoikaXul Seattle, Washington USA

Rerun to Portal

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/guild/corpus/index.html>

40 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 11 Apr 2021

Jul OCT Dec

30

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

Return to Portal

What is it?

Commentaries

The following is a categorical listing of all of the current pages in the Corpus Fecundi. They are divided into sections for easy access. Many rituals, however, actually partake of more than one element of the sections. Descriptive elements of each section from Peter Carroll's "Liber KKK". For authorship information, see the Index of Authors.

Author's Index

Corpus Search

Revision: August 27th, 2004

New | Initiations | Openings | Evocation | Divination | Enchantment

Sigils | Invocation | Illumination | Pathworking | Prose | Other Sources

Download the Corpus for offline viewing (HTML format):

corpus.sit corpus.zip

New:

Self Initiation Ritual Shamanistic rite involving the entrapment of a spirit

Condom Curse Make him suffer and rendered impotent

Tiamat is the Law A rite of transcendence

Success is a green colored God Create a Godform for success

The Calling of Erzulie A Chaotic Voodoo Rite of Restriction and Retaliation

Slaanesh Patron of Left Hand Path Illumination

Bodypaint Sigil Technique Enfleshing your Will

R.O.M & MIVUTOTU Random Origin Magick & The Ritual of Rebirth

Seidreiki Sadhana v2.0 Taoist and Tantrik techniques involving Chakras and Kleshas

Ba gua An Eastern and Western Alchemical Opening Rite
N'Synch Alchemy Experiment with 'being normal'
Baudelaire's Drunk Conquer time with intoxication
Augoras.372 Initiation as it was written and as it actually happened
Essay on Magickal Mirror Charging and non-scrying uses of mirror
Slanesh, HGA, Nemesis, and Me Detailed working with sex magick, personal symbols
Essay on Phonetic Sigil Making Use of phonetic "Alphabet of Desire"
Health Servitor For healing and to maintain good health
WolfCat Rite Attunement to primal WitchCraft currents and consecration of mask
Maenad Ecstatic Oracular Dance Maenad Invocation
Initiations:

Zaoion A regenerative Initiation
Ishtar and Ereshkigal Metamorphosis Initiation to reconcile the inner aspects of Ishtar and Ereshkigal
Runic Initiation Rite The power of SOWILO
The Wanderer Being a strange tale comprising of three scenes.
RoikaXul Invocation Anointing, bondage and branding, oh my!
An Autonomatrix Initiation Ritual Laszlo gets down!
Negentropic Baptism A chaotick rebirth
Opening and Banishing Rites:

Rite of Three Rays A druidic G.P.R.
Altar Consecration Purify & load with gnosis
Catharsis Emotional cleansing
Champagne Rite "Chaotic Liaisons"
Disclaimer Rite The lesser banishing ritual of doublespeak
Doorway Rite A ritual of freedom and destruction of restrictions
Ego Shield A magical construction project
EPICommunion Mass Empirical, pragmatic, idealist
Erasure Unwanted internals be gone!
Funeral Rite When a loved one dies
Get Out of My Space A red working
Gnostic Thunderbolt Carroll's GPR reinterpreted
Haunted A yellow working
Logris An opening to the paths of probability
Mind of God An opening invocation
Moving Day A new home-cleaning rite
Flinging Phobias Eliminating psychological entropy
Pyramid Rite A rough draft of an AXiom empowerment
Mass of Reconciliation An amends-maker
Rending Rite Destroy a personal demon
Sacrifice of the Scapegoat Demonizing and destroying limitations
Book of Stuff An opening rite
Vortex Carroll's Vortex reinterpreted
Vortex 3D And reinterpreted again

Zozobra Banishing A revel rite

A Personal Circle Personalized quarter-calls

Turbine To generate energy for group workings

Thee Glyph ov Disruption Slice through whatever it is that's bothering you.

Evocations: Work with entities which may be naturally occurring or manufactured. They may be regarded as independent spirits, fragments or the magicians subconscious, or the egregores of various species of life form, according to taste and belief structure. In practice Evocation is usually performed for Enchantment, in which the evoked entities are made to create effects on behalf of the magician. Evoked entities also find some application in Divination, when they are used to discover information for the magician.

Rite of Atè A Goddess of disasters and infatuations!

Casting Out the Demons A self-exorcism

Rite of Devouring Is Tlazolteotl hungry?

Evocation of Darkmatter The dark matter at hand

Discharge Working A pain capacitance rite

Entropy to Authority To inflict upon structures and authority figures

Summoning of Ibuprofina Anthropomorphizing over-the-counter meds

Alchemical Marriage The Marriage Ceremony of two AXiOMs

Munin Working The creation of a reusable memory bank servitor

Nail Fetish The creation of an Afrikan protector

Neptunian Dream Key To increase dream learning and awareness

Nyarlahotep Summoning and Cthulhu dream working

R'lyeh Awakening An evocation of Kthulhu the elder god

Reassembling of Tiamat Chaos never died!

Utcha Rite For bringing progress, movement, luck and money

Watcher Conjunction Creating a sharp-eyed guardian

Vevevereverberation Rite Voodoo we do

Insurrectional Resurrection Rite Fresh aid from the dead

Talisman of Good Fortune An adoration of Laksmi

Sons of Darkness An evo-enchantment of an imaginary friend

The Dragon Watcher There be dragons 'ere. . .

Divinatory Rites: Includes all those practices in which the magician attempts to extend his perception by magical means.

Eight-Fold Information Rite Exploring the (un)known universe

Lizard Elixir Dream divining

Revealing Subconscious secrets

Listening to the Ground A divinatory red rite

Sociomancy Working The politics of 'mancing

Divinatory Special #1 Fortune cookies

Enchantments: Includes all those practices in which the magician attempts to impose his will on reality.

Airburst Exercise "Pop!" goes desire

Power of Attraction A working in green magick

Furthering the AutonomatriX A work of obsession
Becoming Whole A Venusian rite
Binding Rites Bind-runes
Blood Cross Ritual Buggers be gone!
Candle Umbra Working Wax & fire
Chaos Candlemas Banishing the winter blues
Candyman Ritual Sweets to the sweet
Charisma Rite Be a hero/heroine (and get a job)
Spin the Bottle A rite of communion and green magick
Rite of the Compass Birds can do it, why not us?
Creepy-Crawl Chameleon A method of not being noticed
Dominion Ritual Another blood working
Firing Squad Enemies in the redlight district
Fotamecus Empowerment An act of Chronomancy
FOTAMECUS Time-Defecation An epilog to the FOTAMECUS Time Consumption Rite
FOTAMECUS Time Consumption FOTAMECUS part 2 See part 1
Halo Charm A working of voodoo and CM
Influence Devices Out with the old, in with the new
Jupiter Ritual The fools are wealthy
Kia Maginification To become powerful majicians
Lottery Luck Rite Worth a try?
MatriX Rite The AX vs. Entropy
Momentum Elixir Financial fluidity
Moving Enchantment A ritual for luck and opportunities in a new town
Parking Space Finding that easy stopping ground
Pay to the Order of Chaos A blue magick rite
Rumblefish Royale A ritualized fish-swallowing
Mass of Shub-Niggurath Fecundity-bringing
Ritual Atmospherics Weather Witchery
Signal Working A random act of infomagick
Negentropick Teaparty The Mad Hatter becomes a doctor
Unbinding Rite A ritual of liberation
Unbroken Rite Scatter assimilation
Wwwegregore Empowerment A rite to birth and empower the AX site
Wishing Well Releasing The Butterfly of Chaos
Red Magic Talisman To neutralize enemy targets
Candle Microphone To broadcast "aid" to kin
Weapons of Chaos To consecrate & dedicate
 Sigils: Pictoral, graphic or mantric glyphs representative of the will of the magician.
Used as a means to circumvent the barriers of the sub-consciousness and implant
desires into the Deep Mind.

Mars Glyph For martial workings
Consumption of Jupiter A Blue Magick sigil snack
Mercury Talisman Ritual Thought-provoking
Sigil of Success Spell that \$ucce\$\$

Televangelical Gnosis Hallelujah!
I Think I Know A thoughtless interlude
Gateway Sigil Transiting the AX portal
Simultaneous Cybersexual Sigil Casting Let the web-orgy begin!
AniGifSigils What they are and how to make them
Night Syawedis The CafÈ Br°lot Cocktail-Tantra-Sigil Party
Kamea Kreator Majik Squares
The Photoshop of Desire Word Sigils

Invocations: The deliberate attunement of consciousness and the unconscious with some archetypal or significant nexus of thought. The classical conceptions of Pagan god forms are often used but other principles may serve. Invocation creates states of inspiration or possession during which Enchantment, Divination, or occasionally Evocation, can be performed.

Awful Invokation Ov Tzeentch Invoking a deity of chaos
Abraxas Project Transcend duality and see the real world
Aggregation of the Egyptian Body Complex Ancient wholistic psychotherapy
Rite of Astarte Let love in
Cosmic Lizard Prehistoric atavisms
Balance/Harmonize Personas Group politics
Birth of the Beer God Let his name be burped!
Cloud Eye Transfer of perception to the "cloud body"
Seal of Draconis Exalting the reptilian mind
Dig Your Own Grave A mass of Thanatos
Ego Project Fire and ice
Movable Feast Comes to the starving artist
Fire Fire = Energy = Motivation
Fourfold Fortress Leadership
Harmony Ritual A venusian rite
Red Inanna Become a warrior goddess!
Inanna Acquire the understanding & balance of love & beauty
Joy Invocation La Vey, eat your heart out
Storm Rite of Jupiter Bring the luck on
Invocation of Lilith A rite of dark sexuality
An Elemental Journey Death-posture pathwork
Maenad Pub Crawl A rite of cleidomancy
Magneto Mass Super twin powers activate!
Mars Rite Glamor & vitality
Mirror Mask There's more than one double
Mirror of Venus Self love
Invocation of the Spirit of Christmas Santa Claus is coming to town...
Invocation of Wolf Moon An Entropy Working
Invocation of a Muse Inspiration
Need-Fire Maypole for Bealtine
Ningiszida Invocation The watcher of the gate
Plantation Rite Find your root

Portal Passing Rite Locksmithing
Grand Re-Opening of Rarohenga Immortality is a state of mind
Resurrection Ritual Bring a lost self home
Shakespearian Drops A rite of orange magick
Surprise Person Stir up a dancing star
Vampyre Invocation Blood is the Life
Venus & Eros Androgynous consciousness, sex force and attraction
Xaomamoax Nature magic
Wendigo Invocation Invoke "the terrifying whirlwind horror that inhabits lonely places"
Illuminations: Deliberate self modification by magic and may include spells of
Enchantment cast at oneself to repair weaknesses or increase strengths, and Divination
and Invocation performed for inspiration and direction.

Teutonic Watchtower A four-quarters rite
Channeling Ouranian A revel rite
Motionless Coitus Patience is a virtue, sometimes. . .
Cthulhu Dream Gate A rite to induce telepathic dreams
Eucharistia of Chaos An exercise of the cup
Chaos Excursion An exercise of the disk
Find & Rescue our Disowned Selves A green rite
Fixing A Hole Close doorways through which things get in
Gateway Rite Gain insight into another realm
Mead of Inspiration A recipe for new ideas
Oracle of Chaos An exercise of the chalice
Recrucifixion A chaosatanic black mass
Self-Evaluation Rite Self-surgery can be painless
Skullfuck An exercise in dream recall
Solar Mirror A yellow magic ceremony
Sprouting of the Spring Equinox Hidden energy
Veil of Tears A ritual of the dark night of the soul
Chaos Trophy An exercise of the egg
Xiombarg A warrior's initiation
Grendel's Accident / The Rite of Godhood / Results & Post-Notes & Grendel's Origins
Apotheosiorama
Self Alignment bee happy, bee very happy
Relationship Reengineering Ritual Just what it says!
Pathworkings: Guided visualization rituals, used as an exercise in manipulation of
altered states of consciousness. Often representative of a journey or other
transformative process.

Anti-Life Pathworking Nightwalkers
Leap Pathworking Four years filing cabinet
Multi-Faceted Self Sutra Self Centered/Altruistic - Self Perpetuating/Self Destructive
DNA Modification Rite A self-designer rite
Shamanic Totem Journey Visualization and transformation/metamorphosis
V. O. T. Vacuity of thought

Venus Rite Pathworking Androgynous consciousness
Prinn's Lightning
Chaos Eye Visualisations and a flight to the sun
Prose, Essays and Reports:

Chaos Tide Like the tides of the Ocean, Chaos moves back and forth
Fractured Hearts Darkly a shiny diamond citadel
Chaotic Poems Vortex spinning seeds of change
Excerpt from Crux Ansata A novel by Mordantia Bat
Ka'atas Resurrection of a Chaos Deity
Essay On Magick
Enochian Dictionary in MSExcel format
Lecture on Chaos Magic
Introduction to Ouranian-Barbaric
Ouranian-Barbaric Dictionary
Advanced Use of Gnosis in Chaos Magic
Ayahuasca Report
Chaos and Organization
Support Satanic Pride Flyer Demand Satanic Freedom!
Sex With Vessels from Black Magick magazine
Flyer For the Inaugural AX Conclave of 1996 (PDF 194k)
Shortform Manifesto of ANON Faction
Liber ANAK Manifesto of ANAKI
Manifesto of the Ouranos Collective O-A-T-X-O connection in the Bay Area
ZAfesto Manifesto of the Zetetic Alliance
Pyronecrocosmobeastialicon The snake has shed its skin . . .
Shadow law The mindless yapping of a Dutch boy...
Build Your Own Black Mirror
ESAUTISM A new magick or a cosmic giggle? You decide...
More material at these websites:
Pipistrelli's Sins of Coffee / Disjecta Membra
The 555 Files - Techniques of Chaos Magic by Joseph Max
Infek's Death and Hell
Other Sources: Not Ax workings, but still useful resources.

Caninus Archetypum Invocation Feral Lycanthropy
Chaos Ruby Crowley's Star Ruby reinterpreted
Circle Consecration of Chaos Light/shadow deities
AutonomatriX

Please note the following:

There is an anticopyrite on this media; our gain from it is the successes and failures, enjoyment or disappointment, with the ideas contained within each piece. All documents contained herein were at one time submitted to the Corpus Fecudi by its author(s) with this understanding.

Copies may be distributed where when and with whom you like (following the protocol of the current AX Manifesto). Please credit each distributed piece to the AutonomatriX.

Reproduction for profit is not permitted - violators of this policy may be subject to sorcerous attack and karmic retribution.

No Book of Shadows is ever complete, nor definitive, especially one taking its contents from such a variety of sources as one would expect in a "chaos magic network" as ours. We have attempted to gather rituals passed throughout the network and continue to update this listing with new rites as they come to us.

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/lists/toc.html>

5 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 1 Oct 2006

Jun OCT Dec

16

2003 2004 2006

About this capture

AX Group List:

Guild information exchange network. (Send membership inquiries here.)

A.X.I.S. List:

Unmoderated discussion of magickal theory and practice.

Manifesto List

Discussion of AX protocol and issues. For initiated members only.

The Hub

Yahoo-based AX Internet club. IRC chat, message boards, more.

All lists require registration to subscribe. Address requests for subscription directly to the list.

[Return to Portal](#)

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/links/toc.html>

6 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 3 Jun 2008

Jun OCT Dec

16

2003 2004 2008

About this capture

[Back To Portal](#)

<http://www.autonomatrix.org/guild/toc.html>

6 captures

10 Jun 2004 - 24 Jan 2011

Jul OCT Dec

19

2003 2004 2011

[About this capture](#)

<http://artbell.com/guests-by-date/>

19 captures

5 Oct 2013 - 11 Apr 2025

Jun AUG Jul

08

2013 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[MenuSkip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

[Guests By Date](#)

[Week 8:](#)

11/04/2013 – Mon

11/05/2013 – Tue

11/06/2013 – Wed

11/07/2013 – Thu

Week 7:

10/28/2013 – Mon - Jason Martell

10/29/2013 – Tue – John McAfee

10/29/2013 – Tue – Paul Gunter

10/30/2013 – Wed – Michael & Nicole Sebastian

10/31/2013 – Thu – Spooky Matter

Week 6:

10/21/2013 – Mon - Roger Leir

10/22/2013 – Tue – Replay Linda Mouton Howe

10/23/2013 – Wed – Charles Faddis

10/24/2013 – Thu – Timothy Good

Week 5:

10/14/2013 – Mon – Loyd Auerbach

10/15/2013 – Tue – Jim Sparks

10/16/2013 – Wed – Tobias McGriff / James Fox

10/17/2013 – Thu – Ghost Buster Gals

Week 4:

10-09-2013 – Wed – Andrew Karam

10-08-2013 – Tue – John Hogue
10-08-2013 – Tue – Yalman Onaran

10-07-2013 – Mon – Brendan Cook / Jimmy Chunga

Week 3:

10-3-2013 – Thu - Linda Moulton Howe

10-2-2013 – Wed - Albert Taylor

10-1-2013 – Tue - Whitley Strieber
10-1-2013 – Tue - Richard C. Hoagland

9-30-2013 – Mon - Michael Heiser

Week 2:

9-25-2013 – Wed - Matthew Alper

9-24-2013 – Tue - Seth Shostak

9-23-2013 – Mon - Jeremy Meador

Week 1:

9-19-2013 – Thu - Richard C. Hoagland

9-18-2013 – Wed - Jonathan Reed

9-17-2013 – Tue - Steven Greer

9-16-2013 – Mon - Michio Kaku

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

gom_deadzone-featured

'Dead zone' in the Gulf of Mexico is the size of Connecticut

August 7, 2014

fuelcells-featured

South African village becomes first to be powered by fuel cells

August 7, 2014

alien-figure-moon

Google Moon shows strange figure on surface, or more tricks of light?

August 6, 2014

russia-moon-mission

Russia's Manned Moon Mission to Cost \$2.8 Billion

August 6, 2014

gas-mask

U.S. Government Owns EBOLA 'Patent', Possible Bioweapon?

August 6, 2014

rosetta_aug32014

Rosetta reaches comet 67/p and takes pictures

August 6, 2014

snakes-green-reptile

Boko Haram leaders are being attacked by snakes and bees

August 6, 2014

news-lioness-featured

Big Mystery Cat Roams the Streets in California

August 5, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/guests/>

21 captures

8 May 1999 - 24 Jan 2025

Jul AUG Feb

08

2000 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[Menu](#)[Skip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

[Guests A-Z](#)

[Please send guest suggestions to paulbowman@artbell.com](#)

A

[Matthew Alper](#)

[Loyd Auerbach](#)

C

[Jimmy Chunga](#)

[Brendan Cook](#)

F

[Charles Faddis](#)

[James Fox](#)

G

[Ghost Buster Gals](#)

[Timothy Good](#)

[Dr. Steven Greer](#)

[Paul Gunter](#)

H

[Michael Heiser](#)

Richard C. Hoagland

John Hogue

Linda Moulton Howe

K

Michio Kaku

Andrew Karam

L

Roger Leir

M

Jason Martell

John McAfee

Tobias McGriff

Jeremy Meador

O

Yalman Onaran

R

Jonathan Reed

S

Michael & Nicole Sebastian

Seth Shostak

Jim Sparks

Whitley Strieber

T

Albert Taylor

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

gom_deadzone-featured

'Dead zone' in the Gulf of Mexico is the size of Connecticut

August 7, 2014

fuelcells-featured

South African village becomes first to be powered by fuel cells

August 7, 2014

alien-figure-moon

Google Moon shows strange figure on surface, or more tricks of light?

August 6, 2014

russia-moon-mission

Russia's Manned Moon Mission to Cost \$2.8 Billion

August 6, 2014

gas-mask

U.S. Government Owns EBOLA 'Patent', Possible Bioweapon?

August 6, 2014

rosetta_aug32014

Rosetta reaches comet 67/p and takes pictures

August 6, 2014

snakes-green-reptile

Boko Haram leaders are being attacked by snakes and bees

August 6, 2014

news-lioness-featured

Big Mystery Cat Roams the Streets in California

August 5, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/guests/>

21 captures

8 May 1999 - 24 Jan 2025

Jul AUG Feb

08

2000 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[MenuSkip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

[Guests A-Z](#)

Please send guest suggestions to paulbowman@artbell.com

A

[Matthew Alper](#)

[Loyd Auerbach](#)

C

[Jimmy Chunga](#)

[Brendan Cook](#)

F

[Charles Faddis](#)

[James Fox](#)

G

[Ghost Buster Gals](#)

[Timothy Good](#)

[Dr. Steven Greer](#)

[Paul Gunter](#)

H

[Michael Heiser](#)

[Richard C. Hoagland](#)

John Hogue

Linda Moulton Howe

K

Michio Kaku

Andrew Karam

L

Roger Leir

M

Jason Martell

John McAfee

Tobias McGriff

Jeremy Meador

O

Yalman Onaran

R

Jonathan Reed

S

Michael & Nicole Sebastian

Seth Shostak

Jim Sparks

Whitley Strieber

T

Albert Taylor

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus
Pinterest
Twitter
Latest Posts
gom_deadzone-featured
'Dead zone' in the Gulf of Mexico is the size of Connecticut
August 7, 2014
fuelcells-featured
South African village becomes first to be powered by fuel cells
August 7, 2014
alien-figure-moon
Google Moon shows strange figure on surface, or more tricks of light?
August 6, 2014
russia-moon-mission
Russia's Manned Moon Mission to Cost \$2.8 Billion
August 6, 2014
gas-mask
U.S. Government Owns EBOLA 'Patent', Possible Bioweapon?
August 6, 2014
rosetta_aug32014
Rosetta reaches comet 67/p and takes pictures
August 6, 2014
snakes-green-reptile
Boko Haram leaders are being attacked by snakes and bees
August 6, 2014
news-lioness-featured
Big Mystery Cat Roams the Streets in California
August 5, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu
Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us
<http://artbell.com/matthew-alper/>
8 captures
26 Sep 2013 - 11 Nov 2020
Mar JUL Jul
10
2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

matthew_alper-720

Matthew Alper

Posted on September 25, 2012 in Guests | 14045 Views | Leave a response

9-25-2013 Matthew will discuss the ideas written about in his book, The "God" Part of our Brain. A Scientific Interpretation of Human Spirituality and God.

Bio:

Matthew Alper attended Vassar and graduated from SUNY Stonybrook with a B.A. in Philosophy. He has worked as a history teacher in the Brooklyn projects, a tutor in the Philippines, a truck smuggler in Central Africa and a produced screenwriter in Germany from whence he returned to NYC to write what he considers his life's work "The 'God' Part of the Brain." Since its initial publication in 1996, Alper's work has been applauded by prominent scientists, academics and Pulitzer prize winners. He has been cited in numerous magazines, appeared on a variety of radio and TV shows, lectured across the US and can be seen in the acclaimed featured documentary "The Nature of Existence." His book is now in seven languages and has a fan base that extends around the globe. Moreover, The "God Part of the Brain" is the first book written on this subject and is considered a pioneer work in the new field of study known as Neurotheology.

Website: www.godpart.com

Posted in Guests

<http://artbell.com/loyd-auerbach/>

8 captures

14 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell
Dark Matter
MenuSkip to content
Home
Radio Show
News
Art Bell
Art's Parts
Search
Search...
loyd1
Loyd Auerbach
Posted on October 14, 2012 in Guests | 9047 Views | Leave a response
10-14-2013: Discussing Parapsychology, paranormal TV shows and investigations.

Websites:

Haunted by Chocolate.com

Parapsychology Studies

In Search of The Afterlife

Professor Paranormal

Bio:

LOYD AUERBACH, M.S. (Parapsychology), Director of the Office of Paranormal Investigations, has been in the field for over 30 years focusing on education and field investigation. The author of 8 books, he is a professor at Atlantic University and JFK University, and teaches Parapsychology at HCH Institute in California. President of the Forever Family Foundation, he is also on the Board of the Rhine Research Center and the advisory board of the Windbridge Institute. His media appearances on TV, radio and in print number in the thousands, including ESPN's SportsCenter, ABC's The View, Oprah, and Larry King Live. He is a professional mentalist/psychic entertainer, a public speaking coach, and a professional chocolatier.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/jimmy-chunga/>

8 captures

10 Oct 2013 - 14 May 2025

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

chungabio

Jimmy Chunga

Posted on October 7, 2012 in Guests | 5303 Views | Leave a response

10-07-2013: Playing recordings of EVPs.

Referenced Product: The P-SB7 Spirit Box ITC Research Device

Website: jimmychungas.com

Bio:

Jimmy Chunga (birth name Brett Smith) Has been conducting paranormal investigations all over the globe for the past 22 years and has become one of the nations leading paranormal experts. He is "sensitive" and uses this strange ability to aid in his paranormal research. Chunga performs almost all of his investigations with 2 of the countries most veteran and frankly, "skeptical" investigators. The first is Brendan Cook... an evp expert and long time partner of Chunga's in the Ghost Investigator Society. The second is Ben Hansen (star of Fact or Faked on the SyFy network) Chunga was taught by these two experts to trust and believe in the technology of paranormal investigating and in turn, Chunga taught them how to trust their own bodies and the instincts they feel. Some how this odd match up has produced INCREDIBLE data in the world of the paranormal.

Chunga has been a member of the Ghost Investigator Society since 1999. He is now the co-lead of the organization with Brendan Cook. He lectures year round on paranormal topics and can be VERY opinionated when it comes to paranormal organizations offering "degrees" or "certification" for money. He also is very outspoken when it comes to paranormal groups saying "they have the most accurate way of investigating". Chunga has been featured on the hit TV show "My Ghost Story" on Bio and He was the lead for a paranormal TV project called "The Believers". Chunga currently has 2 paranormal TV shows in development with renowned paranormal TV producer Mark Phillips. Outside of the paranormal community, Chunga has been a top rated radio personality for the past 22 years. He's had radio shows in Salt Lake City and Boston. The paranormal was a frequent topic on his radio shows. He's a music

producer and tours the world performing EDM (electronic dance music). Chunga is currently taking a break from radio to focus on his TV shows and EDM touring schedule.
<http://artbell.com/brendan-cook/>

7 captures

10 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

brenbio

Brendan Cook

Posted on October 7, 2012 in Guests | 7424 Views | Leave a response

10-07-2013: Playing recordings of EVPs.

Referenced Product: The P-SB7 Spirit Box ITC Research Device

Website: www.ghostpix.com

Bio:

Brendan Cook is one of the founding members and key spokespeople of the GIS. He has been on the forefront in EVP research, ghost photography and the use of modern technological devices to capture what goes on in the spirit world for 15 years. He has done this by being on a number of TV shows, documentaries and lectures.

His knowledge and at times skepticism, has also been important by giving real people comfort or the advice they need to delve deeper into what is going on at their homes or businesses. But most of all, he has done this by, being a sought after guest with his radio partner Barbara McBeath, for over 14 years. His perseverance to challenge what we know about the spirit world and people's mind set has made him a pioneer in ghost investigating.

People have changed their perception and what is real of ghosts from the GIS core beliefs....they are just people. His research with Chunga has brought forth new concepts and ideas of what could be possible. Chunga and Brendan have been working together to bring this research to the public for 14 years.

Posted in Guests

<http://artbell.com/charles-faddis/>

7 captures

27 Oct 2013 - 20 Apr 2025

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

charles_900

Charles Faddis

Posted on October 23, 2012 in Paranormal | 9876 Views | Leave a response

10-23-2013: Discussing Biological Terrorism in the US.

Book: Caffa

Website: orionstrategicservices.com

Bio:

Charles S. Faddis, President of Orion Strategic Services, LLC is a former CIA operations officer with twenty years of experience in the conduct of intelligence operations in the Middle East, South Asia and Europe. He has worked against the most dangerous terrorist organizations on the planet and has extensive firsthand experience with their methodology and tactics. His last assignment prior to retirement in May of 2008 was as head of the CIA's terrorist Weapons of Mass Destruction unit. He took the first CIA team into Iraq in the Summer of 2002 in advance of the invasion of that country

and has worked extensively in the field with law enforcement, local security forces and special operations teams. Since retirement, he has written extensively and provided training to a wide variety of government and private entities.

<http://artbell.com/james-fox/>

5 captures

21 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

James Fox

Posted on October 16, 2012 in Guests | 3646 Views | Leave a response

10-16-2013: Discussing UFO research and film making

Website: www.701themovie.com

Bio:

James was born in England and raised in New York and California. He began his journalism career early in life as an assistant to father/writer Charles Fox, a quadriplegic with Multiple Sclerosis. Together they traveled on many magazine assignments from Rolling Stone, Car & Driver to Sports Illustrated. James finished and sold his first documentary to Discovery by the time he was 28. He has since completed 5 films for the likes of Sci-Fi and History Channel and has made frequent appearances on the Larry King Show, Night Line, Dateline, Anderson Cooper and others. His latest film on UFOs, I Know What I Saw, is being distributed by A&E and Content Films International.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance

July 7, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/ghost-buster-gals/>

8 captures

14 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter
MenuSkip to content
Home
Radio Show
News
Art Bell
Art's Parts
Search
Search...
AGWW

Ghost Buster Gals

Posted on October 17, 2012 in Guests | 8889 Views | Leave a response

10-17-2013: The Gals will clear up misperceptions about Demons and Spirits and Ghosts...Oh My! As real live Ghost Busters they have many intriguing stories about real dead people. Some of them can be found in their latest book, Got Ghosts??? The Bizarre But True Tales of The Ghost Buster Gals.

Bios:

Ronnie Rennae Foster, also known as Angel Girl, has been involved in the world of metaphysics and spirituality for over 30 years. She has a B.A. in Psychology and her certification as an Emergency Medical Technician. For the past 15 years, Ronnie has been the President of the Spokane Chapter of The Twilight Brigade/Compassion In Action, Dannion Brinkley's hospice volunteer organization that serves the dying. She is now a National Trainer. Receiving her insights and inspiration from the Angelic Realm, Ronnie is a teacher, empath, intuitive counselor, medium, and a professional, international Ghost Buster.

Ghost Buster Stories.com

Laura Lee Mistycah, AKA Witchy Woman, is a solitary practitioner in Wicca, as well as other magickal and spiritual methods, but has recently morphed into more of a futuristic sorceress in her efforts to outwit the Dark Lords who hijacked this planet. By developing her own magick rituals and tools she is able to reverse spells, curses, black magick and voodoo and is skilled in clearing all types of psychic, organic and metallic implants using "Aulmauracite" (All-mor-a-cite), the stone of Truth and Justice. Laura Lee has been a professional Ghost Buster with her partner Ronnie for over a decade and is the author and publisher of three books and the creator of three websites.

Ghost Buster Gals.com

First Wave Indigos.com

Mistyc House.com

Posted in Guests

<http://artbell.com/timothy-good/>

8 captures

28 Oct 2013 - 13 May 2025

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

tgood

Timothy Good

Posted on October 24, 2012 in Guests | 9643 Views | Leave a response

10-24-2013: Timothy will be discussing ET and UFO encounters, missing time and much more.

Website: www.timothygood.co.uk

Bio:

Timothy Good is regarded as one of the world's leading civilian authorities on alien phenomena, known for his integrity and determination as a highly skilled researcher. He has lectured at the Royal Canadian Military Institute, Royal Naval Air Station Portland, the House of Lords All-Party UFO Study Group, the Institute of Medical Laboratory Sciences, and the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies. In 1998 he was invited to discuss the subject at the Pentagon's Defense Airborne Reconnaissance Office, and at the headquarters of the French Air Force in 2002. He has also acted as consultant for several U.S. Congressional investigations. He is the author of a dozen books on the

subject, including Above Top Secret, Alien Contact, Alien Base, Unearthly Disclosure, and Need to Know: UFOs, the Military and Intelligence. Timothy lives in London.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/dr-steven-greer/>

10 captures

19 Sep 2013 - 25 Dec 2020

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[MenuSkip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

[Steven Greer](#)

[Dr. Steven Greer](#)

Posted on September 17, 2012 in [Guests](#) | [12994 Views](#) | [Leave a response](#)

9/17/2013: Dr. Greer will be talking about New energy sources and plans for the New Energy lab in Virginia.

[View Sirius Disclosure Documentary \(\\$4.99\)](#)

[Visit Dr Greer's Website](#)

About Dr. Greer:

Steven M. Greer, MD is Founder of The Disclosure Project, The Center for the Study of Extraterrestrial Intelligence (CSETI), The Orion Project and Sirius Technology Advanced Research, LLC.

Father of the Disclosure movement, he presided over the groundbreaking National Press Club Disclosure Event in May, 2001. Over 20 military, government, intelligence and corporate witnesses presented compelling testimony regarding the existence of extraterrestrial life forms visiting the planet, and the reverse engineering of the energy and propulsion systems of these craft. Over one billion people heard of the press conference through the original webcast and on subsequent media coverage on BBC, CNN, CNN Worldwide, Voice of America, Pravda, Chinese media, and media outlets throughout Latin America. The webcast had 250,000 people waiting online – the largest webcast in the history of the National Press Club at that time.

He has worked for 17 years to bring together the scientists, inventors and leaders in society to advance new clean technology energy systems. He is considered one of the world's foremost authorities on the strategic process of transforming our carbon-based civilization to a long-term sustainable civilization using innovative sciences and technology.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance

July 7, 2014

Chile Releases Official Study on UFO Photos

July 7, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/paul-gunter/>

14 captures

5 Nov 2013 - 24 May 2022

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Paul-Gunter-2

Paul Gunter

Posted on October 29, 2012 in Guests | 6990 Views | Leave a response

10-29-2013: Discussing Fukushima

Website: beyondnuclear.org

Bio:

Paul Gunter is a lead spokesperson in nuclear reactor hazards and security concerns. He acts as the regulatory watchdog over the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the nuclear power industry.

He is a 2008 recipient of the Jane Bagley Lehman Award from the Tides Foundation for environmental activism for his work on the nuclear power and climate change issue. He has appeared on NBC Nightly World News, The Lehrer News Hour, BBC World News and Amy Goodman's "Democracy Now." He was a cofounder of the antinuclear Clamshell Alliance in 1976 to oppose the construction of the Seabrook (NH) nuclear power plant through non-violent direct action that launched the U.S. antinuclear movement.

Prior to joining Beyond Nuclear he served for 16 years as the Director of the Reactor Watchdog Project for Nuclear Information and Resource Service. An environmental activist and energy policy analyst, he has been an ardent critic of atomic power development for more than 30 years.

Paul is a New Englander who was born in Mississippi and raised in Detroit, MI.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

[Contact Us](#)[Take Down Requests](#)[Terms of Service](#)[Privacy Policy](#)[About Us](#)

<http://artbell.com/michael-heiser/>

10 captures

2 Oct 2013 - 14 Sep 2024

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[Menu](#)[Skip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Mike-Heiser-640

Michael Heiser

Posted on September 30, 2012 in Guests | 10134 Views | Leave a response

9-30-2013 – Dr. Heiser and Art will be discussing UFOlogy, Extra-Terrestrials, MJ-12, Ancient Aliens and Intelligent Design.

BIO:

Mike Heiser is a scholar in the fields of biblical studies and the ancient Near East. He is currently the Academic Editor for Logos Bible Software in Bellingham, WA, and serves as an adjunct professor at three colleges and universities. Mike has a PhD in Hebrew and ancient Semitic languages, along with two masters degrees in biblical studies and ancient history. In 2005 he was named one of FATE Magazine's 100 most influential people in ufology.

Mike is a well-known critic of ancient astronaut beliefs and for having the Majestic documents tested by a computational linguist for authenticity. He is also known for his supernatural thriller, *The Façade*, which focuses on how an ET disclosure might impact traditional religious beliefs and how the alien question might be related to ancient texts, including the Bible. He maintains three blogs: NakedBibleBlog.com, PaleoBabble.com and UFOReligions.com.

Main Website: www.drmsH.com

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/richard-c-hoagland/>

7 captures

18 Sep 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Silbury-Hoagland-Accutron

Richard C. Hoagland

Posted on September 19, 2012 in Guests | 60144 Views

10-01-2013 Program:

RCH will be on the first hour to talk about ISON ... new Curiosity images of “manufactured artifacts on Mars” — and the REAL impact of the US Government shutdown on NASA.

[Click to view all images for the show](#)

[Click to view all images for the show](#)

In The News: Government Shutdown Would Ground NASA ‘Almost Entirely,’ Obama Says

And then: Mars Curiosity rover to continue operation despite federal government shutdown

But now: This is Comet ISON Seen From Mars

New News: MAVEN Orbiter Preparation at NASA Considered “Emergency Exception”—Work Continues Despite Government Shutdown

9-19-2013 Program:

Richard C. Hoagland will be talking with Art about the new “LADEE” unmanned mission to the Moon, and how it can (finally!) PROVE the existence of the “ancient lunar glass domes” he has been investigating on NASA imagery for the past several decades... If NASA honestly publishes ALL the LADDEE data. Hoagland will also discuss the startling, recent confirmations of “an ancient, high-tech civilization on Mars” — confirmed in new close-up surface images from NASA’s on-going Curiosity rover mission to Gale Crater.

[Click to view all images for the show](#)

Hoagland will then outline how his decade of “on-site, ‘torsion field’ Accutron measurements” at ancient archaeological sites around the world, not only confirm the pre-historical existence of an “ancient, high-tech civilization” on Earth ... but, its deep connection to the larger, “Type II Civilization” he has been proposing once inhabited the ancient solar system ... of which humans are “the descendants.”

Related Links:

[A Most Hyperdimensional Eclipse ... and Final Venus Transit \(Enterprise Mission\)](#)

[Puzzling Measurement of “Big G” Gravitational Constant Ignites Debate \(Scientific American\)](#)

hoagland-mars1

One White Crow – The REAL Agenda of Mars Curiosity Mission

Website:EnterpriseMission.com

Bio:

Richard C. Hoagland is a former NASA Consultant, and former Science Advisor to Walter Cronkite and CBS News during the epic Apollo Missions to the Moon. He is author of two bestselling books on his ~40 years of intensive research into the possibility of a “former, ancient solar-system-wide high-tech civilization — ”

The Monuments of Mars: A City on the Edge of Forever (5th Edition)

Dark Mission: The Secret History of NASA

Hoagland is currently Principle Investigator of the not-for-profit space research and public-policy organization, “The Enterprise Mission.”

Posted in Guests | Tagged Richard C. Hoagland

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/john-hogue/>

9 captures

8 Oct 2013 - 13 Jun 2017

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

John-Hogue-Photo

John Hogue

Posted on October 8, 2012 in Guests | 7661 Views | Leave a response

10-08-2013 – John will offer prophecies for 2013 and 2014, a time when the karmic bill has come. Reboot or revolution—Next!

Website: Hogueprophecy.com

Bio:

John Hogue, defines himself as a “Rogue” Scholar. He is a world renowned authority on Nostradamus and other prophetic traditions. His work is critically acclaimed for cutting through the social, religious, and nationalistic projections of prophets and their

interpreters to find threads of insight they all share.

Futurist, accurate forecaster in his own right, creator of what some people call the Huffington Post of prophecy websites, hogueprophecy.com, Hogue has received wide international recognition appearing on over 100 television and 1,000 blog and talk radio shows on five continents: North and South America, Asia, Australia and Europe. At present, he has the most multimedia exposure of any prophecy scholar in history.

Hogue has published 23 books in 19 languages. He currently lives on an island in the Pacific Northwest.

Posted in [Guests](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/linda-moulton-howe/>

11 captures

2 Oct 2013 - 7 Apr 2025

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

EgyptLinda-640

Linda Moulton Howe

Posted on October 3, 2012 in Guests | 14723 Views | Leave a response

10-03-2013 – Linda will talk about the Fukushima reactor, a Bigfoot update, recent animal mutilations, extraterrestrial biological entities, government knowledge of ET, her trip to Gobekli Tepe, Turkey, and takes calls.

Website: www.earthfiles.com

BIO:

Linda Moulton Howe is a graduate of Stanford University with a Masters Degree in Communication. She has devoted her documentary film, television, radio, writing and reporting career to productions concerning science, medicine and the environment. Ms. Howe has received local, national and international awards, including three regional Emmys, a national Emmy nomination and a Station Peabody award for medical programming. Linda's documentaries have included A Strange Harvest and Strange Harvests 1993, which explored the worldwide animal mutilation mystery. Another film, A Prairie Dawn, focused on astronaut training in Denver. She has also produced documentaries in Ethiopia and Mexico for UNICEF about child survival efforts and for Turner Broadcasting in Atlanta about environmental challenges.

In addition to television, Linda produces, reports and edits the award-winning science,

environment and earth mysteries news website, Earthfiles.com. In 2003, Earthfiles received an Award for Standard of Excellence presented by the Internet's WebAward Association. Earthfiles also received the 2001 Encyclopaedia Britannica Award for Journalistic Excellence. Linda also reports science, environment and earth mysteries news for Clear Channel's Premiere Radio Networks and Unknowncountry.com. In 2005, she traveled to Amsterdam, Hawaii, and several other U. S. conferences to speak about her investigative journalism.

In 2004, Linda was on-camera TV reporter for The History Channel's documentary investigation of an unusual August 2004 cow death in Farnam, Nebraska. In November 2009, Linda was videotaped in Roswell, New Mexico, to provide document research background for a 1940s American policy of denial in the interest of national security about spacecraft and non-human body retrievals for a 2010 History Channel TV series, Ancient Aliens.

In 2010, Linda was honored with the 2010 Courage In Journalism Award at the National Press Club in Washington, D. C., by the Paradigm Research Group's X Conference. She has traveled in Venezuela, Peru, Brazil, England, Norway, France, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Ethiopia, Kenya, Egypt, Australia, Japan, Canada, Mexico, the Yucatan and Puerto Rico for research and productions.

Posted in [Guests](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Study says alien life on Mars could flourish](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/michio-kaku/>

11 captures

17 Sep 2013 - 13 May 2025

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Michio Kaku

Michio Kaku

Posted on September 16, 2012 in Guests | 10512 Views | Leave a response

9/16/2013: Professor Kaku will be talking about Exoplanets and Kepler, Higgs boson and "Dark Matter" energy.

wr104_640

WR 104

Related: Simulation of a Gamma Ray Burst coming to WR 104!

Michio Kaku is an American theoretical physicist, the Henry Semat Professor of Theoretical Physics at the City College of New York, a futurist, and a communicator and

science evangelist. He has written several books about physics and related topics; he has made frequent appearances on radio, television, and film; and he writes extensive online blogs and articles.

His latest books:

Physics of the Impossible: A Scientific Exploration into the World of Phasers, Force Fields, Teleportation, and Time Travel

Physics of the Future: How Science Will Shape Human Destiny and Our Daily Lives by the Year 2100

Website: mkaku.org

Posted in [Guests](#) | Tagged [Michio Kaku](#)

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Study says alien life on Mars could flourish](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine](#)

[July 8, 2014](#)

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/andrew-karam/>

9 captures

9 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

andrewkaram

Dr. Andrew Karam

Posted on October 9, 2012 in Guests | 7508 Views | Leave a response

10-09-2013 – On the program, Dr. Karam will discuss the Fukushima reactor accident and the Yucca Mountain nuclear waste facility.

Reference: Just How Dangerous Are the Fukushima Leaks?

Website: www.andrewkaram.com

BIO:

Andrew Karam has worked in radiation safety for over 30 years, starting with an 8-year stint in the Navy's nuclear power program that included nearly four years on a nuclear attack submarine. Since then he has held a number of positions in various aspects of

radiation safety, including stints as a professor, a consultant, and in environmental remediation; in the last several years his work has concentrated on matters related to radiological emergency response – most recently traveling to Japan in the aftermath of the Fukushima reactor accident.

In addition to his work, Andrew has earned a doctorate in Environmental Science, he is the author of a number of books on various science-related topics (and nearly two dozen scientific and technical papers), and he has given over 100 scientific presentations on his research and his work.

Posted in [Guests](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Study says alien life on Mars could flourish](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine](#)

[July 8, 2014](#)

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/roger-leir/>

8 captures

24 Oct 2013 - 20 Apr 2025

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

DrRogerLeir

Roger Leir

Posted on October 20, 2012 in Guests | 21586 Views | Leave a response

10-21-2013: Dr. Leir will discuss the Turkish UFO videos among other topics.

Show References:

Images for Dark Matter program discussion

Kumburgaz, Turkey UFO Analysis Video and Summary

Full Image Analysis Shows Occupants

OSTP Report Given to President Obama (PDF)

Implant Analysis Report (PDF)

UFO Videos:

2009 Original Video

[2008 Original Video](#)

[2007 Original Video](#)

[2008 Key Segments](#)

[Related Video:](#)

[6-12-08 Raw Footage](#)

[Haktan Akdogan Interview](#)

[Sightings Over Turkey Part 1](#)

[Sightings Over Turkey Part 2](#)

[Website:](#)

Aliensscalpel.com

[Bio:](#)

Dr. Roger K. Leir, author of the “Aliens and the Scalpel-First and Second Edition”, “UFO Crash in Brazil”, “Casebook Alien Implants”, “Chopped Liver” and three other books published outside the United States, has been said to be one of the worlds most important leaders in physical evidence research involving the field of Ufology. He and his surgical team have performed sixteen surgeries on alleged alien abductees. This resulted in the removal of seventeen separate and distinct objects suspected of being alien implants. These objects have been scientifically investigated by some of the most prestigious laboratories in the world. Their findings have been baffling and some comparisons have been made to meteorite samples. Dr. Leir continues to investigate the physiological and biological aspects of the abduction phenomenon. He has also formed a non-profit organization for this purpose called “A & S Research Inc.”

[Posted in Guests | Tagged aliens, ufos](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[lux](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Study says alien life on Mars could flourish](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine](#)

[July 8, 2014](#)

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

[Contact Us](#)[Take Down Requests](#)[Terms of Service](#)[Privacy Policy](#)[About Us](#)

<http://artbell.com/jason-martell/>

7 captures

1 Nov 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[Menu](#)[Skip to content](#)

[Home](#)

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

JasonMartell

Jason Martell

Posted on October 28, 2012 in Guests | 10351 Views | Leave a response

10-28-2013: Jason will talk about the lost cycle of time.

Research Slides: xfacts.com/ancient_technology

Book: Knowledge Apocalypse 2012 Edition

Website: JasonMartell.com

Bio:

For over 15 years, Mr. Jason Martell has been one of the leading researchers and lecturers specializing in ancient advanced technologies. Mr. Martell's research has been featured worldwide on numerous television networks such as The Discovery Channel, The History Channel, Sci-Fi Channel, the BBC and others.

Today, Mr. Martell is working in his next scientific recreation of ancient technology based upon data obtained from Sumerian cuneiform cylinder seals from 3,000 B.C. – He is also planning several groundbreaking international research expeditions. The expeditions focus on gaining access to ancient Sumerian artifacts, and other archeological relics not currently accessible to the public.

In addition to his research, Mr. Martell is Founder of www.BooyaMedia.com, a leading mobile technology company.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/john-mcafee/>

6 captures

5 Nov 2013 - 12 Nov 2020

Nov JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

JohnMcAfee

John McAfee

Posted on October 29, 2012 in Guests | 6807 Views | Leave a response

10-29-2013: Discussing Everything and Anything

Website: Who Is McAfee.com

Video: The McAfee guide to uninstalling McAfee Antivirus (WARNING – Adult Content – NSFW)

Who is McAfee?

John McAfee was born in the UK and raised in the United States.

He has been employed by NASA's Institute for Space Studies, Univac, Xerox, Computer Sciences Corporation and Lockheed. While employed by Lockheed in the 1980s, McAfee received a copy of the Pakistani Brain computer virus and began developing software to combat viruses. In 1987 McAfee founded McAfee Associates, a computer anti-virus company. Around two years later, he quit Lockheed and began working full-time at McAfee Associates. He remained with the company he created until 1994.

He continues his entrepreneurial ways to this day with various tech related ventures including one of his latest, D-central, a pocket-sized device that would, in theory, make it difficult for governmental agencies to snoop on your online activities by creating so-called floating networks.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/tobias-mcgriff-2/>

5 captures

16 Dec 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Dec JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Tobias McGriff

Posted on October 16, 2012 in Guests | 35149 Views | Leave a response

10-16-2013: Discussing UFO and Paranormal Research

Websites:

ArtBellGoodStuff.com

[Blue Orb Tours.com](http://BlueOrbTours.com)

SavannahShadows.com

Bio:

Tobias studied history at Oxford University and is an historian of all things strange. He is the Founder of Blue Orb Ghost Tours in Savannah, Georgia and an author and film maker in the UFO and Paranormal genre.

Tobias is currently filming "Modern Hauntings", which documents eyewitness accounts and evidence of modern supernatural encounters in America's most haunted cities and "Lights over Leary", which features the never before told story of the rash of UFO sightings in Southern Georgia during the late 1960's and early 1970's that resulted in a covert Pentagon investigation. "Lights over Leary" also highlights President Carter's UFO sighting in Leary, Georgia and the first interview ever granted by fellow eyewitness Fred Hart who shares new and controversial information about the event.

Apart from his own projects he is currently a Producer on the upcoming full theatrical release film "701", that explores the unsolved cases from Project Blue Book and features the writing talent of Tracy Torme (Star Trek) and UFO filmmaker James Fox (Out of the Blue, I Know What I Saw).

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/jeremy-meador/>

9 captures

24 Sep 2013 - 12 Nov 2020

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home
Radio Show
News
Art Bell
Art's Parts
Search
Search...

Jeremy Meador
Jeremy Meador

Posted on September 23, 2012 in Guests | 18340 Views | Leave a response
9/23/2013 – Jeremy will discuss the Ely, Nevada UFO crash.

Click to Enlarge
Objects Collected at the Site – Click to Enlarge

Click to Enlarge
Jeremy at the Crash Site – Click to Enlarge

More Photos: elyufocrash.webs.com/apps/photos/

Bio:

Jeremy Meador is a Las Vegas, Nevada resident who has been interested in the paranormal and ufology since a young age. He is part of a group from Southern Nevada called the Bigfoots Pad Paranormal that he co-founded in 2003. Jeremy has appeared on numerous media interviews and television networks such as Syfy Channel, History International Channel, and speaks frequently about ufology and the supernatural. In the last few years, Jeremy has been working on a case from Northern Nevada involving lots of strange UFO activities.

Website: king-sasquatch-bfpteam.blogspot.com

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook
Google Plus
Pinterest
Twitter
Latest Posts

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

mindreadingmachine

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

nsaroom

All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance

July 7, 2014

chileuforeport

Chile Releases Official Study on UFO Photos

July 7, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/yalman-onaran/>

11 captures

11 Oct 2013 - 7 Apr 2025

Oct JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

[MenuSkip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search](#) 🔍

[yalman](#)

[Yalman Onaran](#)

Posted on October 8, 2012 in [Guests](#) | [4243 Views](#) | [Leave a response](#)

10-08-2013: Discussing If the USA Defaults, what might happen.

Book:

Twitter: twitter.com/Yalman_BN

Bio:

Onaran has been with Bloomberg News since 1998, serving as Turkey bureau chief among many roles. He was covering Lehman Brothers and Bear Stearns when they became the first to fall in the financial crisis. As a senior writer, he now pens feature articles about banking issues worldwide, comparing European banks to their U.S. counterparts.

His first book, *Zombie Banks*, about the unresolved troubles of banks in both continents, was published in November 2011. He has degrees from the College of Wooster in Ohio and Columbia University in New York. Before joining Bloomberg, he worked for the Associated Press.

Posted in [Guests](#)

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[lux](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

mindreadingmachine

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/jonathan-reed/>

13 captures

19 Sep 2013 - 25 Dec 2020

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show
News
Art Bell
Art's Parts
Search
Search...

Jonathan Reed

Posted on September 18, 2012 in Guests | 31252 Views | [Leave a response](#)

9/18/2013: Jonathan Reed will be discussing his encounter with an ET. He'll review and update us with the latest info.

[Click to see All Images](#)

[Click to see All Images](#)

[Dr Reed's Odisea Link Website.](#)

BIO – Dr. Jonathan Reed:

Internationally known Contactee, Experiencer, Author, and Lecturer: Dr. Jonathan Reed whose stated articles and has appeared both on international and domestic television, radio and Internet programs; such as Infinito Channel, The Discovery Channel Mx, Costa Rica, Peru, Dreamland, Televisa, and the BBC, speaking in South and Latin America, Europe and in Russia...along with speaking many times with Renowned Radio Host; Art Bell, as well as with many others in countries all around the world.

His story of personal alien contact is truly one of the most widely speculated, one of the most controversial, most debated and compelling cases of our time. Having some of the best evidence ever collected relating to the reality of alien or extraterrestrial intelligent life forms interacting with humankind.

His case has also been featured in varied ET articles, television programs and literatures, and in numerous publications around the world.

Posted in [Guests](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)
[Google Plus](#)
[Pinterest](#)
[Twitter](#)
[Latest Posts](#)

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/michael-nicole-sebastian/>

7 captures

3 Nov 2013 - 30 Apr 2025

Nov JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell
Dark Matter
MenuSkip to content
Home
Radio Show
News
Art Bell
Art's Parts
Search
Search...
sebastian
Michael & Nicole Sebastian
Posted on October 30, 2012 in Guests | 6592 Views | Leave a response
10-30-2013: Discussing Night Terrors and Dream Intrusion

Websites:

Trust Yourself System.com
Dream Team Coaching.tv

Bio:

Featured on A&E, E!, VH1, & countless others

Rev. Dr. Nicole Sebastian, B.A.A.S., CAC-R, ACE-CPT, ICADC, D.D and Rev. Dr. Michael Sebastian, M.A., ABD, D.D. are Co-Founders of "DIVINE GUIDANCE INSTITUTE and Wellness Center Inc. a nonprofit corp., "The Dream Team – Celebrity Life Coaching" and Creators of the "Trust Yourself System" and "Trust Yourself Therapy"

Visionaries, Nicole and Michael Sebastian, aka "The Dream Team" have spent 20 years tracking Dreams, Signs and Intuition. They have authored 4 books on the subjects of Dreams, Signs, Divine Guidance and Never Getting BlindSided Again!

Known as Modern-Day Oracles, they deliver Wise-Counsel using Traditional Methods coupled with the Unique Tools of Dreams, Sound, Synchronicity, Intuition, and Quantum Physics for Guidance and Direction.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/seth-shostak/>

11 captures

26 Sep 2013 - 23 Dec 2020

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

SethShostak

Seth Shostak

Posted on September 24, 2012 in Guests | 10412 Views | Leave a response

9-24-2013 Seth discusses the Kepler telescope, recent findings and the future of searching for ET.

Bio:

Seth is the Senior Astronomer at the SETI Institute, in Mountain View, California. He has an undergraduate degree in physics from Princeton University, and a doctorate in astronomy from the California Institute of Technology. For much of his career, Seth conducted radio astronomy research on galaxies, and has published approximately sixty papers in professional journals. He has written more than four hundred popular magazine, newspaper and Web articles on various topics in astronomy, technology, film and television. He lectures on astronomy and other subjects at Stanford and other venues in the Bay Area, and for six years was a Distinguished Speaker for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. He was Chair of the International Academy of Astronautics' SETI Permanent Committee. Every week he hosts the SETI Institute's science radio show, "Big Picture Science" Seth has written, edited and contributed to a half dozen books. His most recent tome is Confessions of an Alien Hunter: A Scientist's Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (National Geographic).

Website: SETI Institute

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/jim-sparks/>

7 captures

14 Oct 2013 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Jim-Sparks

Jim Sparks

Posted on October 15, 2012 in Guests | 8413 Views | Leave a response

10-15-2013: Discussing his alien encounters, time travel and UFO sightings.

keepv2

Website: jim-sparks.com

Bio:

Jim Sparks a professional in the human abduction scenario, lecturer and Author of the most popular book "The Keepers" was raised in South Florida and educated in business. Jim's abductions began in 1988. At the time he was living in Houston and working as a successful land developer. Initially an unwilling abductee, his experiences transformed once he was able to put aside rage and overcome fear. Jim began to understand he was encountering highly intelligent advanced beings from other worlds.

Jim had been completely conscious of his face to face experiences, giving him clear memories and gaining amazing insight. In the last two decades that he had been dealing with the ETs, he has witnessed amazing sciences. He now knows there is a plan to elevate ourselves to better understand what these beings are about so we may evolve.

Today he realizes he is not alone. Many others have gone through similar experiences. Whether fortunate or unfortunate, he differs from most abductees in that he has total recall of his experiences with these beings from other regions and dimensions of space and time. His goal is to explain the agenda of these beings and the message they bring to humanity.

Posted in [Guests](#)

[Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio](#)

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[lux](#)

[The quiet search for dark matter deep underground](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Sol454_Marte](#)

[Study says alien life on Mars could flourish](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[Sighisoara-ufo](#)

[Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[news-talking-fast](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[isee-3-ice-spacecraft](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[compass](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[SnowdenPassport](#)

[The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[mindreadingmachine](#)

[The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine](#)

[July 8, 2014](#)

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/whitley-strieber/>

13 captures

26 Sep 2013 - 25 Dec 2020

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

WhitleyStreiber

Whitley Strieber

Posted on October 1, 2012 in Guests | 13130 Views | Leave a response

9-26-2013 Whitley will discuss the events that led him to write his book, Communion and his others areas of interest.

You can get a free illustrated sampler of Whitley Strieber's new book Alien Hunter here:
alienhunterbook.com.

Bio:

Whitley Strieber is the author of Communion, about his own close encounter of the third kind, and among the best selling books in history. He is co-author with Art Bell of Superstorm which became the movie the Day After Tomorrow.

He is the author of more than twenty other books, including the spiritual classic the Key and the largest-selling book on the Roswell Incident, Majestic.

Most recently, he has published Alien Hunter, the first in a series of novels about alien and human police working together to catch alien criminals on Earth.

You can get a free illustrated sampler of Whitley Strieber's new book Alien Hunter here: alienhunterbook.com.

His current nonfiction is Solving the Communion Enigma, which describes new breakthroughs that could solve the close encounter mystery once and for all.

His website is Unknowncountry.com, providing daily news of the edge. It is also the home of the radio program Dreamland, founded by Art and Ramona Bell and continued by Whitley to this day.

Website: Unknowncountry.com

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

mindreadingmachine

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/albert-taylor/>

11 captures

3 Oct 2013 - 26 Apr 2025

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

AlbertTaylor

Dr. Albert Taylor

Posted on October 2, 2012 in Guests | 16346 Views | Leave a response

10-2-2013 – Dr. Taylor will be discussing the use of robots in his paranormal investigations.

Photos for discussion:

a picture of the arm of an investigator on my team, during a paranormal investigation he was attacked and injured by something paranormal at a place called "Dead House," on a follow up investigation we sent in the SIRVO robot to minimize human exposure to the danger.

A picture of the arm of an investigator on my team, during a paranormal investigation he was attacked and injured by something paranormal at a place called "Dead House," on a follow up investigation we sent in the SIRVO robot to minimize human exposure to the danger.

Albert-234

Robots at our Robotic Society Expo'

Albert-5

This is SIRVO II (Scientific Investigative Robotic Vehicle Observer)

This is OSCAR (child friendly and human interactive)

This is OSCAR (child friendly and human interactive)

This is NanoBot for confined spaces.

This is NanoBot for confined spaces.

AI and the CONDOR helicopter.

AI and the CONDOR helicopter.

Here's a UFO case Dr. Taylor is investigating, this photo was taken earlier this year.

Here's a UFO case Dr. Taylor is investigating, this photo was taken earlier this year.

Website: AlbertTaylor.com

Books:

BIO:

Born and raised in Southern California, Albert Taylor performed development engineering on a top secret program which has since become known as the F-117A Stealth Fighter. He evaluated satellite system designs in support of former President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) or Star Wars. During the late 1980's Taylor taught Logistics Engineering at Cerritos College, California. He has also served as a volunteer art instructor at St. Paul's Elementary School in West Los Angeles. Taylor's art work has been exhibited in Southern California galleries. In 1992 he developed two prototype computers, and started a company called Phoenix Computers Systems, which he still owns today.

After a myriad of paranormal events, and as a result of a spiritual awakening, Taylor left behind nearly two decades of work as an aeronautical engineer/scientist, to author and publish his book, Soul Traveler. Taylor is currently a metaphysical researcher, teacher, lecturer and artist. He is an active member of International Association of Near Death Studies, Inc. (IANDS) and a participant in the Monroe Institute's On-line Email Voyagers program.

Biography:

1# Los Angeles Times bestselling author, Paranormal Researcher and former Engineer/Scientist on the International Space Station, Dr. Albert Taylor has been involved in numerous "top secret" programs one of which is the F-117A Stealth Fighter. He was also on the design team of former President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) or Star Wars.

Taylor is currently an internationally known lecturer/speaker and paranormal researcher, robot design/builder and programmer. And is an active supporter of the International Association of Near Death Studies (IANDS) and Monroe Institute.

Posted in Guests

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground
July 9, 2014
Sol454_Marte
Study says alien life on Mars could flourish
July 9, 2014
Sighisoara-ufo
Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting
July 9, 2014
news-talking-fast
Meet the world's fastest talking woman
July 9, 2014
isee-3-ice-spacecraft
Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft
July 9, 2014
compass
Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now
July 9, 2014
SnowdenPassport
The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders
July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu
Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us
<http://www.kathleenkeating.com/siteupdate.html>
3 captures
10 Aug 2004 - 9 Oct 2004
Jul AUG Oct
19
2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Weekly Update

Audio Series

Books

[File Archive](#)

[Discussion Forum](#)

[Internet Radio](#)

[Contact](#)

[Home](#)

[About AJMenu](#)

Website Update

08/04/2004 - Want to be the first to get your hands on Kathleen's new Audio Series, The Triple Correction: Part One? Click here to sign up for a notification when it is ready to ship.

08/04/2004 - Prefer to receive the Weekly Update transcript? Please click here to sign up for email delivery of the Weekly Update.

08/04/2004 - Kathleen's Update is Live! Please click here to play this week's update.

07/26/2004 - Kathleen's newest project, an Audio Series on the Triple Correction will soon be available. Part one will cover The Great Warning. Parts two and three will follow shortly. Please click here for more information.

07/26/2004 - Kathleen will be returning soon. Please keep checking back!

07/26/2004 - Update on Mater Dei Press newsletter - We are still in the process of raising money for a new printer. The newsletter will be returning as soon as this is accomplished. In the meantime, our domain name was taken out from under us for materdeipress.com Please note that from the date of 07/22/2004 - Kathleen Keating and Mater Dei Press have no association with the new company that has taken the domain name materdeipress.com

07/26/2004 - New website design has been uploaded. Please send any website related questions to the Webmaster.

07/19/2004 - Domain pointer is now active for finalwarningthebook.com Please change your bookmarks to reflect our new url, www.kathleenkeating.com

<http://artbell.com/category/artbell/>

22 captures

7 Aug 2013 - 11 Feb 2021

Apr JUL Aug
11
2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Art Bell

Everything about Art Bell the person is listed under this main category.

devilcat

The Devil Cat

June 19, 2014

Call it Lucipurr. Its minions will be destroyed by fur and brimstone. And its followers...

[Read More »](#)

catfacts

10 Weird But True Facts About Cats

June 10, 2014

They say fact is stranger than fiction. Well, when it comes to cats, that's often...

[Read More »](#)

RadioSurvived

Why Radio Has Survived

May 17, 2014

May 13 Bloomberg — Is the death of radio greatly overstated? Despite the massive disruption...

[Read More »](#)

CatSavesBoy

Full Story of The Hero Cat Who Saved 4-Year-Old Boy From A Vicious Dog Attack

May 17, 2014

Four-year-old Jeremy was riding his bike in the driveway when he was unexpectedly attacked by...

[Read More »](#)

CatAlarmClock

'Cat Alarm Clocks' Are The Best Alarm Clocks

March 23, 2014

The importance of a good night's sleep is well documented, but the way you wake...

[Read More »](#)

Malaysia-Airlines-plane

The Malaysian Airliner is not missing; The Art Bell connection

March 18, 2014

The Art Bell Connection In 1993, I was listening to the Art Bell show for...

[Read More »](#)

DrumYawn

Casper Casanova

March 1, 2014

A photo of my good friend and roommate Casper. He is 8 months old and loved...

[Read More »](#)

millie

Millie waiting for Art's return

March 1, 2014

Just sending a picture of my cat Millie. She loves Art Bell and can't wait...

[Read More »](#)

Smoky-Mittens

Smoky & Mittens

February 27, 2014

Here's a pic of 2 of our four:kitties. They are Smoky & Mittens – amazing...

[Read More »](#)

johnbwells1

Art Bell Tolls for John B. Wells!

February 7, 2014

Art Bell has taken to Facebook and BELLGAB to express what some may consider support...

[Read More »](#)

12...27Next →

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

nasa-satellite-ieeee3

Amateur Team Dejected, ISEE-3 Can't Move Afterall

July 10, 2014

Man Builds His Own Space Program

July 10, 2014

Huge swarm of anchovies off Southern California baffles researchers

July 10, 2014

Buzz Aldrin Opens Up About 'UFO' Encounter

July 10, 2014

Halle Berry Believes in Aliens?

July 10, 2014

Is Ghost Radar a useless iPhone app?

July 10, 2014

Real Life Severe Amnesia Case

July 10, 2014

Shri-Ashutosh-Maharaj

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

2 ads blocked

9% space saved!

<http://artbell.com/the-devil-cat>

7 captures

26 Jun 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

Jun JUL Jul

12

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

devilcat

The Devil Cat

Posted on June 19, 2014 in Cats | 772 Views | Leave a response

Call it Lucipurrr.

Its minions will be destroyed by fur and brimstone.

And its followers are sentenced to purrrdition, or if they're lucky, Pur-gato-ry.

It's a cat with funny hair that makes it look like the devil. Look at it.

via HuffPost.

Posted in Cats | Tagged devil

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

'Shadow Figure' caught on night camera?

July 11, 2014

The NASA Expert Who Smells Things for a Living

July 11, 2014

Alien sightings that turned out to be hoaxes

July 11, 2014

Super Moon Tonight, Will It Effect Your Sleep?

July 11, 2014

The New Space Race, Privatization is Key

July 11, 2014

Tour bus accidentally drives into Area 51

July 11, 2014

Amateur Team Dejected, ISEE-3 Can't Move Afterall

July 10, 2014

Man Builds His Own Space Program

July 10, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/10-weird-but-true-facts-about-cats/>

7 captures

13 Jun 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

May JUN Jul

29

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

catfacts

10 Weird But True Facts About Cats

Posted on June 10, 2014 in Cats | 1772 Views | [Leave a response](#)

They say fact is stranger than fiction. Well, when it comes to cats, that's often true.

Below are ten facts about cats you might not believe, but they are true!

Hairballs

We hate cleaning them up! But they do have a name. Did you know that the technical term for a hairball is a bezoar? It's true. [source, Encyclopedia of Cats. New York, NY: Parragon Books Ltd.]

The Popular Cat

In North America, there are over 73 million cats kept as pets, compared to dogs, of which there are 63 million. This makes cats the most popular pet in America.

The Cat Purr

Cats purr at a frequency that has been proven to reduce blood pressure in humans, and induce relaxation. Having a cat sleep by your head can reduce stress.

Cats are Popular

6. Cats, despite their aloof nature, are more similar to us than many realize. The region of the brain responsible for emotion is identical in both cats and humans, meaning cats feel just as we do. [source, What Cats Are Made Of. New York, NY: Ginee Seo Books]

Happy Cat

Cats purr not only when happy, but to ease tension. They learn this from their mother, who purrs as they nurse. Purring is a form of stimulating “happy hormones” and making a cat feel better. This is why cats will sometimes purr even when in pain.

More facts via Examiner.com.

Posted in Cats | Tagged cats
Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Collection of three supermassive black holes detected

June 26, 2014

NASA testing an underwater alien-hunting robot

June 26, 2014

NASA melds vacuum tube tech with silicon to fill the terahertz gap

June 26, 2014

X-Ray Spike May Be Sign Of Dark Matter

June 25, 2014

Cold Dead Star May Be a Giant Diamond

June 25, 2014

Hawaii is about to have a UFO landing pad

June 25, 2014

Time Travel Simulated By Australian Physicists

June 25, 2014

The Latest Theory On How Those Mysterious 'Mima' Mounds Were Created

June 25, 2014

[Contact Us](#)[Take Down Requests](#)[Terms of Service](#)[Privacy Policy](#)[About Us](#)

<http://artbell.com/why-radio-has-survived/>

4 captures

23 May 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

May JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

[About this capture](#)

[Header image](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Dark Matter](#)

[Menu](#)[Skip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

Why Radio Has Survived

Posted on May 17, 2014 in [Media Coverage](#) | [670 Views](#) | [Leave a response](#)

May 13 Bloomberg — Is the death of radio greatly overstated? Despite the massive disruption in the music industry from iPods and Pandora, more Americans than ever are tuning into good old radio. But the very ways that players like Clear Channel have kept up their audience threaten to undermine their ad revenue and future. Bob Pittman, chief executive officer of Clear Channel, and Amanda Richman, president of Starcom USA, explain why the industry just won't die to Bloomberg's Cristina Alesci.

via Bloomberg.

Posted in [Media Coverage](#) | Tagged [radio](#)

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

Millionaire guru's body kept in FREEZER as followers argue over whether he's dead or asleep

July 9, 2014

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/full-story-of-the-hero-cat-who-saved-4-year-old-boy-from-a-vicious-dog-attack/>

3 captures

29 Jun 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

May JUN Jul

29

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Full Story of The Hero Cat Who Saved 4-Year-Old Boy From A Vicious Dog Attack

Posted on May 17, 2014 in Cats | 1190 Views | Leave a response

Four-year-old Jeremy was riding his bike in the driveway when he was unexpectedly attacked by the neighbor's dog. Fortunately for Jeremy, his cat Tara jumped in to save him.

Tara, who is probably part lion, managed to scare off the dog and rescue Jeremy. Thanks to Tara's heroic efforts, Jeremy only had to receive ten stitches, when it could have been much worse.

Jeremy's mother explained to her husband what she had seen, so he decided to check the home surveillance tape. Jeremy's dad said of the footage:

"It was pretty amazing to see just a cat take on a dog and so selflessly just put herself out there and not worry about if she was going to get bit or injured herself."

Jeremy's dad posted the now-famous Hero Cat video on YouTube, and it quickly received over 7,000,000 views. And that's not all: Tara is being scouted by Cat Fancy (think: Cosmo for cats) to be on the cover and do a full photo spread.

via LJReview.

Posted in Cats

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

Collection of three supermassive black holes detected

June 26, 2014

BRUIE

NASA testing an underwater alien-hunting robot

June 26, 2014

NASA melds vacuum tube tech with silicon to fill the terahertz gap

June 26, 2014

X-Ray Spike May Be Sign Of Dark Matter

June 25, 2014

Cold Dead Star May Be a Giant Diamond

June 25, 2014

Hawaii is about to have a UFO landing pad

June 25, 2014

Time Travel Simulated By Australian Physicists

June 25, 2014

The Latest Theory On How Those Mysterious 'Mima' Mounds Were Created

June 25, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/cat-alarm-clocks-are-the-best-alarm-clocks/>

10 captures

25 Mar 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

Apr JUL Jul

04

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

'Cat Alarm Clocks' Are The Best Alarm Clocks

Posted on March 23, 2014 in Cats | 1621 Views | Leave a response

The importance of a good night's sleep is well documented, but the way you wake up can be just as important.

While you could shell out for a designer alarm clock — one that simulates a sunrise, or even one that stimulates orgasm — the very best alarm clock is available for free through the ASPCA: a cat.

To demonstrate the benefits of a 'cat alarm' we have compiled the above video

montage of these persistent but affectionate kitties as they get their owners up on the right side of the bed.

Disclaimer: Side effects may include sneezing, coughing, minor skin lacerations and cleaning up cat poop. But when you wake up to a fuzzy feline face, you know it's going to be a good day!

via Huffington Post.

Posted in Cats

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

evp-hallway

Tricking Those Uncooperative Spirits

July 2, 2014

water-in-crater

Did All of Earth's Water Originally Come From Outer Space?

July 2, 2014

Are we alone? It's World UFO Day

July 2, 2014

From Ouija Board to Hospital: Possessed in for Treatment

July 1, 2014

Hack Your Brain With A Machine That Reads Minds

July 1, 2014

Dennis Balthaser: TV Shows and UFO Conferences are Out of Control

July 1, 2014

Braco the Gazer Can Allegedly Perform Miracles Just by Looking at People

July 1, 2014

88% of world's oceans covered by plastic junk

July 1, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/category/artbell/cats/>

23 captures

06 Aug 2013 - 28 Apr 2025

May JUN Jul

29

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Cats

All things cats! Mostly photos, submit yours! webmaster (at) artbell.com, please no vertical photos or poor quality iPhone or iPad pics. Only good quality pics will be posted. They should be 16:9 or as close to 1280 x 720 as possible.

devilcat

The Devil Cat

June 19, 2014

Call it Lucipurrr. Its minions will be destroyed by fur and brimstone. And its followers...

[Read More »](#)

catfacts

10 Weird But True Facts About Cats

June 10, 2014

They say fact is stranger than fiction. Well, when it comes to cats, that's often...

[Read More »](#)

CatSavesBoy

Full Story of The Hero Cat Who Saved 4-Year-Old Boy From A Vicious Dog Attack

May 17, 2014

Four-year-old Jeremy was riding his bike in the driveway when he was unexpectedly

attacked by...
[Read More »](#)

CatAlarmClock
'Cat Alarm Clocks' Are The Best Alarm Clocks
March 23, 2014
The importance of a good night's sleep is well documented, but the way you wake...
[Read More »](#)

DrumYawn
Casper Casanova
March 1, 2014
A photo of my good friend and roommate Casper. He is 8 months old and loved...
[Read More »](#)

millie
Millie waiting for Art's return
March 1, 2014
Just sending a picture of my cat Millie. She loves Art Bell and can't wait...
[Read More »](#)

Smoky-Mittens
Smoky & Mittens
February 27, 2014
Here's a pic of 2 of our four:kitties. They are Smoky & Mittens – amazing...
[Read More »](#)

PooCat
Sy Sin sends us Poo
January 16, 2014
No comment.
[Read More »](#)

Molly
Molly Says Howdy!
January 2, 2014
Thanks, Gary Truax
[Read More »](#)

CrystalsBack
Crystal is Back for Christmas!
December 22, 2013
From Max Lupo
[Read More »](#)

12...16Next →

<http://artbell.com/the-malaysian-airliner-is-not-missing-the-art-bell-connection/>

6 captures

22 Mar 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

Malaysia-Airlines-plane

The Malaysian Airliner is not missing; The Art Bell connection

Posted on March 18, 2014 in Media Coverage | 8345 Views | Leave a response

The Art Bell Connection

In 1993, I was listening to the Art Bell show for the first time and Art was interviewing Vance Davis, formerly of the NSA. Vance said some things in the interview that made me think he might have known my father. I tried contacting Vance and left a message and provided the reason why I was contacting him. The next day, both Vance and Bill Pawelec contacted me. I developed a friendship with both men. And from Bill Pawelec, I learned even more about the work my father had done at Sundstrand. Privately, I confided in Bill and Vance and told them some of what I knew. Ten years later, through a meeting set up by Bill Pawelec, I had a clandestine meeting about these matters with noted author, Jim Marrs at the airport in Phoenix, in which I told Jim some of what I knew and he said it confirmed much of what he already knew on these topics. As a result of this meeting, I developed a relationship with Jim as he has been a guest on my talk show over a dozen times.

I still maintained a very low profile until the forces of Senator John McCain and the CAFTA/CANAMEX Corridor group wanted to force myself and my 300 rural neighbors off of our land without any compensation. As a result of my fighting against McCain's forces in the media, the late Pete Peterson gave me a position as a talk show host on Sunday afternoons in Wickenburg, AZ. A couple of years later, John Stadtmiller offered me a similar position with the Republic Broadcasting Network. I was one upset person and went to war with the elite on a weekly basis. Unfortunately, I still could not reveal all that I knew because my mother was still alive.

My mother passed away three years ago and I was subsequently free to reveal what I knew, but I chose not to because I was engaged in the fight against the NWO on multiple fronts and did not feel the need to do so, until now.

I can accurately state that we possess the technology to stop all attacks upon the United States or any other area that we choose. What the public was told about with Reagan's SDI program was a deceptive lie. The MX missile system, for example, was a very expensive disinformation ruse. During the Reagan years, we already had developed technology that most would recognize as being part of HAARP which could, for example, knock down all incoming ICBM's using HAARP based, localized EMP type of technology, combined with the technology located on the deep space platforms. This war that we are getting ready to fight, is going to be fought with sticks and stones compared to what is available. Subsequently, all of this saber-rattling and subsequent mass murder which is about to take place, is totally unnecessary.

Millions are needlessly going to die and if the conflict goes nuclear, billions will die. And this is all in the name of a few elite gaining more control so they can live out some preplanned fantasy for control of the planet.

Read the rest at Intellihub News.

Posted in Media Coverage | Tagged art bell

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

lux

The quiet search for dark matter deep underground

July 9, 2014

Sol454_Marte

Study says alien life on Mars could flourish

July 9, 2014

Sighisoara-ufo

Possible UFO Depiction Discovered In Old Romanian Painting

July 9, 2014

news-talking-fast

Meet the world's fastest talking woman

July 9, 2014

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

mindreadingmachine

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/casper-casanova/>

6 captures

8 Mar 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

10

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

DrumYawn

Casper Casanova

Posted on March 1, 2014 in Cats | 666 Views | Leave a response

A photo of my good friend and roommate Casper. He is 8 months old and loved listening to Art at night with me.

He is very independent (like Art) and has his own FaceBook account: Casper Casanova and he tells me he can imagine no greater honor than to get one of his photos posted on Art's site.

Posted in Cats

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

isee-3-ice-spacecraft

Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft

July 9, 2014

compass

Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now

July 9, 2014

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders

July 9, 2014

mindreadingmachine

The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine

July 8, 2014

nsaroom

All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance

July 7, 2014

chileuforeport

Chile Releases Official Study on UFO Photos

July 7, 2014

fracking-wastewater-well

Fracking Wastewater Sites Cause Numerous Central US Earthquakes

July 7, 2014

active-galaxy

Europe Targets Black Holes with Next Big Space Mission

July 7, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/millie-waiting-for-arts-return/>

6 captures

7 Mar 2014 - 13 Dec 2015

Mar JUL Jul

09

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Header image

Art Bell

Dark Matter

MenuSkip to content

Home

Radio Show

News

Art Bell

Art's Parts

Search

Search...

millie

Millie waiting for Art's return

Posted on March 1, 2014 in Cats | 2298 Views | Leave a response

Just sending a picture of my cat Millie. She loves Art Bell and can't wait until he is back on the air so she can listen with her mommy!

Ashleigh

Posted in Cats

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

Facebook

Google Plus

Pinterest

Twitter

Latest Posts

SnowdenPassport

The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders
July 9, 2014
mindreadingmachine
The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine
July 8, 2014
nsaroom
All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance
July 7, 2014
chileuforeport
Chile Releases Official Study on UFO Photos
July 7, 2014
fracking-wastewater-well
Fracking Wastewater Sites Cause Numerous Central US Earthquakes
July 7, 2014
active-galaxy
Europe Targets Black Holes with Next Big Space Mission
July 7, 2014
chip-gestures
Chimpanzee Gestures Deciphered
July 7, 2014
pc-big-20140629-8
Paranormal Central Bigfoot Report 6-29-2014
July 6, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu
Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://artbell.com/smoky-mittens/>
6 captures
12 Mar 2014 - 13 Dec 2015
Mar JUL Jul
10
2013 2014 2015

About this capture
Header image
Art Bell

Dark Matter

[MenuSkip to content](#)

[Home](#)

[Radio Show](#)

[News](#)

[Art Bell](#)

[Art's Parts](#)

[Search](#)

[Search...](#)

[Smoky-Mittens](#)

[Smoky & Mittens](#)

Posted on February 27, 2014 in [Cats](#) | [281 Views](#) | [Leave a response](#)

Here's a pic of 2 of our four:kitties. They are Smoky & Mittens – amazing and almost clairvoyant, as you know special kitties can be.

All the best,

Linda in Colorado

Posted in [Cats](#)

Keith Rowland's Dark Matter Radio

[Facebook](#)

[Google Plus](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Latest Posts](#)

[news-talking-fast](#)

[Meet the world's fastest talking woman](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[isee-3-ice-spacecraft](#)

[Amateur Team Successfully Commands NASA's Zombie Spacecraft](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[compass](#)

[Earth's Magnetic Field Is Weakening 10 Times Faster Now](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[SnowdenPassport](#)

[The Latest Snowden Leak Is Devastating to NSA Defenders](#)

[July 9, 2014](#)

[mindreadingmachine](#)

[The 120-Year-Old Mind-Reading Machine](#)

[July 8, 2014](#)

[nsaroom](#)

All but four nations are subject to NSA surveillance

July 7, 2014

chileuforeport

Chile Releases Official Study on UFO Photos

July 7, 2014

fracking-wastewater-well

Fracking Wastewater Sites Cause Numerous Central US Earthquakes

July 7, 2014

©2014 Art Bell.comMenu

Contact UsTake Down RequestsTerms of ServicePrivacy PolicyAbout Us

<http://www.cafepress.com/artsparts>

81 captures

6 Oct 2013 - 2 May 2025

May OCT Dec

06

2013 2014 2015

About this capture

Cart & CheckoutHelpOrder StatusShop HomeCurrency:

USD

Art's Parts

The Official Store for Art Bell's Dark Matter

Home

Hats

T-Shirts

Mugs

Back to ArtBell.com

» Hats

» T-Shirts

» Mugs

» For Your Car

» Mouse Pads

Shop by Collection

Welcome to Art's Parts, the official online store for Art Bell's Dark Matter merchandise.

All authorized items will contain Art's signature imprint. New items will appear regularly,

so check back often.

Hats

Hats

Trucker Hats and Baseball Caps

T-Shirts

T-Shirts

Official Dark Matter T-Shirts

Mugs

Mugs

Official Coffee Mugs

For Your Car

For Your Car

Mouse Pads

Mouse Pads

Powered by CafePressThis shop is powered by CafePress Inc. Copyright © 1999-2014
CafePress.com. All rights reserved.

Privacy Policy | Trademark & Copyright Information

Non-US currency rates are updated daily and may fluctuate.

<http://www.kathleenkeating.com/audioupdate.html>

2 captures

10 Aug 2004 - 9 Oct 2004

Jul AUG Oct

10

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

Weekly Update

Audio Series

Books

File Archive

Discussion Forum

Internet Radio

Contact

Home

About AJMenu

Weekly Audio Update

In the place of the usual Keating Perspective, Kathleen will now be uploading audio updates each week. At the end of each update, look for the special new Question and Answer session. If you would like to submit a question for Kathleen to air on these updates, please email it to: questions@kathleenkeating.com

Each update will be available free of charge for two weeks. Due to bandwidth costs, previous updates will be moved to our archive section, where they can be accessed for a nominal fee. We appreciate your help and support in making this possible. We are still working this feature out, but the updates will be available for two weeks, free of charge.

If you prefer to receive the Weekly Update transcript, please [click here](#) to sign up for email delivery of the Weekly Update. Your first transcript will arrive as soon as you subscribe, in your welcome email.

The updates will be available as MP3's, which should allow the majority of listeners to play them on various media players such as Real Audio, Quicktime and Windows Media Player.

Please [click the link](#) to the update below to play this week's update. If you prefer to save the file to your computer first, please right click on the file name below and then select Save Target As.

August 4, 2004 Audio Update (Please note that some media players may experience a 30 second period of silence before the audio file starts.)

Current Update
Website Updates
Update Archive

<http://kathleenkeating.com/list/?p=subscribe&id=1>

10 captures

2 Sep 2004 - 26 Jan 2021

Aug SEP Feb

02

2003 2004 2005

About this capture

powered by:
[PHP] + [mySQL]

PHPlist

Subscribe to one or more of our mailing lists using the form below
required field

Email

Confirm email

Please select the lists you want to sign up to:

The Keating Report

The Keating Report is a free weekly ezine from Kathleen Keating.

www.kathleenkeating.com

Each week you'll get news, updates and user submitted news. We encourage your participation. If you have an interesting news article, please send it to us at: webmaster@kathleenkeating. Please include the link to the article, and the name you would like use to use for Submitted By.

Weekly Update Notification

Please subscribe if you would like to be notified each week when Kathleen posts her new Audio Update.

Audio Update Transcripts

If you would like to get a print copy of Kathleen's weekly audio update, please sign-up for this list. Each week, you'll automatically receive the update.

New Product Notifications

If you would like to be notified of new products from Kathleen Keating, please subscribe to this list. Each time a new product is released, you will be notified by email.

Unsubscribe

Powered by PHPlist2.8.11, © tincan ltd

© tincan limited | phplist - version

<http://forums.vsociety.net/index.php?topic=11499.0>

4 captures

7 Jul 2010 - 8 Jul 2014

Sep JUL Aug
08
2011 2014 2015

About this capture
The Veritas Society

*

*HomeForumsChatHelpSearchRetroLoginRegister
Welcome, Guest. Please login or register.
Did you miss your activation email?
July 07, 2014, 06:51:22 PM

Forever

Login with username, password and session length
Search:

Advanced search

214606 Posts in 15300 Topics by 19727 Members - Latest Member: - Fake Oakley
Sunglasses Most online today: 159 - most online ever: 430 (June 28, 2007, 02:58:51
PM)

+ The Veritas Society

|-+ Discussion Areas

| |-+ Magick

|| |-+ San Diego Fire 0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic. « previous
next »

Pages: [1] 2 3 ... 7 Print

Author Topic: San Diego Fire (Read 8758 times)

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1234

Karma: 16

.. ::IAO:: ..

View Profile WWW

San Diego Fire

« on: October 23, 2007, 04:58:57 AM »

With so many budding magicians here, I was wondering if it would be at all possible to lend a hand in order to aid in the extinguishing of the fire. Now, the concern that I have is the Astral Politics that could be involved in this fire. Just like when a storm rages overhead there is a battle going on between the elements, so then it is entirely possible that it is also true for this.

"We have a very dangerous, unpredictable situation," said Ron Roberts, chairman of the San Diego County Board of Supervisors. "We have some of the highest temperatures, some of the driest landscape conditions and some of the most powerful winds -- all the ingredients for a perfect firestorm."

Comments and naysayers are welcome.

P.S: I apologize if this post seems a little disorganized, I just woke up Sad.

« Last Edit: October 23, 2007, 05:03:58 AM by Trillis » Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Hech

Regular Member

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1153

Karma: 14

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #1 on: October 23, 2007, 07:38:12 AM »

My sister lives right there. Apparently the sky is clouded with smoke and tinted with red, and her car is covered with ash. It's quite the situation. I suppose it is like he said: "...all the ingredients for a perfect firestorm."

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Tempest Desh

Greenhorn

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 297

Karma: 4

Wannabe Techno-Dervish and Court-Fool-In-Training

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #2 on: October 23, 2007, 09:11:45 AM »

My family's there (that's where I'm from). They've been evacuated already. I talked to them yesterday, but I have yet to hear anything on the current status of the fire...last I heard, it was getting close to my neighborhood...

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 03:22:22 PM by Tempest Desh » Logged

"Appear as you are. Be as you appear." - Mawlana Rumi (ra)

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #3 on: October 23, 2007, 10:10:11 AM »

Trillis, I'm willing to bear with karmic consequence if you are. I would like to see this fire extinguished. PM me.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Emira

El Mira - The Sight

A Familiar Feature

Posts: 150

Karma: 0

Live. There is no plan B.

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #4 on: October 23, 2007, 11:05:31 AM »

I have to question how one would go about this. I suspect it would go something like: identify disturbances/causes on the astral level and then deal with these accordingly, but I'd really like to know what the practical process of dealing with something like this at such a large scale would be. Suggestions?

Logged

"The purpose of all the major religious traditions is not to construct big temples on the outside, but to create temples of goodness and compassion inside, in our hearts." –The 14th Dali Llama

http://nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1993/morrison-lecture.html

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #5 on: October 23, 2007, 11:31:50 AM »

Causing rain seems to be the most obvious answer for me...perhaps calling the appropriate winds to extinguish the fire.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the

show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #6 on: October 23, 2007, 11:42:37 AM »

Slowing or stopping the wind seems more appropriate. Perhaps reversing the wind direction so the flames burn back to burnt-out areas would work as well.

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1234

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #7 on: October 23, 2007, 11:48:55 AM »

So far it is Raitaro and I. Anyone else?

Quote from: Emira on October 23, 2007, 11:05:31 AM

I have to question how one would go about this. I suspect it would go something like: identify disturbances/causes on the astral level and then deal with these accordingly, but I'd really like to know what the practical process of dealing with something like this at such a large scale would be. Suggestions?

I would suggest a persons personal meditation before hand. Then the acumalation of elemental forces around the desired area, however taking into consideration of direction of wind, wind speed, and it's projected path. It would be risky to increase the ammount of wind, but not an entirely wrong idea. If we could manage to increase the wind to pick up a storm faster, it could show beneficial. Though at the same time it could drive the winds to feed the fire.

EDIT:

"It will not end ... until it reaches the ocean or the winds turn around," San Diego Fire Battalion Chief Bruce Cartelli said." - cnn.com

So, it seems that our wisest choice would be to try and reverse the wind current.

« Last Edit: October 23, 2007, 11:57:13 AM by Trillis » Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

supadude

Super Villain

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 782

Karma: 16

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #8 on: October 23, 2007, 12:23:09 PM »

a long time ago i trained with psionic manipulation of the weather, i may be a bit rusty, but i was the cause of the midlands flooding... embarassed

sure, i will help.

Logged

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JnA8GUtXpXY&feature=player_embedded

A must see study for all!

The proud owner of the 200,000th post made on Veritas.

DarkWaterMoon

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 589

Karma: -3

Has a lot of posts

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #9 on: October 23, 2007, 01:41:56 PM »

haha right.

So I guess rain eh?

Logged

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1234

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #10 on: October 23, 2007, 01:47:48 PM »

I believe we should first focus on shifting the direction of the wind, because as he said that's what they need. After we have had success with that, then rain if plausible.

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #11 on: October 23, 2007, 01:50:04 PM »

I'll try and lend a bit of a hand in a couple hours when I don't have work bearing down on me. I really don't practice much, but it couldn't hurt, right? ^_^

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #12 on: October 23, 2007, 02:28:46 PM »

1) Do we know exactly which direction the wind needs to be blown in?

2) Are we going to organize a chat session or something?

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #13 on: October 23, 2007, 02:49:27 PM »

I'm assuming west

That is, the wind is blowing west, meaning it needs to be blown east.

Here's another one

« Last Edit: October 23, 2007, 03:03:07 PM by Martial Thoughts » Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

DarkWaterMoon

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 589

Karma: -3

Has a lot of posts

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #14 on: October 23, 2007, 03:06:31 PM »

Has anyone thought that maybe this fire was brought upon by nature itself for a reason?

Logged

Pages: [1] 2 3 ... 7 Print

« previous next »

Jump to:

=> Magick

Powered by MySQL Powered by PHP Powered by SMF 1.1.19 | SMF © 2013, Simple Machines

Oxygen design by Bloc Valid XHTML 1.0! Valid CSS!

<http://forums.v society.net/index.php/topic%2C11499.15.html>

2 captures

7 Jul 2010 - 1 May 2013

Jul MAY Jun

01

2010 2013 2014

About this capture

The Veritas Society

*

*HomeForumsChatHelpSearchRetroLoginRegister

Welcome, Guest. Please login or register.

Did you miss your activation email?

May 01, 2013, 11:05:14 AM

Forever

Login with username, password and session length

Search:

Advanced search

207367 Posts in 14736 Topics by 18410 Members - Latest Member: - MindDisciple

Most online today: 88 - most online ever: 430 (June 28, 2007, 02:58:51 PM)

+ The Veritas Society

|-+ Discussion Areas

| |-+ Magick

|| |-+ San Diego Fire 0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic. « previous
next »

Pages: 1 [2] 3 4 ... 7Print

Author Topic: San Diego Fire (Read 8062 times)

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #15 on: October 23, 2007, 03:13:59 PM »

Quote from: DarkWaterMoon on October 23, 2007, 03:06:31 PM

Has anyone thought that maybe this fire was brought upon by nature itself for a reason?

Quote from: Raitaro on October 23, 2007, 10:10:11 AM

Trillis, I'm willing to bear with karmic consequence if you are. I would like to see this fire extinguished. PM me.

Quote from: Trillis on October 23, 2007, 04:58:57 AM

Now, the concern that I have is the Astral Politics that could be involved in this fire. Just like when a storm rages overhead there is a battle going on between the elements, so then it is entirely possible that it is also true for this.

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Oriens Lvx Lucis

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 766

Karma: -1

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #16 on: October 23, 2007, 03:28:01 PM »

Quote from: Trillis

With so many budding magicians here, I was wondering if it would be at all possible to lend a hand in order to aid in the extinguishing of the fire. Now, the concern that I have is the Astral Politics that could be involved in this fire. Just like when a storm rages overhead there is a battle going on between the elements, so then it is entirely possible that it is also true for this.

Forgive me if I do not understand the reason for your wish for intervention, but why bother? What if the fire is supposed to be occurring? A group of magicians on a forum has no place trying to interfere with what might be a form of karma manifesting, or

indeed the result of astral strife. Perhaps Djinn felt like causing a fire; it is certainly within his nature to do something like this. Unless I am very much mistaken, none of us here actually know why this fire was caused (in the metaphysical sense). Therefore, I am of the opinion that none of us has any place or jurisdiction in trying to stop or halt the fire.

Namaste
Logged
Big Boss
Friggen Crazy
Veritas Moderator
Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458
Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire
« Reply #17 on: October 23, 2007, 03:48:45 PM »
Quote from: Oriens Lvx Lucis on October 23, 2007, 03:28:01 PM
Quote from: Trillis

With so many budding magicians here, I was wondering if it would be at all possible to lend a hand in order to aid in the extinguishing of the fire. Now, the concern that I have is the Astral Politics that could be involved in this fire. Just like when a storm rages overhead there is a battle going on between the elements, so then it is entirely possible that it is also true for this.

Forgive me if I do not understand the reason for your wish for intervention, but why bother? What if the fire is supposed to be occurring? A group of magicians on a forum has no place trying to interfere with what might be a form of karma manifesting, or indeed the result of astral strife. Perhaps Djinn felt like causing a fire; it is certainly within his nature to do something like this. Unless I am very much mistaken, none of us here actually know why this fire was caused (in the metaphysical sense). Therefore, I am of the opinion that none of us has any place or jurisdiction in trying to stop or halt the fire.

Namaste

If I may ask you then, what would be the point in using magic at all then? If someone is sick and you choose to heal them, are you going against the wills of the gnomes or

undine? If you use magic to protect someone during a dangerous time, are you going against the will of God to take them out of this life during that time? If one is willing to sacrifice some karma to protect their loved ones, shouldn't they? (I happen to have family spread out all over California and the Coronado Hills fire is approaching some of them)

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #18 on: October 23, 2007, 04:58:51 PM »

Both Oriens and Martial both propose good questions. Unfortunately they cannot be answered, so which leaves me to my original intentions.

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Tempest Desh

Greenhorn

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 294

Karma: 3

Wannabe Techno-Dervish and Court-Fool-In-Training

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #19 on: October 23, 2007, 05:06:40 PM »

Perhaps invoking Nichsa and asking his help in this matter, or perhaps requesting information on the astral end of this matter. Though the only people I know of that can do this would be Prophecy or Veos...not sure what else we could do...besides collectively casting some sort of sigil...perhaps a viral sigil of some sort?...

Tempest

Logged

"Appear as you are. Be as you appear." - Mawlana Rumi (ra)

Oriens Lvx Lucis

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 766

Karma: -1

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #20 on: October 23, 2007, 05:43:07 PM »

Quote from: Martial_Thoughts

If I may ask you then, what would be the point in using magic at all then? If someone is sick and you choose to heal them, are you going against the wills of the gnomes or undine? If you use magic to protect someone during a dangerous time, are you going against the will of God to take them out of this life during that time? If one is willing to sacrifice some karma to protect their loved ones, shouldn't they? (I happen to have family spread out all over California and the Coronado Hills fire is approaching some of them)

Assuming that karma does indeed exist, preventing a person from receiving due karma at the expense of your own only harms the indebted person and yourself; the latter damage being completely unnecessary. Try as you might, even if you initially prevent the karma, only contrition (assuming it is bad karma) on the individual's part has a chance of absolving the debt, or directly receiving the debt. Trying to stop it only postpones it in reality, essentially making it worse as it will keep piling up until at some point in the future it is unavoidable.

All of this assuming the common doctrine of karma (and a few Hermetic elements here and there) are true.

My advice to Raitaro and Trillis:

Do as you will. I imagine there is no point in trying to stop you, even if I have differing ideals, so it doesn't matter either way. You two seem to be willing to bear karma if you unintentionally do wrong by preventing karma or interfering in astral politics. But you

should understand that karma can be far worse than you may believe or comprehend, and that depending on the doctrine of karma being accounted for, the "saved" individual will still have to pay up for his "sins" at some point in the future, which would make your best efforts ultimately futile.

This sort of detached concern is my own personal philosophy which I stand by for two reasons, which I will make known:

1. I don't see myself as having jurisdiction or authority to judge or interfere with karma.
2. I don't think I fully comprehend the karmic implications of many events and on top of this an outwardly and popularly "evil" incident can be karmically necessary. This has been dealt with before, so no attention is further due to it.
3. The universe is hierarchal. God, if such a one exists, is allowed to do whatever he wishes with his creations, and make whatever laws he wants, no matter how absurd they seem to the human mind. We, being the created, have absolutely no say in the matter and our ideas of morals are insignificant compared to any sort of "grand designs" which may be subtly working. Better to be in existence and not complaining about having a friend murdered than be non-existent at all. God gives us good if we follow Him (and sometimes even when we do not); who are we as humans to refuse the evil He gives us, or His will for us?
4. More directly related to this fire scenario, there may be people who will be helped by dying in the fire. Wanting to save people from negative karmic consequences is inherently selfish; not only do we block them from spiritual growth in the future (perhaps a future incarnation or what have you), but we keep their karmic debt at bay, making it become more substantial and ultimately more scathing when it finally affects them. Looking at death from a mere human perspective is ignorant; when you view death as a terrible thing than you are going to be led to things which will harm other people. Rather view life as a temporary experience of souls in a spiritual university that spans along the entirety of the universe. In this way, things like death, rape, torture, etc. and commonly held moral objections become insignificant. If they are to die, so be it. They will be born again with an advantage; less karma to pay off, or none, depending on the individual soul.

And again, these points inherently depend on a person believing in certain other doctrines and laws, such as that reincarnation. I would think that my view is probably held by most theurgists as a whole, but I wouldn't expect everyone to believe in it.

That is all. Do as you will.

Namaste.

Logged

Vinncent

he-who-posts-lots

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 372

Karma: 0

Nobody

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #21 on: October 23, 2007, 06:14:29 PM »

Perhaps I haven't reached the level of enlightenment that Oriens has...

But does anyone else think that entire mode of thinking is utter bullshit?

If we have no right to exercise our power, because higher powers that may or may not exist, that may or may not be involved, have a different agenda than we do, then why do anything? Why practice magick at all if it can't be used without some sort of divine punishment for helping people in need?

I live and attend college in LA. Everyone in my dorm has had their eyes on the news, tracking the progress of not "the" fire, but all the fires that are springing up all over southern California. Over 345,000 homes have been evacuated so far, quite a few of them belonging to the families of my friends.

Is this a matter of karma? Astral politics? Divine judgement? I couldn't say, but on the other hand, I don't really care. If we're really powerless to change anything, then I'd much rather say I tried to help rather than hang my head like a pathetic coward. Well we're at it, let's tell the national guard and fire department to take a break for awhile. I mean, certainly it's not the place of us petty humans get in the way of angry spirits.

I've kind of grown fond of this place, and I'd rather not see it looking like Hell broke loose and burned everything to the ground.

Logged

\\\"Only a fool quotes himself\\\" - Vinncent

The history of the world is but the biography of great men.

Silver_Archer

Prophet of Doom

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1341

Karma: 42

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #22 on: October 23, 2007, 06:27:08 PM »

Don't worry, Vinncent. I agree with you on the bullshit part.

I didn't expect old school Vedic karma to actually continue to survive in the mind of a 15 year old American boy. Here I was thinking it was dead and buried, a neat little mistake of the past, lost and forgotten. Boy, was I wrong.

In the process of talking about authority of djinns, gods, spirits, and whatnot, certain company amongst us seems to forgotten that we also belong to this planet. It IS our god damned world as well, and we have every damn right to change and improve it as we see it, and to hell with all the little gnomes and salamanders and djinns and faeries and gods sitting in the background playing the game of astral politics and tossing fires around. To hell with the 'karmic' implications of messing with their mind games.

Logged

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78

Karma: 2

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #23 on: October 23, 2007, 07:13:38 PM »

Quote from: Silver_Archer on October 23, 2007, 06:27:08 PM

Don't worry, Vinncent. I agree with you on the bullshit part.

I didn't expect old school Vedic karma to actually continue to survive in the mind of a 15 year old American boy. Here I was thinking it was dead and buried, a neat little mistake of the past, lost and forgotten. Boy, was I wrong.

In the process of talking about authority of djinns, gods, spirits, and whatnot, certain company amongst us seems to forgotten that we also belong to this planet. It IS our god damned world as well, and we have every damn right to change and improve it as we see it, and to hell with all the little gnomes and salamanders and djinns and faeries and

gods sitting in the background playing the game of astral politics and tossing fires around. To hell with the 'karmic' implications of messing with their mind games.

I'm inclined to agree with your view towards intervention Silver Archer. After all, isn't it our right as humans to have a free will and be able to wield magick to cause change in the first place? There must be a middle ground somewhere where both sides of the argument, karmic implications vs. intervention persay, may find peaceful agreement. Ironically, I am not knowledgeable enough about karma to state a well-thought opinion. I CAN, however, state once again that the purpose of magick is to cause change to some end and that humans are given the choice whether to use it or not. Therefore, I believe the real issue that we should currently be occupying ourselves with is if intervention be necessary in this situation or not, rather than busy ourselves as much debating if karma is evidenced or even exists.

Also, just mentioning... I do not feel it moral to debate whether or not any specific magician or member of VS should intervene in the CA fires past the point of mere suggestion, even though it has only been suggested, if it comes to that.

Perhaps this thread will soon yield more fruitful results than those views that have been merely recognized. Compromise anyone?

-My apologies for such a hastily written post.

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 04:26:01 PM by Pursuit of Knowledge » Logged
Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro

Kichara

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 982

Karma: 11

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #24 on: October 23, 2007, 07:33:34 PM »

Just thought I would give my 2 cents, unfortunately I am still chewing the idea of being involved in getting rid of the fires because I am using most of my will power for something else atm. I feel it important to mention that, at least in hermetics, Human

beings are by make up higher than Djinn, or any other spirit that is not tetrapolar. I find it ridiculous to not do something because djinn has decided to do the opposite, you should keep in mind your divine authority as a human at all. I hope that helps clear up that. Also, IMHO karma isn't something you should think about, it is a universal mechanism, just live your life the way you wish, if you wish to have a better life live by a set of high morals and you will in the end accumulate good karma. Sorry if my post is a little odd. I have been in an unusual perspective for the last few hours.

Namaste
Logged
Hey, whats up?

Please vote in my poll:
<http://forums.vrsociety.net/index.php?topic=12212.0>

DarkWaterMoon
Has a lot of posts
Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 584
Karma: 0

Has a lot of posts

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #25 on: October 23, 2007, 09:12:39 PM »

Quote from: Silver_Archer on October 23, 2007, 06:27:08 PM

In the process of talking about authority of djinns, gods, spirits, and whatnot, certain company amongst us seems to forgotten that we also belong to this planet. It IS our god damned world as well, and we have every damn right to change and improve it as we see it, and to hell with all the little gnomes and salamanders and djinns and faeries and gods sitting in the background playing the game of astral politics and tossing fires around. To hell with the 'karmic' implications of messing with their mind games.

Wow you just lost every ounce of respect I had for you.

lolololol nuke the world big boom dur dur dur rolleyes

Just because you have a gun doesn't mean you go and kill everything. In practicing

magic you should come to understand that just because you have the power to change something or make something happen, doesn't mean you actually should. Hopefully your enlightened senses would help you realize that. Nature itself has set the right variables to reek destruction among the people of California. It is even sacrificing trees to do so. And sense I'd side with a nature over the all take and no give human any day, I'm not going to intervene. If this was really meant to be stopped, nature would have pulled in some rain or counter winds by now. Hell even the fire fighters aren't making any progress. I'm sure there is a clear intent behind it, and I'm not intervening.

And to Vinncent, take Silver Archer's advice, just leave the damn place and go clear another lot of forest up north or something....I mean since the world is made for us to fuck up and made to our liking....and yet you expect no retaliation....you are so ignorant.
« Last Edit: October 23, 2007, 09:27:15 PM by DarkWaterMoon » Logged

Silver_Archer
Prophet of Doom
Veritas Moderator
Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1341
Karma: 42

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire
« Reply #26 on: October 23, 2007, 10:17:51 PM »
Quote from: DarkWaterMoon on October 23, 2007, 09:12:39 PM
Wow you just lost every ounce of respect I had for you.

You shouldn't have had any to begin with. Makes matters much easier. Like how I never had any for you, so there was none that could be lost when I read your post on this thread.

Logged
Vinncent
he-who-posts-lots
Veritas Furniture

Posts: 372
Karma: 0

Nobody

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #27 on: October 23, 2007, 10:34:33 PM »

Quote from: DarkWaterMoon on October 23, 2007, 09:12:39 PM

Quote from: Silver_Archer on October 23, 2007, 06:27:08 PM

In the process of talking about authority of djinns, gods, spirits, and whatnot, certain company amongst us seems to forgotten that we also belong to this planet. It IS our god damned world as well, and we have every damn right to change and improve it as we see it, and to hell with all the little gnomes and salamanders and djinns and faeries and gods sitting in the background playing the game of astral politics and tossing fires around. To hell with the 'karmic' implications of messing with their mind games.

Wow you just lost every ounce of respect I had for you.

lolololol nuke the world big boom dur dur dur rolleyes

Just because you have a gun doesn't mean you go and kill everything. In practicing magic you should come to understand that just because you have the power to change something or make something happen, doesn't mean you actually should. Hopefully your enlightened senses would help you realize that. Nature itself has set the right variables to reek destruction among the people of California. It is even sacrificing trees to do so. And sense I'd side with a nature over the all take and no give human any day, I'm not going to intervene. If this was really meant to be stopped, nature would have pulled in some rain or counter winds by now. Hell even the fire fighters aren't making any progress. I'm sure there is a clear intent behind it, and I'm not intervening.

And to Vinncent, take Silver Archer's advice, just leave the damn place and go clear another lot of forest up north or something....I mean since the world is made for us to fuck up and made to our liking....and yet you expect no retaliation....you are so ignorant.

The world was made for us to live, not to fuck up, despite what some people try to do. And, because of this, it's our job to take care of it

People seem to keep assuming that there's some sort of divine purpose behind all these fires. If I saw someone whip out a pistol and kill someone else while walking down the street, I can gaurentee you that I would be thinking, "Wow, that guy just killed that other guy.", not "Oh. I bet he had a good reason for killing that other guy. It's cool, proceed."

Until I see a -reason- for this fire to keep spreading that's beneficial to life on this planet, I'm in full support of stopping it. Hell, I've even been hearing that a number of these fires

were intentionally caused by people, not some sort of random happenstance of nature. So, yes, there may be an intent behind some of these fires. That intent may also be senseless destruction caused by a few people for kicks.

And, P.S.: That nature argument is composed of as much bullshit as Orien's theory on karmic retribution for people trying to save their homes. Calling nature some sort of intelligent being should have been cast out with worshipping the sun as a god. Nature is a system, under certain circumstances, certain things happen. However, when certain things are causing 345,000 homes to be evacuated, that's when it's our job as humans to tell nature to sit down and shut up, for the good of everything, both human and nature. You can't rely on the random chance that it will rain (which, it hardly ever does in California) before these fires burn everything to the ground.

Industrialization and nuclear waste aside, sometimes I wonder how this planet even existed without humans.

Logged

\\\"Only a fool quotes himself\\\" - Vinncent

The history of the world is but the biography of great men.

Steve

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 3096

Karma: 64

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #28 on: October 23, 2007, 10:46:30 PM »

Quote from: DarkWaterMoon on October 23, 2007, 03:06:31 PM

Has anyone thought that maybe this fire was brought upon by nature itself for a reason? Yeah, and the people trying to stop the fire also have a reason. Nature is the manner in which the planet acts. Killing things is part of what nature does, not because sometimes things need to die, but simply because nature is an impersonal, unintelligent force which does as it is "programmed". Just because dying is a natural part of life doesn't mean that we should die whenever something bad starts happening; part of life is the struggle to maintain it.

~Steve

Logged

Mastery does not occur when you've performed a feat once or twice. Instead, it comes after years of training, when you realize that you no longer notice when you're performing a feat which used to require so much effort. Even walking takes years of training for a human: why not everything else?

Watchtower
Hundred-plus Club
Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 924
Karma: 29

Contemplative Panentheist

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire
« Reply #29 on: October 23, 2007, 10:48:33 PM »

Quote

Nature itself has set the right variables to reek destruction among the people of California.

Quote

And sense I'd side with a nature over the all take and no give human any day, I'm not going to intervene.

People have every right to try and prevent their own destruction or the destruction of those close to them with whatever means they have. Remember that biologically, life is essentially about not letting "nature" kill you, whether "nature" is a predator, disease, or some environmental disaster. I have my reasons to intervene, and if whatever forces, natural or sentient, are able to prevent me from changing things, or if things don't go my way for whatever reason, so be it, but I am going to try nonetheless.

EDIT: Damnit Steve, you beat me to it. Tongue

Logged

"For no matter how holy works may be, they do not make us holy because we do them, but in so far as we within ourselves are as we should be, we make holy all that we do, whether it be eating, or sleeping, or working, or what it may."

-Eckhart von Hochheim

Pages: 1 [2] 3 4 ... 7Print

« previous next »

Jump to:

=> Magick

Oxygen design by Bloc Valid XHTML 1.0! Valid CSS!
<http://forums.vociety.net/index.php/topic%2C11499.30.html>

2 captures

7 Jul 2010 - 11 May 2013

Jul MAY Jun

11

2010 2013 2014

About this capture

The Veritas Society

*

*HomeForumsChatHelpSearchRetroLoginRegister

Welcome, Guest. Please login or register.

Did you miss your activation email?

May 11, 2013, 11:58:24 AM

Forever

Login with username, password and session length

Search:

Advanced search

207570 Posts in 14757 Topics by 18434 Members - Latest Member: - Enellasteesse

Most online today: 84 - most online ever: 430 (June 28, 2007, 02:58:51 PM)

+ The Veritas Society

|-+ Discussion Areas

| |-+ Magick

|| |-+ San Diego Fire 0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic. « previous
next »

Pages: 1 2 [3] 4 5 ... 7 Print

Author Topic: San Diego Fire (Read 8098 times)

DarkWaterMoon

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 584

Karma: 0

Has a lot of posts

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #30 on: October 23, 2007, 11:34:48 PM »

By all means protect yourself, I'd hate to see someone stand there staring at coming firestorm and then be burned alive. My last reply was mainly aimed at the mindset of Silver Archer.

@ Vinncent- ya it could have been started by people, which would be pretty ironic. And I'm sorry my views of nature aren't the same as yours but I don't think calling my views bullshit and wrong like a foam-mouthed Catholic fanatic is going to do much for discussion.

@Watchtower and Steve- good point and nicely put.

Oriens obviously puts up a better argument and I share his views. Therefore I will point back to his response and that's all I have to say.

Oh.n.P.S. The Earth actually did exist before humans for quite some time. Unbelievable right?

« Last Edit: October 23, 2007, 11:49:43 PM by DarkWaterMoon » Logged

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #31 on: October 24, 2007, 03:49:00 AM »

We have two different sides here, both giving very good points.

"Hell is reserved for those, who in great moral crisis, do nothing.".

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Rawiri

Wandering Nomad

Veritas Teacher

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 913

Karma: 37

Veritas Teacher

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #32 on: October 24, 2007, 06:52:12 AM »

Really, it is not so complex, one should not even have to concern themselves with karmic processes which may or may not exist. Admittedly, there may be something behind it, however, if God wants something to happen, it will happen, the will of some people is not going to overcome Gods, or in most cases "gods" or "kings" etc. So then we have four choices, ultimately, as follows:

- 1) Immediately provide help.
- 2) Try and find out the processes behind it and then help.
- 3) Try and find the processes behind it, and then don't help.
- 4) Simply, do not find out 'behind the scenes' nor help.

From that list, 2-3 would be the best decision. But not necessarily the wisest, life does not always give us much time to decide, and we must be 'on our toes' as it were. So that leaves you 1) and 4)... choice 1) should, to any 'healthy' individual be the choice gone for. As said, things may be behind it, but that does not stop one trying to stop it. God might smash the pots he made or adorn them beautifully, that is his choice. But we also have 'choice'...and we can choose to at least try our darndest to not be smashed...ultimately it doesn't matter, if we are to be smashed we will be. In the case it is meant to happen, then you will have just spent some of your time and energy on something that didn't flower, note I said spent, not wasted...for the development of a helping hand and caring heart is never wasteful.

Although I am not the fondest of Blavatsky, this thread reminded Me of one thing in her texts, which I quote here, and I agree with it whole heartedly.

"It is always "right" to try and alleviate suffering whenever we can, and to do our best for it. Because a man suffers justly imprisonment, and catches cold in his damp cell, is it a reason why the prison-doctor should not try to cure him of it?"

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 06:55:45 AM by Rawiri » Logged

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #33 on: October 24, 2007, 07:16:55 AM »

<http://www.msnbc.msn.com/id/21449247/?gt1=10450>

specifically, this line - "...exhausted firefighters and weary residents looked forward Wednesday to a break — an expected slackening of the gale-force winds..."

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Hech

Regular Member

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1153

Karma: 12

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #34 on: October 24, 2007, 07:27:30 AM »

Thank you Rawiri.

As a side note, isn't it possible that the "good karma" from stepping in to help will cancel out the "bad karma" that comes from alleviating the pain? This is something that I always thought of when this came to mention: healing cancer causes the healer to take on the karma of the healed. Would true and selfless service, living for the action rather than the fruit of action, release one from the karma attached to the deeds? I believe the yogis conceived of this, and certainly in a virtuous act you shall not meet retribution.

However, if you do face pains for this, then thank God! For this is the path of the

magician, is it not? Prophecy has before said that a magician heals broken bones from a distance and summons wind upon a hot work day. How could those with the ability choose not to step in? Oriens, I'm sure your help would be appreciated, or at least you could "try and find the processes behind it, and then don't help" rather than "simply, [not finding] out 'behind the scenes' nor help".

Namaste

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Tankdown

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 871

Karma: 2

Hows my logic?

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #35 on: October 24, 2007, 08:36:33 AM »

Well whatever action you all agree on I am most certainly try my best help out. Perhaps we should gather in the chat to do it all together? (Sorry I haven't read through all the posts)

Logged

To do, become -Myself

<---Little demon

Hech

Regular Member

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1153

Karma: 12

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #36 on: October 24, 2007, 10:17:59 AM »

As a side note...perhaps you all should hurry. As in, now.

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #37 on: October 24, 2007, 10:18:52 AM »

I see a possible course of action.

Perhaps if we invoked Kamael (who I believe is the Arch Angel ruling over karma) before the ritual and asked for mental clarity on the subject we may feel compelled to not do the ritual or spell necessary. In such a case we may feel that it was indeed a strong karmic reason for the action.

In a similar manner, an intense period of prayer perhaps, when you read this Trillis could be beneficial before the ritual. We really need to arrange a session or a date? I'm inclined to do stuff tonight.

Edit: I'm donig stuff tonight anywya. If anyone interested would PM me before 10 GMT then they can join me.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #38 on: October 24, 2007, 10:22:44 AM »

Since getting organized is seemingly a problem, how about a couple people focus on changing/slowing the wind and a couple people focus on bringing in water or cooler temperatures? Then there is less of a need to do it all at once, and each group or person can focus on one task that will ultimately benefit the entire action.

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #39 on: October 24, 2007, 10:23:45 AM »

I think I can bring rain. Therefor, I will attempt to do that for Thursday afternoon.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #40 on: October 24, 2007, 10:24:48 AM »

I'll work on the rain thing as well. Raitaro, should we coordinate somehow? I'll PM you.

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #41 on: October 24, 2007, 10:26:14 AM »

That would be good. Hurry now, I'm having a bit of a busy day.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Tankdown

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 871

Karma: 2

Hows my logic?

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #42 on: October 24, 2007, 11:01:23 AM »

I guess I'll be challanging for rain every time I have the time for it. You two can PM if you want me to join.

Logged

To do, become -Myself

<---Little demon

Lexie

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 56

Karma: 0

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #43 on: October 24, 2007, 11:47:46 AM »

With my eyes wide open I was reading Oriens Lvx Lucis' posts on how correct and perfectly he combine's the San Diego phenomena with the Karma Laws. Well, that's my opinion. Smiley

Logged

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #44 on: October 24, 2007, 11:58:44 AM »

I would like to say Rawiri summed up my opinion perfectly.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Pages: 1 2 [3] 4 5 ... 7 [Print](#)

<http://forums.vociety.net/index.php/topic%2C11499.45.html>

1 capture

1 May 2013

Apr MAY Jun

01

2012 2013 2014

About this capture

The Veritas Society

*

[*Home](#)[Forums](#)[Chat](#)[Help](#)[Search](#)[Retro](#)[Login](#)[Register](#)

Welcome, Guest. Please login or register.

[Did you miss your activation email?](#)

May 01, 2013, 12:32:46 AM

Forever

Login with username, password and session length

Search:

Advanced search

207363 Posts in 14735 Topics by 18410 Members - Latest Member: - MindDisciple

Most online today: 80 - most online ever: 430 (June 28, 2007, 02:58:51 PM)

+ The Veritas Society

| -+ Discussion Areas

| | -+ Magick

| | | -+ San Diego Fire

0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic. « previous

next »

Pages: 1 2 3 [4] 5 6 7 Print

Author Topic: San Diego Fire (Read 8056 times)

Lexie

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 56

Karma: 0

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #45 on: October 24, 2007, 12:29:53 PM »

Well, I totally agree with the point that whatever we are, and trying to be, it is right. But in my opinion, Oriens thinks one step further.

Why should we be the one to decide what happens and what happens not?; As example, we are totally nothing compared with the Astral Goverment, and still with our stupidity and our ignorance we make conclusions of what is "good" and what is "bad". Because we are so limited, it is the best way to put the main focus on ourselves and our personal education, instead of trying to focus on something thats "outside" of you (the San Diego Fire) while you don't even know the main reason of the phenomena. Though, I must admit it could be educational if you focus on something thats "outside" of you, but there are faster ways.

Logged

Raitaro

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 2151

Karma: 0

The Knight of Wands

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #46 on: October 24, 2007, 12:39:49 PM »

Did you read Rawiri's post? My will and the will of the few magicians participating will not overthrow the will of elemental kings and arch angels. If it's really not supposed to

happen then it will not.

Logged

The IneptInitiate

<http://xkcd.com/303/>

<http://xkcd.com/123/>

I got a hot girl and the coolest band I know. I gotta bad habbit of smoking before the show.

I got music I got friends I trust and love. I get into a lot of fights and now my knuckles are all fucked up.....

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #47 on: October 24, 2007, 01:49:16 PM »

Perhaps Oriens is right. I spent last night meditating for a change in wind direction, and just as I was typing a response a Police Officer knocked at my door and told me that I was being accused of spray painting graffiti on a wall a block away from my house. Mind you this, came out of absolute nowhere. However, it could just be coincidence.

Heres a rather interesting video of a "Fire-Nado":

<http://www.cnn.com/video/#/video/weather/2007/10/24/lklv.firenado.cnn>

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 02:08:04 PM by Trillis » Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #48 on: October 24, 2007, 04:02:22 PM »

I, and hopefully a few others, will be meditating for rain over the course of the next hour. If anyone wants to join in, it'd be much appreciated ^_^

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78

Karma: 2

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #49 on: October 24, 2007, 04:32:47 PM »

Quote from: Steve on October 23, 2007, 10:46:30 PM

Quote from: DarkWaterMoon on October 23, 2007, 03:06:31 PM

Has anyone thought that maybe this fire was brought upon by nature itself for a reason? Yeah, and the people trying to stop the fire also have a reason. Nature is the manner in which the planet acts. Killing things is part of what nature does, not because sometimes things need to die, but simply because nature is an impersonal, unintelligent force which does as it is "programmed". Just because dying is a natural part of life doesn't mean that we should die whenever something bad starts happening; part of life is the struggle to maintain it.

~Steve

Yes, YES. I have reached the same conclusion. Well said. I had such an argument with a magically ignorant friend of mine after watching the 1970's version of The Exorcist, or w/e its title is; it was a good opportunity. Now she is clever and said nothing that I didn't expect... which amounted to something along the lines of "Nature has been this way for so long, if we mess it up we're going to fuck up and nature has its reasons..." Blah blah, nature cannot decide, it IS merely a sort of computer program dutifully carrying out its

task.

Logged

Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro

Tempest Desh

Greenhorn

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 294

Karma: 3

Wannabe Techno-Dervish and Court-Fool-In-Training

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #50 on: October 24, 2007, 04:42:41 PM »

Already cast a sigil for the fires to be extinguished within a set time (48 hours...I know..wishful thinking...but maybe it..might have some effect..hopefully).

Tempest

Logged

"Appear as you are. Be as you appear." - Mawlana Rumi (ra)

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78

Karma: 2

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #51 on: October 24, 2007, 04:46:51 PM »

Raitaro, Martial Thoughts, is there any way I can help, perhaps by prayer? If so what

should I pray for? I wish to participate in some manner towards the rain and winds of San Diego, if only it be prayer... I am not yet knowledgeable in the rites of summoning or any manner of communication with astral beings. Whatever I can do, I will do.

I prayed for rain a few days ago, and that it would rain for 40 days and nights to help out the drought here in Georgia, USA. Surprisingly enough it has rained on and off since those days ago, however I suspect it to be coincidence... the rain and wind are not too difficult to invoke.

I hope I'm not posting this too late.

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 05:53:24 PM by Pursuit of Knowledge » Logged
Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #52 on: October 24, 2007, 04:51:44 PM »

I will be joining those two within the minutes. Pray for storms to be blown in.

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Hech

Regular Member

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1153

Karma: 12

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #53 on: October 24, 2007, 05:04:22 PM »

Quote from: Tempest Deth on October 24, 2007, 04:42:41 PM

Already cast a sigil for the fires to be extinguished within a set time (48 hours...I know..wishful thinking...but maybe it..might have some effect..hopefully).

Tempest

When doing something like that, your intent is naturally negative and the effect will not be what you wish. When casting, your intent must be specific, and with the proper application of forces, that exact intent will be actualized. Therefore, when you fail, it will be because your true intent was for the fires to not go out in under 48 hours though they will diminish to some extent.

This is as far as my knowledge and understanding is concerned,

Namaste

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Tankdown

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 871

Karma: 2

Hows my logic?

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #54 on: October 24, 2007, 05:06:13 PM »

The problem I have with karma is that I don't know when to take action. So to be honest I never listen to it.

Logged

To do, become -Myself

<---Little demon

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #55 on: October 24, 2007, 05:14:42 PM »

Quote from: Pursuit of Knowledge on October 24, 2007, 04:46:51 PM

Raitaro, Martial Thoughts, is there any way I can help, perhaps by prayer? If so what should I pray for? I wish to participate in some manner towards the rain and winds of Sandiego, if only it be prayer... I am not yet knowledgeable in the rites of summoning or any manner of communication with astral beings. Whatever I can do, I will do.

I prayed for rain a few days ago, and that it would rain for 40 days and nights to help out the drought here in Georgia, USA. Surprisingly enough it has rained on and off since those days ago, however I suspect it to be coincidence... the rain and wind are not too difficult to invoke.

I hope I'm not posting this too late.

Like Trillis said, pray for rain. Focus on bringing it to the fire and extinguishing the flames the best you can. ^_^

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Tankdown

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 871

Karma: 2

Hows my logic?

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #56 on: October 24, 2007, 05:24:26 PM »

Wait are we doing that now or going in a chat room to do this together or something?

Logged

To do, become -Myself

<---Little demon

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

View Profile WWW

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #57 on: October 24, 2007, 05:26:55 PM »

Together in spirit Cheesy

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78

Karma: 2

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #58 on: October 24, 2007, 05:52:12 PM »

Here is what I did, for anyone that needs help visualizing or in want of an example.

I sat down with a candle lit with a glass of water beside it, along with a song by Deep Forest about rain and set it to loop the cd. I then positioned myself in front of the candle and glass facing what I hope to be the general direction of east. I dipped my hand in the glass of water and splashed it all over my hands and face after I slipped my robe off to strengthen my intent and let it drip onto the carpet symbolizing the saturation of the ground and extinguishing of the fires. I began with the intent that the wind would against the flow of the fire to halt its progress, and that rain would come and put out the fires and then the wind would return to its usual patterns. After saying this prayer for a few minutes I solidified my intent, prayed it once more, then dipped my hand in my glass of water and used my fingers to extinguish the candle, further strengthening my intent. I closed the prayer with a good 'amen, so be it as I have prayed', but of course anything to help the intent may be said.

For the facing east, I probably should have said 2 separate prayers, once for the winds, and another for the rain, facing appropriate directions if I so wish, although my intent is strong and I do not know if it would have much effect on the prayer itself; once I grasp the mental concept of what I'm affecting, and realizing I'm not the only one praying, it is much easier for me not to rely on the cardinal directions. Until now I've been going on the 'general' directions of east as determined by the saying that 'the sun rises in the east and sets in the west'. I do not include the cardinal directions and have not felt compelled enough until now to reconsider its importance. Obtaining/making a compass and verifying the cardinal direction would no doubt have a positive influence on any ritual and intent they apply to.

I hope this helps anyone, reading about other's methods always gives me new ideas to apply to my own wink

I will pray some more after I eat dinner, and randomly throughout tomorrow at school should I have the opportunity to make my intent strong enough at such a place.

Anyways, good luck everyone, and shall we all do our best to extinguish the fires of SanDiego!

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 06:05:16 PM by Pursuit of Knowledge » Logged
Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro

Big Boss

Friggen Crazy

Veritas Moderator

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1458

Karma: 3

Owner of 100000 V-Points

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #59 on: October 24, 2007, 06:07:24 PM »

Something we didn't think about, the smoke.

Apparently a cold front is coming in north of california, meaning low pressure, so the high pressure area that holds all of the smoke will push itself back east, covering LA and San Diego and even as far as Phoenix, Arizona (According to CNN about 15 minutes ago)

My only idea at the moment for that is to get the air to move north maybe beginning Friday, depending on if the containment of the fire by then is adequate.

Logged

Join my Folding@Home team and do some good! #159490

Details at <http://folding.stanford.edu/>

Pages: 1 2 3 [4] 5 6 7 [Print](#)

[« previous](#) [next »](#)

Jump to:

=> [Magick](#)

Powered by MySQL Powered by PHP Powered by SMF 1.1.18 | SMF © 2013, Simple Machines

Oxygen design by Bloc Valid XHTML 1.0! Valid CSS!

<http://forums.v society.net/index.php/topic%2C11499.60.html>

1 capture

1 May 2013

Apr MAY Jun

01

2012 2013 2014

[About this capture](#)

The Veritas Society

*

[*Home](#)[Forums](#)[Chat](#)[Help](#)[Search](#)[Retro](#)[Login](#)[Register](#)

Welcome, Guest. Please login or register.

Did you miss your activation email?

May 01, 2013, 02:44:07 AM

Forever

Login with username, password and session length
Search:

Advanced search

207363 Posts in 14735 Topics by 18410 Members - Latest Member: - MindDisciple

Most online today: 80 - most online ever: 430 (June 28, 2007, 02:58:51 PM)

+ The Veritas Society

|-+ Discussion Areas

||-+ Magick

|||-+ San Diego Fire 0 Members and 1 Guest are viewing this topic. « previous
next »

Pages: 1 ... 3 4 [5] 6 7 Print

Author Topic: San Diego Fire (Read 8060 times)

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78

Karma: 2

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #60 on: October 24, 2007, 06:36:51 PM »

Which direction should we make the wind blow in the first place though? I only generalized in my first prayer, using the direction east pertaining to the wind as an intent strengthener- I did not specify any direction for the wind to blow ^^

To what extent of harm will the smoke do exactly?

Logged

Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro

suiren

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 52
Karma: 0

solve et coagula

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #61 on: October 24, 2007, 07:05:42 PM »

It won't be much, but I'll try and help. To Dare is a very important part of the learning process, at least, that's what I believe, and even though I've been hit with the negative repercussions of daring to much, I'd do it all over again.I

Logged

Pursuit of Knowledge

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 78
Karma: 2

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #62 on: October 24, 2007, 07:10:21 PM »

To Dare... yes, I am turning my focus to it, for I will get nowhere if I do not dare... perhaps this is an answer to a personal problem I addressed of myself in the thread 'Breaking Chains' today. Maybe I just need to dare? But the fears I mentioned in the thread/repercutions remain true still. I NEED TO DARE, I will progress more won't I? cool

Logged

Certain things catch your eye, but pursue only those that capture your heart ~old Indian saying

Do not comfort yourself by failing less than your peers. If you fall short of ideal target feel comforted, if short of realistic target work harder. ~Raitaro
suiren

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 52
Karma: 0

solve et coagula

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #63 on: October 24, 2007, 07:15:23 PM »

just thought of something, saturnarian energies are in charge of both restriction/limitation, and destruction to purify,(right?) so by using a hexagram ritual of saturn, both camps could be defended. I'm behind in theory, but i think it'll work.

EDIT: this is just something that has worked for me in the past, but if the hexagram is drawn so that the watery triangle is drawn over the fiery triangle, that could also help, instead of the standard interconnected or unicursal hexagram

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 07:20:09 PM by suiren » Logged

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #64 on: October 24, 2007, 07:37:06 PM »

I spent a half an hour after calming my mind. I then began to pray to my guides and to YHWH for help in the spell that I was about to cast. Whilst facing west, I called for the Undines to unite with Sylphs with great emotion and intent for the unification that they may create a rain storm, while visualizing energies rising from the Ocean and being pushed into the whereabouts of the fire, I then made another similar visualization that they were charging to the lands as if ready for a fierce battle. I finalized it by forcing my intent and my visualizations into the Astral Plane by a sort of explosion to continue with the 'Butterfly effect' in mind.

EDIT: It's hard to tell but: "Wind speeds drop, humidity increases after Santa Ana winds change direction"

Thought I'd add some pictures:

« Last Edit: October 24, 2007, 08:04:46 PM by Trillis »

Logged

<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

suiren

A Veritas Regular

**

Posts: 52

Karma: 0

solve et coagula

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #65 on: October 24, 2007, 08:22:57 PM »

I've worked with more earth energy than I've ever even dreamed of trying to use before this. I did the LIRP of earth with a request to limit and control the fires, trying to actually lock them into a tiny enough space that humans or the rains can take care of them. I also did a modified version of the BRH using my special hexagrams charged with ARARITA and saturnine energies (on different levels). I sent the whole thing to California, where I was trying to evoke a judging god archetype, as well as asking aid from Ghob. I'm going to try banishing fire and invoking water next, with an invocation and evocation of a Storm god from Japan, Susano(w)o, if I can handle it. Like I said, I've never used this much metaphysical energy in one night in my life, I hope I have and will help. Good luck, everybody, from Alabama.

Logged

Rawiri

Wandering Nomad

Veritas Teacher

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 912

Karma: 37

Veritas Teacher

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #66 on: October 24, 2007, 08:34:55 PM »

If you are using prayer, then it is best to get straight to the issue. What does one REALLY want? Do You really want a storm? I doubt it. You want the fire to be put out, that could happen through many ways. Pray for the fire to be put out if possible, this will give more options for it to manifest. Furthermore, is the fire ultimately of the highest concern? Again, I don't think so. Rather, the people who are losing properties etc are of concern, so one might pray for them.

Logged

Tempest Desh

Greenhorn

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 294

Karma: 3

Wannabe Techno-Dervish and Court-Fool-In-Training

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #67 on: October 24, 2007, 09:31:49 PM »

Well, as long as I can diminish the effects, even if only a little, then I've accomplished something. I wasn't, and still am not, expecting to have a huge effect, as one person.

Tempest

Edit: I made a sort of du'aa or supplication to Allah (swt), as the central part of my sigil casting. If the fires are meant to go out (by the Divine Will) then they will. I only hope what efforts ARE being done to request the assistance of forces greater than us brings this to a positive conclusion, especially seeing as I have family being seriously affected by this, so I can't sit back on my moral high horse and speculate (with a self-righteous attitude) as to whether or not making any effort to effect the fire towards its demise, is wrong. Not meaning to offend anyone.

« Last Edit: October 25, 2007, 03:10:38 PM by Tempest Desh » Logged

"Appear as you are. Be as you appear." - Mawlana Rumi (ra)

Saer

Veritas Furniture

Posts: 480

Karma: 2

[View Profile](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #68 on: October 24, 2007, 09:44:58 PM »

I wasn't going to say this but I believe it is necessary that I do. When I said you all were forgetting prayer, I did not mean go pray to the Divine for an accumulation of elemental energy, to remove the elemental hierarchy from their path or even anything that required the magician to accumulate energy. I meant, pray for the safety of all the families. I am not sure how that got misinterpreted within the message.

Group projects such as these are sporadic and produce nothing, often times. The individuals involved have not thought it through and believe they "have done something", when in reality, all they have done is trick themselves. ie. created a hallucination because the wind speed has increased in a certain direction. This is why prayer is best when it is from the heart and soul for it is the most genuine and connects the magician with the spiritual forces required for physical manifestation. In these situations, assuming you do not already possess the authority, prayer can be quite effective.

As a side note, if you are to pray, do not discuss the content of your prayer with another. This is counterproductive.

Logged

As you love your own body, so regard everyone as equal to your own body. When the Supreme Experience supervenes, everyone's service is revealed as one's own service. Call it a bird, an insect, an animal or a man, call it by any name you please, one serves one's own Self in every one of them. ~ Ma

Trillis

Has a lot of posts

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1233

Karma: 16

. . ::IAO:: . .

[View Profile WWW](#)

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #69 on: October 25, 2007, 04:43:03 AM »
Quote from: Saer on October 24, 2007, 09:44:58 PM

Group projects such as these are sporadic and produce nothing, often times. The individuals involved have not thought it through and believe they "have done something", when in reality, all they have done is trick themselves. ie. created a hallucination because the wind speed has increased in a certain direction.

So what you are saying is that what we have been try to do is/will be just a hallucination?

« Last Edit: October 25, 2007, 04:47:47 AM by Trillis » Logged
<http://www.thedivinescience.org>

Prophecy

Theurgist

Veritas Teacher

Posts By Osmosis

Posts: 1230

Karma: 62

Veritas Teacher

View Profile

Re: San Diego Fire

« Reply #70 on: October 25, 2007, 04:49:59 AM »
Just a passing thought:

Mankind's inability to cope with seemingly "bad" things that nature is supposed to be in charge of starting and ending is the inadvertant reason for the problem at hand. This understanding requires no God, no karma, no higher purpose or ethical calling. It is simply an observation of fact. Whether you intervene with magic, or you intervene as a part of some ecosystem-preservation group, you are not allowing nature to runs its course. Hence, instead of a small brush fire that would span perhaps a few hundred acres, now whenever there is a fire it spreads for tens of thousands of acres.

If you stop this fire now, you will, by necessity, allow for a larger one later. This time around, the houses lost and acres burnt are on the hands of the preservation groups who rallied to put out natural fires instead of letting nature run its course. The next time around, the houses lost and the acres burnt, which will inevitably be larger than this time, shall all be on your hands.